WANTED: RED SPY Ernst Wollweber - REWARD: $1,000,000

stag

IND.

LADIES' NIGHT IN MURDER, INC.

MARCH
25c

NEW YORK'S FIVE DAYS OF TERROR

TRUE BOOK BONUS

Over and over again—It's the same old story...

Finally a formula that really works

"I was ashamed to always be so tired!"

I ALWAYS felt simply "run down." People were thinking of me as a "spoil-sport." I didn't know why until my doctor put me wise. He told me that I acted like a man much older than myself . . . and explained *why* I felt "tired" . . . *why* my youthful vigor was slipping away . . . *why* my wife and family were beginning to think of me as a worn-out man.

He told me how a vitamin-mineral deficiency in my diet could bring on these symptoms—rob me of the joys of living . . . and suggested that I supplement my diet with pep-building vitamins and minerals. Thousands of others had found new energy, new youth, new happiness by adding these essential factors to their diet.

Well, I put off doing anything about my condition—until one day I read the Vitasafe ad in a magazine, offering a 30-day FREE supply of high-potency Vitasafe C.F. Capsules! I figured *I had nothing to lose,* so I mailed the coupon. When my free supply arrived, I began taking one Capsule a day. In a short time, I began to feel like a new man! My pep and vigor came back, I continued with the Vitasafe Plan—and I felt stronger—younger—more energetic!

Today, no one thinks of me as a "worn-out old man." I've got pep and energy to burn, and I have fun like a fellow half my age! *And you may too!* Why don't you take advantage of this sensational free offer to see for yourself whether you too can feel peppy and full of life! Accept this *no risk offer* as I did.

"Thirty days ago I turned back the hands of time!"

IF anybody told me that a little capsule could make me feel 10 years younger in just 30 days . . . full of pep, energy and happy well-being, I would have thought he was joking. I felt like so many people around me, just all tired out by the day-to-day pressure of modern life. I could hardly keep up with my work. Everything seemed an effort. My friends and family said I acted like an old lady.

Then one day I came across a Vitasafe ad. It explained that many people nowadays may be well-fed and yet be under-nourished because of the lack or destruction of certain vital elements in their food due to storage, processing, freezing, cooking, etc.

It told how thousands of folks who have lost their full vitality because of this very common lack of balance in their diet now enjoy full, rich, happy lives again—thanks to high-potency Vitasafe C. F. capsules.

Well, since they offered a 30-day free trial supply of this high-potency nutritional supplement, I thought I might as well see whether it could help me. I sent in the coupon. *Believe me, that was the smartest thing I ever did.*

Now, I have the pep and healthy glow I last had years ago. And I enjoy my work, my family and friends more than I can ever remember.

If you just don't feel 100% up-to-par, you may also be suffering from this common nutritional deficiency. YOU would be smart to see how much younger and peppier you may feel by taking safe, pure Vitasafe capsules. So why not send for a free 30-day supply, *right now!*

TRY THESE HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES YOURSELF 30 DAYS FREE

You pay only 25¢ to help cover postage and shipping expenses

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

©1957 Vitasafe Corp.

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial. Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C and D — *five* times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the *full* concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule also contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, one of the most remarkably potent nutrients known to science.

Vitasafe Capsules also contain Glutamic Acid, a natural substance derived from wheat gluten and thought by many doctors to help nourish the brain cells for more power of concentration and increased mental alertness. And now, to top off this exclusive formula each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid — the anti-cold factor that has been so widely acclaimed. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else *at any price!*

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY—FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES for just one reason. So many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours.*

HOW THE VITASAFE PLAN OPERATES TO SAVE YOU MONEY

When you receive your free 30-day supply of vitamins, you are under no obligation to buy *anything.* With your vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in every way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only $2.78 per month.

AMAZING NEW PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF!

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new plan that provides you regularly with all the vitamins and minerals you will need. This Plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory fresh for exactly $2.78—or almost 50% lower than the usual retail price. BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW — you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever. To get your free 30-day supply and learn all about the benefits of this amazing new Plan, be sure to send the coupon now!

VITASAFE CORP.
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y. **460**

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in this magazine.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ **Man's Formula** ☐ **Woman's Formula**

I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

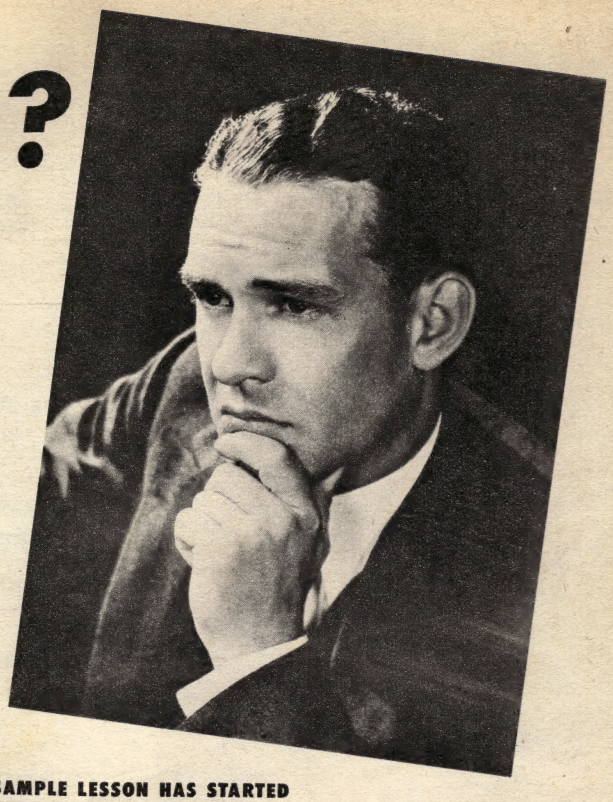
City.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per person.

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

VITASAFE CORPORATION, 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.
IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario

ME—in a Rut?
—COULD BE!



YES—you may be in a rut—just getting by—and not fully realizing it.

Every day you stay in that rut you "dig deeper"—make it harder and harder to get out.

So today while you think of it, take stock of yourself—are you getting ahead as fast as you should—are you satisfied to go along in a small job at small pay the rest of your life?

If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself in one of the best paying positions in business or industry. Surveys show that accountants earn more than many men in other major business vocations.

If you've been looking at the high incomes and good jobs enjoyed by thousands of men and women accountants today—incomes ranging from $5,000 to $10,000 *and more* per year—and envying them—why not launch such a career for yourself?

DO YOU QUESTION YOUR OWN ABILITY?

Then let us send you—without cost or obligation—the Sample Lesson with which LaSalle has started several hundred thousand men and women toward successfull accounting careers. We want you to see for yourself how this remarkable method, originated and perfected by LaSalle, makes Accounting simple, interesting, practical and certain—how it leads you step-by-step to a complete mastery of Accounting—and on up to the coveted CPA Certificate, if you so aspire.

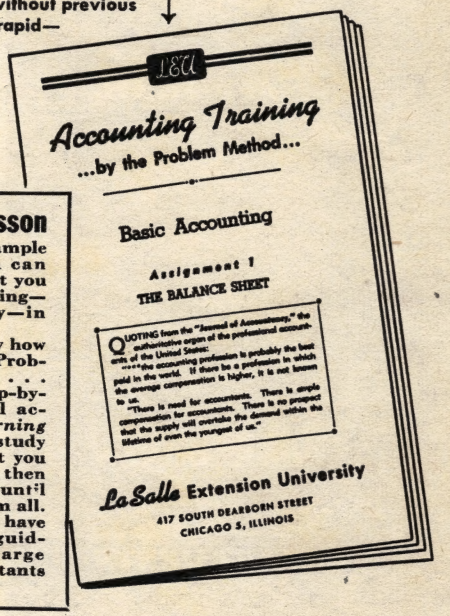
You don't even need previous bookkeeping experience, or to know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert accountant, auditor, controller—you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in your spare hours at home—without losing even a minute a day from your present job.

SO RIGHT NOW—TODAY

If you are earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in a high-paying field of business—send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send you Free our illustrated book, "Opportunities in Accounting" and sample lesson. You'll learn about today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward success as it can for you. MAIL IT TODAY!

OVER 4,500 CPAs HAVE BEEN TRAINED BY THE LA SALLE PROBLEM METHOD

THIS SAMPLE LESSON HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS towards well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and as CPAs and expert accountants. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast. This free sample lesson shows you why.



FREE Sample Lesson

We offer you this sample lesson so that you can *prove to yourself* that you CAN master Accounting—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

You will see exactly how LaSalle's famous "Problem Method" works . . . how you are led step-by-step through actual accounting work—*learning by doing* and not by study of theory alone. First you tackle easy problems, then more difficult ones—until soon you master them all. And at every step you have the close personal guidance of LaSalle's large staff of expert accountants and CPA instructors.

Accredited Member,
National Home Study Council

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

LaSalle Extension University
A Correspondence Institution

Dept. 3378H 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, your illustrated book, "Opportunities in Accounting" and sample lesson.

Name.....*Age*.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

stag

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TRUE ADVENTURE

THE STRANGE SECRET OF MUTO THE TENTH.....Harry Harrison 16
The only surviving male, he ruled the women of a forgotten island.

WANTED: RED SPY ERNST WOLLWEBER
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THE ONE-GUN TASK FORCE THAT SAVED KOREA....Carl Sherman 38
The key to Pusan was a tough naval commander and his three-inch arsenal.

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Each clung to her man until violent death did them part.

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When he rode into Amboy, he turned it into a ghost town.

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Like a monster let loose, the mob stormed through the city.

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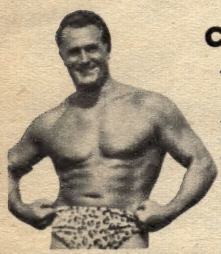
Don't Be Held Back By a HALF-A-MAN Body

Check the Kind of Body You Want—Right in the Coupon Below—and I'll Show You How Fast You Can Have It



Let me make you proud of your body—in clothes or in bathing trunks.

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if you could quickly have the kind of build you've always wanted? Imagine the difference a handsome body would make in your life. You'd be respected by other men, admired by women. You'd feel more self-confident; get ahead faster in social and business life. Instead of feeling "half-alive" and looking like "half-a-man"—you'd *feel*, *look*, and *act* like a real HE-MAN.

I sincerely believe that my famous body-building secret can do all these things for you. I don't care how old or how young you are. Just tell me where you want it and I'll add INCHES of SOLID MUSCLE to your body.

Thousands Have Become HE-MEN My Way

WHY am I so sure my secret can "turn the trick" for you? I know because I was once a 97-lb. weakling. People laughed at my build. I was shy and self-conscious, ashamed to strip for sports. Then I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Since then, thousands who thought they were "born weaklings" have become marvelous specimens of manhood thanks to my secret. It worked for me. It worked for them. And now—without cost or obligation—I want you to see for yourself the muscle-building wonders it can work for you.

No need to take "back talk" from anyone—when you know my secret.

VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY

Be the envy of friends! Win this strikingly handsome "Atlas Champions" trophy, over 1½ ft. high! All pupils eligible

What's My Secret?

"DYNAMIC TENSION." That's my secret! It's the *natural* easy method that develops the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body. NO theory, NO gadgets. Just spend 15 minutes a day right in the privacy of your own room. Within 7 days you start to get RESULTS you can see, feel, and *measure* with a tape or it doesn't cost you one cent!

Almost immediately you begin to feel a new power awakening inside of you. You have more energy, brighter eyes, new zip and go. You get sledgehammer arms and fists . . . chest and back muscles that ripple with power . . . ridges of solid stomach muscle. You become sure of yourself, respected, admired, successful — you're a NEW MAN!

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book Tells What My Secret Can Do for YOU

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) 32 pages packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Tells what I can do for YOU. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Check the information you want (in coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1403, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

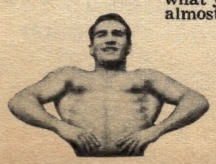
Charles Atlas

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Here Are Just a Few of the Thousands Who Have Become HE-MEN My Way:

Proud of His Build Now. Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you."—P. V., Va.

Five Inches of New Muscle. "That is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."—C. W., W. Va.



"New Health and Strength." "I feel like a lion. I can easily lift 185 pounds. You gave me new health, strength, and a perfect build."—W. D., N. Y.

CHECK THE KIND OF BODY YOU WANT HERE

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1403
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—In The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

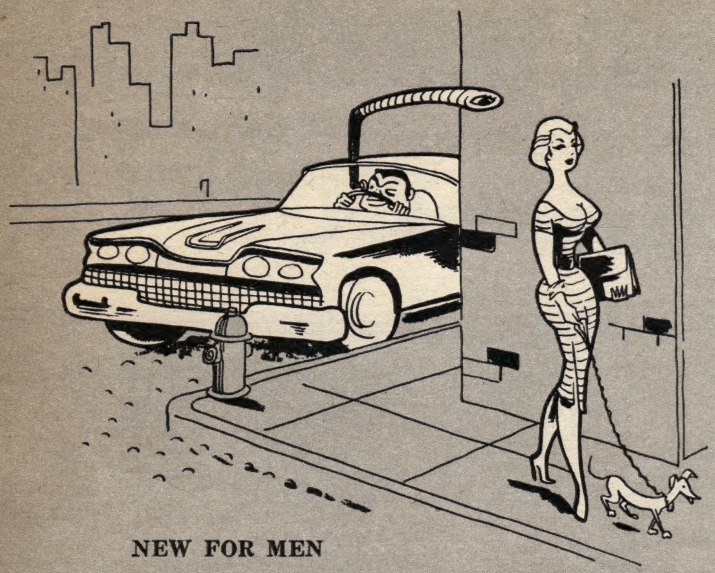
Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....AGE.....
(Please print or write plainly)

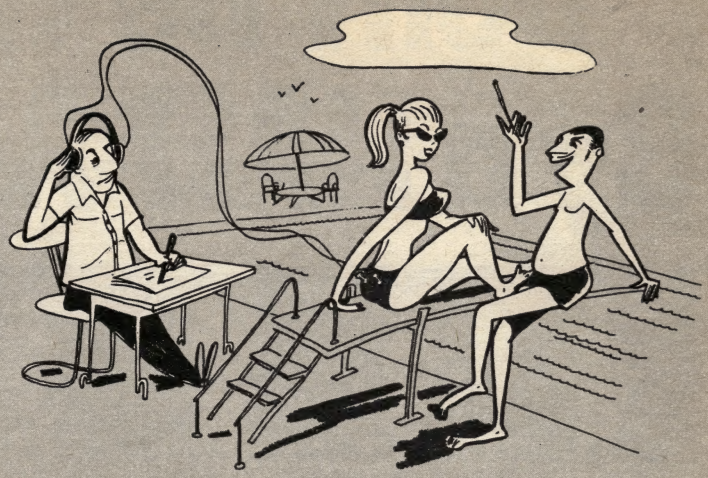
ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.



NEW FOR MEN



MEN IN CRIME

STAG CONFIDENTIAL

NEW FOR MEN

INSTANT PUDDING MADE FROM SEAWEED . . . A way to open the garage door WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR CAR . . . A plastic walking stick that doubles as a shotgun . . . A frontview mirror for your car THAT LETS YOU SEE AROUND CORNERS . . . An electric knife that cuts roasts . . . Electric doormat that cleans the soles of your shoes when you step on it. . . .

AN AUTOMATIC SAUERKRAUT MAKER . . . A battery and buzzer fish-caller that may be the perfect fish-caller of all, sounds just like an insect's hum . . . An underwater communications system, wireless, for SKINDIVERS WHO LIKE TO TALK. . . .

DOUGHNUTS WITH HANDLES ON THEM . . . A game bag that's bloodroof, odorproof. . . .

For sportsmen: an 18-pound portable refrigerator that operates for two and a half days on a disposable cylinder of propane gas . . . An eight-mm motion picture camera that converts into its own projector IN LESS THAN THREE SECONDS. . . .

A TIRE THAT BALANCES ITSELF, doesn't need small lead weights that usually keep wheels in balance. . . .

MEN IN CRIME

Cops and private eyes have now learned how to BUG A GIRL. Say some dish has been bothered by a blackmailer. Private eye arranges for girl to meet the crook, wearing only a bikini. But the bikini has been bugged. Inside the bra is a tiny two-way radio transmitter and cord antenna. Inside the pants is a power source, a midget battery pack. Private eye lugs his radio receiver, tape recorder, and movie camera with telephoto lens to the eighth floor—overlooking the pool. When con man starts blackmailing, his words are picked up inside bikini and the eye has him taped, photographed and all sewed up. . . .

New gimmick of Texas crooks is to steal a few miles of barbed wire fencing, then sell it to another ranch . . . SLEEPING PILLS HAVE REPLACED ILLUMINATING GAS as a favorite way to die. . . .

A MAN'S JOB

You get real desperate, you can always become a "lumberman." HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE OUTDOORS. This is any big city beggar who moves around on crutches. On West Coast, the average daily take is $45 . . . A day's dishwashing, incidentally, nets you $8 in San Francisco. . . .

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT IN THE JOHN. Lot of bosses have the place wired for sound, so they can pick up gripes and gossip of employees . . . Not as bad as other bosses who'll give you a pen and pencil as a gift. Pen has tiny tape recorder in tip —this tells boss how you handle customers, whether you're goofing . . . DON'T YACK IT UP OVER THIS ONE, but if you go in for rug-cleaning, and there aren't too many others in your town, you can count on HAULING DOWN 200 CLAMS A WEEK. . . .

BIG CALL FOR SURVEYORS TO WORK IN SAUDI ARABIA . . . N.Y. opening up a flock of

Continued on page 42

This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns $82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making $7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I. C. S., the oldest and largest in the world.

Don't *you* be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.** **Accredited Member, National Home Study Council**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 93038A, SCRANTON 15, PENNA. (Partial list of 257 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
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Medical Memo

by Roger Stirling

EYES WIDE OPEN—There are many people whose eyelids fail to close completely when they sleep.

Doctors have this to say about it: if the lids manage to cover the corneas of the eyes, no trouble will result. However, if the corneas are not covered by the partially closed lids, they may dry out, erode or ulcerate. When this happens, doctors recommend a bland ointment or methylcellulose (artificial tears) be applied each night before going to bed.

MORE CIGARETTE WOE—In addition to cancer, there are many other ailments which seem to have a direct relationship to the number of cigarettes you smoke. According to the American Cancer Society's four-year study of smoking habits, the following cigarette-disease links seem to have been established: pneumonia, duodenal ulcer, flu, aortic blood vessel disease, coronary artery disease, cirrhosis of the liver and damage of blood vessels of the brain.

BOOM IN BOSOMS—Almost as hard to explain as the changes in women's fashions is the fluctuating vogue for larger or smaller bosoms. Whether men consciously express a preference for a certain silhouette in women or not, women have been driven to the point of neurotic despair over their bust measurements. Back in the 1920s, the problem was to reduce the female figure to boylike proportions. Now, 30 years later, the cry is to build every woman to Mansfieldlike replicas. This creates a surgical problem—except for those women who are content to go along with artificial padding. Most surgeons will not perform the bust-developing operation unless the woman has first been screened psychiatrically

to rule out any serious emotional disturbance. Once they decide to operate, however, they have two courses open—1. to transplant fat taken from the woman's buttocks or, 2. to insert a polyvinol sponge. Although the women who undergo these plastic operations seem happy with the results, doctors are not too pleased with the use of the sponge. The synthetic does not remain spongy, sometimes shrinking as much as 20% and becoming extremely hard. All surgeons who perform this type of operation agree that what they need to have developed is a spongy substance that will remain so permanently.

BEST TREATMENT FOR ARTHRITIS—After combing through all the claims for wonder drugs and miracle cures, the Arthritis Rheumatism Foundation has come up with this conclusion: aspirin is still the best treatment for arthritis. Noting that neither aspirin nor any other drugs examined are cures, the Foundation reports that aspirin gives the most relief to sufferers from the disease.

WHEN CAN I GO BACK?—Question which is asked most frequently of a surgeon is "How soon after my operation can I go back to work?" To determine the answer, 229 doctors were polled and there was a wide variation in their opinions. The following is a composite average based on their replies: APPENDECTOMY: return to light work—14 days; return to heavy work—28 days. HEMORRHOIDECTOMY: return to light work—13 days; return to heavy work—22 days. INGUINAL HERNIORRHAPHY: light work—24 days; heavy work 54 days.

IN BRIEF—Over 17,000,000 Americans suffer from allergies. . . . Cirrhosis of the liver has made the list of 10 chief causes for death in the US. . . . A new method of diagnosing pulmonary diseases consists of inhaling a solution of acetylcholine chloride. If you have a lung ailment, you can't help coughing. ◆◆◆

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LAST LAUGHS

"SEX IS GREAT!"

A Russian GI home from the wars was shocked to find his wife with a newborn baby.

He questioned her vigorously.

"Was it my friend Fyodor?"

"No."

"Well, was it my friend Conrad?"

"No."

"Then it must have been my friend Dmitri."

"No."

In desperation he insisted it had to be one of them—who else could it be?

She replied "Don't you think I have friends of my own?"

♦♦♦

The guests in a Cairo hotel were awakened one night by wild screaming in the corridor. They discovered a beautiful girl in an extremely sheer negligée fleeing madly down the hall from a gentleman who was, to put it bluntly, nude.

The next day it developed that the impetuous Romeo was an English major and he was promptly court-martialed by his commanding officer. His lawyer won him an acquittal, however, by virtue of the following paragraph in the Army Manual:

"It is not compulsory for an officer to wear a uniform at all times, as long as he is suitably garbed for the sport in which he is engaged."

In the recent trials of the vice queens and kings in New York, a lawyer noticed from notations in a madam's notebook that one of the girls had been kept busy continually. According to the records, she averaged 40 trips upstairs to the bedrooms a night.

"How can you stand the pace of such wild evenings?" he asked her as she took the stand.

To which she answered, "I'm going to have to give it up. My feet are killing me!"

♦♦♦

Traveling Salesman: "Can you put me up for the night?"
Farmer: "Sure, but you'll have to sleep with my son."
Traveling Salesman: "Good Lord! I'm in the wrong joke."

Two men were marooned on a desert island for five years. One day one of them found a family-size Coke bottle that had washed ashore. He stared at it in disbelief and then ran over to the other man.

"Good grief, George. We've shrunk!"

♦♦♦

A man obviously in bad condition from the night before stepped up to a bar and sputtered through trembling lips, "Give—give me something for a hangover."

"What do you want?" asked the bartender.

The sufferer could only blurt: "Tall —cold—and full of gin."

"Sir," snapped a drunk standing next to him, "you are referring to the woman I love!"

"To be fair we ought to run this scene a few more times. I don't think eight times is enough, do you, gentlemen?"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

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MK Kimstler

the SWINDLER who nearly WRECKED EUROPE

It was his lust for women that sent him on the wild $150,000,000 binge that exploded a whole continent.

by JAMES COLLIER

"MONSIEUR Stavisky, the French government has asked me to inform you that you will commit suicide this afternoon."

In the chateau the handsome ormolu clock ticked impassively.

Stavisky stood musing, his hand lingering on his well-shaven cheeks. "So that is what they have decided, eh? And suppose I do not?"

The little subprefect of police bowed. Lying loosely in his palm was a small .30 caliber pistol of the type women sometimes carry in their handbags. "It would be regrettable, I should think. And besides"—he cocked his head apologetically—"I have the house surrounded."

"Ah—in that case . . ." Monsieur Stavisky held out his hand for the little pistol. Then, as the worthy official stepped forward, Stavisky lunged, slamming the full force of his thick body against the policeman. Together, they went down, straining desperately away from the little pistol which lay sandwiched between

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"There, officer!" shrieked Madame Romain, "there's the little thief who took my purse."

Art by Mort Kunstler

The balding, beak-nosed body of the "suicide" bore little resemblance to the charmer who conned millions from his victims.

THE SWINDLER WHO NEARLY WRECKED EUROPE

their bodies. His superior weight was Stavisky's advantage; in a moment he had rolled on top and forced his fingers down between their sweating bodies. He caught the pistol. Swinging it upward, he took direct aim. In that desperate instant *Monsieur le Sous-Prefect* lunged. The gun exploded. . . .

Serge Stavisky was born a Pole in the little town of Sobodka in the year 1886. His father was a dentist, hard put to make ends meet in a poor town. So in 1890, when baby Serge was four, he moved to Paris. He found quarters in a ghetto area behind city hall; a dirty, stinking slum, haunted by poverty, venereal disease and police brutality. Here is where Serge Stavisky grew up. Here is where he began his fantastic career of deceit and chicanery; here is where he learned the tricks that were to make him the master briber of police, the tricks with which he corrupted the entire government of France.

The elder Staviskys were gentle people. They scrimped and saved in hopes of putting young Serge through medical school. But already the youth had his eye on a better game. For at the tender age of 16 he got a glimpse of a far rosier way of life than his quiet parents dreamed existed.

At 16, Stavisky was a beautiful boy. Pink-cheeked, fair-skinned, possessed of a winsome smile, he had a way with women. Thus, it is not surprising that the wealthy society belle, Marie Romain, some 20 years his senior, began to notice him as he walked daily to and from school. In a week she was smitten. Not one to scruple at age, she managed to pass him, carrying packages from the smart shops nearby. One fell from her hands onto the sidewalk.

Immediately Stavisky leapt nimbly to recover it, for obviously the lady was wealthy. With a bow he returned the package.

"A young gentleman, I see," she said, smiling.

"The young gentleman bows to beauty," he said glibly.

"The young gentleman has a way with ladies, that is clear," she said.

He gestured modestly. "Ah, madame . . ."

"Then perhaps the young gentleman would not mind carrying the package. My apartment is just here."

His heart thumping, Stavisky bowed low again, and followed her into her expensive Paris flat. On the floor carpets ran an inch thick from wall to wall, and the furniture, glowing dully in the firelight, was worth more money than his father could make in a lifetime. They sat before the fire on a long sofa. She rang for a servant. "François, pernod, please, and lower the lights. You may take the afternoon."

The pernod gleaming warmly in his belly, the young Stavisky found his courage coming back. Lolling back on the sofa, he watched the woman's clear skin in the firelight. Emboldened, he moved toward her, touched a hand to the exquisite diamond pendant hanging from her neck. She caught his eyes. "It's lovely, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. His hand began to drift downward.

An hour later, Marie Romain knew that her fair-complexioned boy was a man. They soon became inseparable.

Later on, she took him to Deauville, the fashionable resort. He told his parents that he was visiting school friends in Montmartre. They lay (*Continued on page* 79)

Stavisky's accomplice Tissier, director of the Bayonne municipal pawnshop, ducked photographers on his way to trial.

The wise-cracking scorn of the Parisian public splattered on his widow, Arlette Simon, once France's top pin-up girl.

As officials, tycoons and social big shots became involved, some, like this titled general, came to blows with reporters.

The Strange Secret of MUTO the TENTH

For three years, as the only surviving male, he ruled the women of Clipperton—an island the world had forgotten.

by HARRY HARRISON

THE boards that made up the flimsy doors of the hut crashed back, and the huge figure stood in the opening. One of the children screamed. The hideous man in the doorway was enough to terrify any child. His great frame was wrapped in scraps and bits of cloth, held together by a wide leather belt strapped about his middle. Into the belt were stuck rusty pistols, knives, daggers and a giant cutlass. Over the man's shoulder were slung two rifles. One side of the bullet-like head was terribly scarred and the half-open mouth showed more gaps than teeth.

"I'm here!" the man suddenly roared. "Muto, the King of Clipperton, come to you." His yellow, half-mad eyes rolled over the pitiful figures huddling before him. Six frightened young children—and three lovely young women.

The King looked at the women and his twisted smile was more disgusting (*Continued on page* 66)

"Come with me!' Muto whispered hoarsely, grabbing her arm and dragging her out of the hut after him.

Art by Charles Copeland

WANTED:

Red Spy Ernst Wollweber

REWARD:

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There's a reason why he has the largest price on his head of any man on earth. Not only is he East Germany's espionage chief—he also does his own killings.

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

AT 11:15 A.M. on Sept. 4th, 1957, the telephone rang in Room 320 of the popular Hotel Kempinski on the corner of Kurfurstendamm and Fasanenstrasse in West Berlin.

The man who answered it was tall, lean and alert. His name was Wolfram Lowe. Formerly a Luftwaffe captain, he was now a security officer in West Germany's Federal Authority for Secret Foreign Intelligence, more popularly known as Organization Gehlen or OG for Lieutenant General Reinhard Gehlen, its chief.

Lowe listened attentively to the instructions given to him and hung up. A careful, thorough man, he immediately picked up the phone again and asked to have the call traced. He was informed that it had been made from Pullach, a suburb of Munich.

This satisfied him, for Pullach is where Gehlen maintains his own secret OG headquarters in a secluded house on the Isar River. Lowe turned to the other occupant of Room 320, Dr. Otto Heuss.

"We are to be called for in 30 minutes, Herr Doktor," he said politely. "We proceed directly to the Flughafenhotel at Tempelhof Airport where an American security officer will accompany you on the plane to the United States."

Dr. Heuss smiled gravely and began to pack. He was a graying little man in his late 40s with owlish eyes behind heavy-framed glasses. Despite a lack of impressiveness, however, he was a famous rocket scientist, one of the most important prizes ever brought out (*Continued on page* 56)

Wollweber rules a spy kingdom of 9,000 agents with a budget of $40.000,000.

In spite of checkpoints and carefully guarded frontiers, master spy Wollweber shuttles at will from East to West Germany.

Reinhard Gehlen, Wollweber's opposite number, who set the price on his head.

Otto John, head of the German "FBI," fled from West to East and back again.

Irmgard Schmidt, honor student of the little Red schoolhouse for call girls.

New York's FIVE DAYS of TERROR

Like a crazed monster suddenly let loose, the mob stormed through the streets in the wildest orgy of looting, drinking, killing and raping that any city has ever seen.

by IRVING WERSTEIN

"THERE she is, the dirty slut!"

The screaming crowd rushed at the woman who was trying to slip unnoticed from the house with her small brown-skinned son. They knocked her down and trampled her until she was unconscious. Her son cowered on the stoop screaming in terror.

A snaggle-toothed harridan, who had been beating the mother with a

PLEASE TURN PAGE

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stick, pointed to the boy and cried, "Kill the half-breed whlep! Kill him!"

The mob turned from their battered and dying victim and glared at the boy. He was a slight lad with great, liquid brown eyes in a thin, pointed face. They went for him with shrill curses and clawing hands. Somehow he managed to evade them and ran away. Enraged by the boy's escape, the mob gathered around his mother and pelted her to death with stones.

The woman was Ann Derrickson, white. Her husband was a seaman, Negro. Their married life had been relatively quiet although she had always been a helpless target for the gibes of her neighbors. But now the Civil War with its draft and its violent racial hatreds had fanned their resentment into a raging, uncontrolled flame, and they punished her for her defiance of their conventions.

And this was only one scene in a city torn by mob violence. New York will never live down the infamous Draft Riots of July, 1863.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863

On March 3, 1863, in the third spring of the Civil War, President Abraham Lincoln signed the National Conscription Act—and with his signature set the stage for the bloodiest uprising in the turbulent history of New York City.

The draft law was violently attacked all over the country. It was an ambiguous law set up by a Congress which was frightened that the Volunteer system could no longer keep the Union Army up to its required strength. There were many flaws in the Act—the worst being a special clause which permitted exemption from service for any man who paid the sum of three hundred dollars to the Provost Marshal or furnished a substitute at the time he was called.

While three hundred dollars was no hardship for a wealthy man or a moderately well-to-do shopkeeper or farmer, the sum was a fortune for the average workingman. Obviously, not many factory workers or day laborers could buy their way out of the draft.

In New York City further animosity was aroused by the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863; a huge population of Irish immigrants were already in desperate competition with free Negroes for unskilled jobs. Artful Copperheads, Rebel sympathizers, told the Irish that this was a war "to free the nigger," and painted a dire picture of a city swarming with freed slaves who would glut the labor market.

The mass of immigrants who had fled to the United States during the potato famines in the early fifties had no desire to fight in a war for which they could feel no sympathy. The great bulk of the Irish lived in unrelieved misery, in squalid tenements and disease-infested shanties. Earning a living was precarious for these untrained, unskilled people. They scrambled for marginal jobs as longshoremen, hod carriers, chimney sweeps, dustmen, porters, bootblacks and carters. They were constantly pitted against Negroes in the struggle for existence. Vicious fights were common on the docks where Irish and Negro strove for longshore work which paid one dollar and a half for a nine-hour day.

This meager livelihood for the laborer had continued for some years until, in 1861, the war brought new factories and new industry to the city. The labor sources were drained by the Army, leaving the harbor jammed with shipping. At last, there was work for all—and then, after only two years of tenuous prosperity, the immigrants were faced with the draft. They resented giving up hard-won jobs, resented bitterly the fact that their old antagonists, the Negroes, were not even subject to the draft. Hatreds flared and scarcely a day went by without fists, knives and even pistols being used on the docks as the labor war rose to new violence.

The drum rolled to a stop, a piece of paper was pulled out, and for the first time in U.S. history a citizen was drafted.

Miserable as the lot of the Irish was, anything seemed better than marching off to war and getting one's head blown off. It was a "rich man's war and a poor man's fight": who wanted to get killed for the "niggers"?

After weeks of false alarms and much hedging, the draft was definitely ordered in the 8th and 9th Districts of New York City, in several districts of Brooklyn, some upstate New York cities, New Jersey, and New England.

Even the most wishful thinker gave in to reality at 9:00 on the overcast, sultry morning of Saturday, July 11, when Provost Marshal Charles Jenkins, under whose supervision the drawings were to be held, strode briskly to the table on which stood the revolving drum holding the names of 9th District enrollees.

The room in which the proceedings were held was a large one, divided in the center by a wooden railing, behind which Jenkins conducted his business. A crowd of about two hundred persons, mostly men and boys from the adjacent working-class neighborhood, filled the office. A detail of policemen from the 19th Precinct commanded by Captain Galen Porter guarded the premises.

At a few minutes after 9:00, Jenkins made a sign. His chief clerk, Charles H. Carpenter, was blindfolded, and George W. Southwick, another clerk, turned a crank that set the drum spinning.

When the wheel stopped, Carpenter reached into the mouth of the drum and pulled out a slip of paper. For the first time in the history of the United States an American citizen was being conscripted into the Army. Jenkins took the paper from his clerk, unfolded it, and in a clear voice read the name and address of the draftee.

"William Jones, 46th Street, corner Tenth Avenue,"

Jenkins announced. The draft was official. The drawing continued. Each name was greeted with jovial shouts. At noon, Jenkins closed for the day. He had drawn several hundred names without incidents. The crowd straggled out of his office and into the beer saloon next door.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1863

The Sunday newspapers carried the names of the drafted men—most of them poor laborers and mechanics. The sight of these names in print was a sober reminder that the draft had become a reality. In the 9th District, east of Fifth Avenue in the forties, crowds of Sunday loungers gathered on street corners and in saloons to talk over the situation.

As daylight waned, agitated crowds thronged the streets of the poorer neighborhoods. Men drank cheap whisky. They grew drunk and mean and cursed the draft; and the women who mingled with them were far more vehement than the men. They called the drawings a lottery of death.

The day passed and the drinking became heavier. Tempers snapped. Fist fights broke out. And through the increasing turmoil one hatred persisted. The "niggers" were to blame for everything. Get rid of the "niggers" and the lousy government that made the draft. The rich wanted the war. Down with the draft!

Drunken men glared with reddened eyes and lurched about in helpless fury. The day was ending in ugliness. . . .

In the late afternoon of this Sunday, the Mayor of New York, George Opdyke, stood at an open French window, moodily staring at his carefully tended garden and smoking one of his special cigars. The insistent talk that trouble would still result from the draft gnawed at him. Nothing had happened, but he would have felt more secure if all the troops—militia and regulars—that had fought in the battle of Gettysburg were safely back home to handle any unpleasantness. Of course, New York had a capable police force which would make short shrift of malcontents. There was really nothing to worry about. The whispers and rumors of uprisings and outbreaks over the draft were so much poppycock—yet according to the Chief of Detectives, Sergeant John Young, something unsavory was stirring in the lower wards. . . .

At any rate, Opdyke intended to relax and forget the cares of office for this one evening. He placed several cigars in the breast pocket of his finely tailored linen jacket and left the house. He was whistling as he paused at the wrought-iron gate and gazed out over sumptuous Fifth Avenue. He stepped out into the street. Beckoning to his coachman, he paid no attention to the distant clangor of fire bells downtown in the direction of the Negro district.

ABOUT the time Mayor Opdyke was dining on roast pheasant, a broad-shouldered six-footer with red hair and a full beard was standing at the bar of a saloon in Allen Street. Men wearing dirty shirts, rumpled trousers and scuffed working shoes crowded the dingy place. They noisily gulped beer and wolfed chunks of meat and succulent clams at the free lunch counter. When the red-haired man spoke, they eyed him with respect.

"Damn it, lads, you're free white men! Can't you see they're gulling you? You're free men—not hogs to be butchered! This draft must be crushed. You're the only ones who can do it!" He spoke in the ringing tones of a trained orator.

"Now you're talking chicken!" a small, shifty-eyed man cried. "The rich bastards want the war. Not us!" His shoe-button eyes flicking across the faces that had turned suddenly to him, he pointed to the speaker and cried, "Listen to him, buckos! It's worth your ear when John Andrews speaks!"

"I can't stand idly and keep silent while that baboon in the White House steals the birthright of every free-born American workingman! Conscription is the tool of tyrants, Prussian Kings, Russian Czars, British monarchs! It's not for Americans!" He pounded the bar. "Were this a war to defend our homeland, not a man of you would hesitate to spill his blood to defend what he holds dear. But do you want to spill your blood so the niggers can be free?" Andrews finished excitedly, thoroughly moved by his own performance.

The listeners applauded and shouted, "No! No!"

"It's hot tonight, but I'll promise you it'll be a damned sight hotter on the skirmish line with Minié balls zipping by your ears. And that's where you'll be soon enough unless you smash this rotten draft," Andrews said.

"What can we do?" a little, sharp-eyed man asked.

"Are you ready to fight for your rights, for your own lives and those of the women and children?" Andrews asked.

"Yes! Yes!" the men shouted.

"Yes, you say? Then prove it. Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock there will be a meeting on Sixth Avenue at the entrance to Central Park. Be at that meeting with thousands of your fellow workers! Strike every shop and factory! And come ready to show the warmongers and nigger lovers that free white Americans (*Continued on page* 86)

Enraged by the boy's escape, the mob trampled his mother and stoned her to death.

WHERE ARE THEY

Somewhere along the line, the names of these people were on the

GENERAL ANTHONY McAULIFFE: The Germans said that Brigadier General Anthony McAuliffe had just two hours to surrender the Belgian town of Bastogne, his guns and his men of the 101st Airborne Division. If he didn't, seven artillery units and a force of Tiger tanks would annihilate him. The general, sore as hell, told them what they could do in one short word that made history.

There has been much speculation on what the word really was, but the acceptable version has it that his note to the Germans said: "NUTS!"

It was Friday, December 22, 1944. The Battle of the Bulge. American troops were reeling under the German offensive toward Paris—fighting without supply and using sheets borrowed from Belgian farmers for camouflage in the snow. It had started in the bitter cold of December 16 when a fog fell and German soldiers rushed from out of nowhere with tanks Allied commanders didn't even think they had. They overran every town but Bastogne. McAuliffe had been ordered to hold, and when the Germans asked his surrender on the 22nd, his answer was the now famous one-worder.

The shells and tanks came as promised, but, five days later, Allied relief came also. Sherman tanks broke through after several tries. The back of the last great German offensive of World War II had been broken, and McAuliffe had held.

The "nuts" general had been little known before December 1944 because he was one of those quiet, efficient men who get things done without noise. After December 1944, he slipped back into his quiet niche of efficiency, but kept going up in rank. By December 1954, McAuliffe was commanding general of the entire US Army in Europe.

WHERE IS HE NOW? On May 31, 1956, General Anthony McAuliffe retired. He was 57, had grown a little tired of a certain one-syllable word, but not tired of hard work. He was immediately recruited by the American Cyanamid Co. for a new generaling job—chief of a new engineering and construction division and president of one of its major subsidiaries, the Chemical Construction Corporation. His GHQ is in Washington, D.C.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN: Max Baer was on a fantastic winning binge—winning in spite of his nightclubbing, his cockiness and his ever-clowning self. He wasn't yet champ, but close to it. Early in 1931, his manager, Ancil Hoffman, said he had a match for him, a tough match. "I expect Loughran to box your ears off," the manager said. "A broken beak sure would put you hep to yourself."

Loughran was Tommy Loughran, the son of a Philadelphia motorman, a sobersides compared to Baer. Loughran had boxed the ears off better men than Baer in his time (he turned pro in 1919) and was so great with his left that he won the light heavyweight championship in 1927, and finally retired as same in 1929 after defending it so long he got tired of having it around the house.

Loughran *had* stayed with boxing, however. He put on a little weight and fought heavyweights. Baer was one. It was February 6, 1931. Ten rounds. Madison Square Garden. Baer trained in the night clubs. He had clubbed men into submission on his brute strength before, so why not Loughran, too?

Baer lost. Through the 10 rounds, Loughran danced around him to win a decision, sinking his punches like a man with a needle for a fist, and blocking Baer's brute-strength slams with elbows, shoulders and gloves. Baer's gloves hardly got his nose dirty.

Then, during the next few days, the fight crowd was turned on its ear. Baer and Loughran were together like brothers instead of opponents. Why? They gasped when they found out. Loughran was teaching Baer how to box! Baer had been impressed with Loughran's left and asked him how he used it, and why he himself had never been able to learn how.

"You were winning in your old style and couldn't see the use of changing," Loughran said. "You've got to learn that you can't tag everybody with your right."

Since Caesar, generals have been famous for their brevity. He defied the enemy with a single word—perhaps unprintable.

NOW?

tip of every tongue. When was the last time you heard of them?

Loughran never made a killing in the heavyweight division. He retired altogether in 1937. He'd fought 171 fights, lost 21, won 150. His lightning left had earned more than $1,000,000 and he had fought 23 men who were or finally became light heavyweight or heavyweight champs—including Sharkey, Carnera, Braddock and Baer—a record of some sort.

WHERE IS HE NOW? Loughran is one of the few whose fortune didn't go with his finish. He used his million well, and today at 57 is a broker on the New York Sugar Exchange, and lives modestly but well at the New York Athletic Club.

MINOT (MICKEY) JELKE: The name Jelke had been familiar to millions of women for years as something they kept in their ice boxes—oleomargarine. In 1952, however, the Jelke name became the trade mark for another type of oily product—prostitution.

New York police had been investigating high-price play-for-pay girls and everything seemed to point to the playboy heir to a $3,000,000 fortune as the master procurer. When detectives crashed into his apartment, they found him in bed with a blonde (whom he later married), and also found several address books filled with names of well-heeled men and the girls he was supposed to have sent them.

One of the girls was Pat Ward. If Pat hadn't been so co-operative with the police, the case against Jelke might never have gotten off the ground, but she *was* co-operative, and when she turned state's witness, the case got off like a V-2 rocket.

At the trial in 1953, she told how she met Mickey when she was 18, and it was sex at first sight. She moved into his apartment that night. She told how Jelke talked of marriage, but sent her out on $50-100 a night dates with "johns" instead. Most of the money, she told the court, went to Jelke. When she started to name names, New York's men-about-town left town in bunches. The press was barred from court, but had a fine time picking up dirty scraps in the hall from talkative witnesses.

The jury found Jelke guilty of procuring. There was an appeal and a new trial was granted on the basis that the press had been barred. The second trial was a carbon copy of the first, but good stories never suffer from being told twice, and once again the press had a field day.

Once again also, the verdict was the same. Jelke faced 40 years. He was sentenced and taken away.

WERE IS HE NOW? Jelke got nothing like 40 years. Two was what it finally came out to. Early in April of last year, an older-looking, manlier-looking Mickey Jelke was released from prison. Since then, neither café society nor the law nor the papers have heard the slightest unsavory rumble about him. Somewhat sick of the word that has become associated with his name, Jelke, now 28, has been living quietly with his family in New York, soberly waiting for his inheritance—due in 1960. ♦♦♦

For ten rounds, he danced around Baer, who could hardly lay a glove on him. Next day, Max was taking lessons from him.

Heir to an oleo fortune, he spent his youth greasily mixing with the plusher underworld, until he caught a jail rap.

Touchingly modest before the camera, their choice of boy friends led them to the humiliation of the headquarters line-up.

by BURTON B. TURKUS and SID FEDER

Editor's note: Burton Turkus is the former New York assistant district attorney who sent seven members of Murder, Inc., to the chair. With the help of veteran newspaperman Sid Feder, he told the inside story of how he broke the back of the Syndicate in a book called "Murder, Inc." It is a frightening story—even in such chapters as the following—which tells about the girls who chose kill-crazy gorillas for the men in their lives.

WE EXPECTED to find anything but romance in an investigation of assorted assassins and their bloody business. We were looking for murderers, not their amorous adventures. Nevertheless, the adventures kept cropping up, along with throat-cutting and cadavers in quicklime pits, and they provided no end of interesting little touches to the saga.

To myself, I have always labeled this particular facet, "The Ladies' Auxiliary of Murder, Inc." Under this heading, come the love lives of the killers—and some of these were only slightly less remarkable than their maneuvering in murder.

Now, the wives of some of the gangsters seemed to be nice girls, and you felt somewhat sorry for them and the fact that the delusions of grandeur entertained by their homicidal husbands wrecked their lives. Most were completely loyal. Recognition of this fidelity is inescapable. When Abe "Kid Twist" Reles decided to talk, he trusted neither lawyers nor close male relatives nor anyone else he ever knew—with one exception. The only person in the world in whom he had complete faith was his wife. To her alone, he entrusted the life-and-death mission of going to the District Attorney to ask for the interview that started the avalanche.

The unswerving loyalty of these women, however, was rarely mutual. Wifely fealty was generally repaid with a continuous indulgence in

From "Murder, Inc." copyright 1951, by Burton B. Turkus and Sid Feder.
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LADIES' NIGHT in MURDER, INC.

Behind the world's greatest combine of killers stood a Ladies' Auxiliary —a group of molls who clung to their men until violent death did them part.

extramarital activities. The exceptions were notable only for their rarity. Thus, when Pretty Levine and his lovely Helen fell into a desperate sobbing embrace, their complete devotion was so obviously real as to be extraordinary among these philandering felons.

Mostly, though, the Ladies' Auxiliary was made up of the girl friends—clinging, curvaceous clotheshorses, generally, with furs and diamonds and the lacquered look of so many store-window mannequins. As a group they came in all sizes, shapes and hair tints. Those we include here were not exceptions, but, rather, representative of a cross-section. They ranged from beautiful flossies to the plain, sometimes even the ugly; from mental pygmies to those who could fit in any set; from hard-looking, vinegar-voiced flowers of the slums to polished pretties with good table manners. The only item they shared in common was their consorts.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

When Joey Amberg was slated for the business, it was just too bad for his driver Mannie Kessler. That made it a package job.

Setting the spark to the gas-soaked car that contained Pretty Amberg's body was grand prize for the Queen of Murder, Inc.

LADIES' NIGHT IN MURDER, INC.

They fought for their men, and when any of the gangsters was rubbed out or, later, electrocuted, you could always spot the lady with whom he had been dallying last. The girl friend donned deepest mourning, and wore her widow's weeds even longer than the widow. She felt she thus showed the more heartfelt grief.

A girl friend stuck to her thug as long as the thug would have her, a condition dependent on the old adage that nothing lasts forever. It was considered natural custom in their society for a girl, on ending a romance with one plug-ugly, to take up with another of the same—as often as not, a close friend of the very sweetheart who had just thrown her out. No one felt very uncomfortable; it was the way of life and love.

One mobster's idea of female pulchritude did not always meet with unanimous agreement from his associates. There was, for instance, Renee, who was Happy Maione's minx. Renee was a blonde, about twenty-six. She had most of the necessary assets of her sex—and in their proper places. Happy thought she was gorgeous. Reles, though, always said her eyes had a squint to them. However, Kid Twist and Happy never did see eye to eye.

What these girls could see in the cutthroats was a riddle as unfathomable as some of their assassinations had been. As the lasses of the Ladies' Auxiliary flitted in and out of our probe, investigator after investigator would ask, "What have these bums got that gets these dolls?" None of the stock arguments—wealth, glamour, even plain animal attraction—held here. That applied not only to the Brooklyn branch, but all over the country, everywhere in mobdom.

It certainly could not be their looks. Reles wouldn't have looked attractive even to an orang-utan. And the wooing and winning, by the oafish Vito Gurino, of the willowy redhead he met on a blind date remained an unsolved mystery even to the mob. Aside from, at best, three or four, none of the mobsters were likely prospects for screen tests, except, perhaps, for type-casting for a prison sequence. It is impossible, too, to conceive of these characters intriguing the opposite sex by conversational ability or wit. They had neither the romance of the poet in their souls nor the intelligence of the learned in their minds.

Th girls did, however, glamourize the gorillas to themselves, and that, probably, was what sold them. Many of the girl friends started as kids, awestruck by the neighborhood big shots. These thugs traveled around the country. They sported flashy cars. They never appeared to work for a dollar. Surface glamour undoubtedly impressed these easily impressed neighborhood girls. To them, places like Hot Springs and Hollywood, Las Vegas and Miami were only names in the Sunday supplements. In their set, the girl was considered well traveled, indeed, who had even made the Catskills.

Whatever the kinship of spirit, it was a strong intersex magnet. Strong and strange. They attracted the hoods; the hoods attracted them. Only in rare instances were any of these lovelies drawn to people in ordinary life.

Connie, who ran a beauty shop in the Williamsburg section, was one who got around. For a time, she was chummy

Dasher Abbandando, Happy Maione and Pittsburgh Phil Strauss were—oddly—the most successful lady-killers of mobdom.

with Dasher Abbandando, proving the Dasher did not spend all his time at baseball and bloodletting. Then Connie became very friendly with Chippy Weiner, who developed from a bit player in Brooklyn, Inc., into a well-known burglar and fence in the late forties.

Chippy used to brag about the fifty suits of clothes he owned. He was equally versatile when it came to women. There was Connie, and there was a lady known widely as "the Red Rose of Williamsburg." This is, however, a horticultural misnomer; she possesses neither the aura nor the aroma of the American Beauty. Once, the Red Rose had been Chippy's companion—until, that is, he laid eyes on her eighteen-year-old daughter. During our probe, Rose was established as a figure in the Larney Gang, a mob of shylocks and killers with ramifications in the Brownsville combination. The Red Rose, personally, was named in a large role in at least one murder. Then, there was Chippy's wife.

One cold, wet night in the winter of 1948, the telephone rang in Chippy's Manhattan apartment. Not long afterward, Mrs. Chippy donned her soft furs.

"I'm going to the corner for some cigarettes," she murmured as she drifted toward the door. Her mate, absorbed in the television screen before him, barely heard as she walked out into the mid-January slush—wearing open-toed shoes.

Not half an hour later, Chippy was shot full of holes, while he was sitting there viewing the video. It turned out afterward that the first—and last—act he performed after this untoward incident was to telephone Connie and whisper to her the names of the unfriendly individuals who did this to him. She admitted the phone call later.

"But I didn't get the names he said," she told detectives, so very rueful over her inability to help.

Chippy's wife did not return to the apartment until an hour afterward. Police were naturally curious as to how open-toed sandals remained so dry, after an hour and a half on the wet streets.

"I took a cab to the Hotel New Yorker to meet a friend —but I was stood up," she disclosed.

A month later, a jeweler was held up. As the stick-up men fled, the victim reached the window in time to get the license number of their car. Sal Bretagna and Curly Fennessey were picked up, Curly in New York and Sal in Boston, while entertaining two girls in a night club. Curly became panicky and offered to do some talking.

"Me and Sal heisted that joint so Sal could get some dough for a getaway, on account of the Chippy job . . . he's hot," was the unexpected information.

It developed that Sal had murdered Chippy for one Farby, who was somewhat annoyed because Chippy had shortchanged him by $500 on the spoils of a hijacked truckload of cloth. Farby had been the "friend" who called up Chippy's wife. Farby, who was a ladies' man, probably would have kept the date, too, only he was more anxious to get Mrs. Chippy out of the house so he and Sal could attend to her husband.

Unfortunately, Farby never (*Continued on page* 70)

Don't let her wide-eyed, innocent look fool you. Sheila Rudy is a girl who really enjoys taking a gamble.

SHEILA TAKES A CHANCE

CONTINUED
ON NEXT
PAGE

She figured it was a long shot that anyone would ever spot her cooling off after a modeling job. But this time her luck ran out.

SAVAGE from

"Hello, hotel manager? I want to report a Peeping Tom."

Sparing no expense, STAG's editors sent one of its intrepid explorers to Staten Island to learn what he could about the inhabitants. Barely escaping with his life (he'd lost his nickel and had to swim back to Manhattan), he brought us these five examples of native art drawn by an adult male named John Brian Savage.

"You're crazy to smoke those non-filtered butts."

"C'mon, Kid. Where's the old confidence?"

STATEN ISLAND

"Here's our guide now."

the NIGHTMARE MARCH of Yankee Billy's Bummers

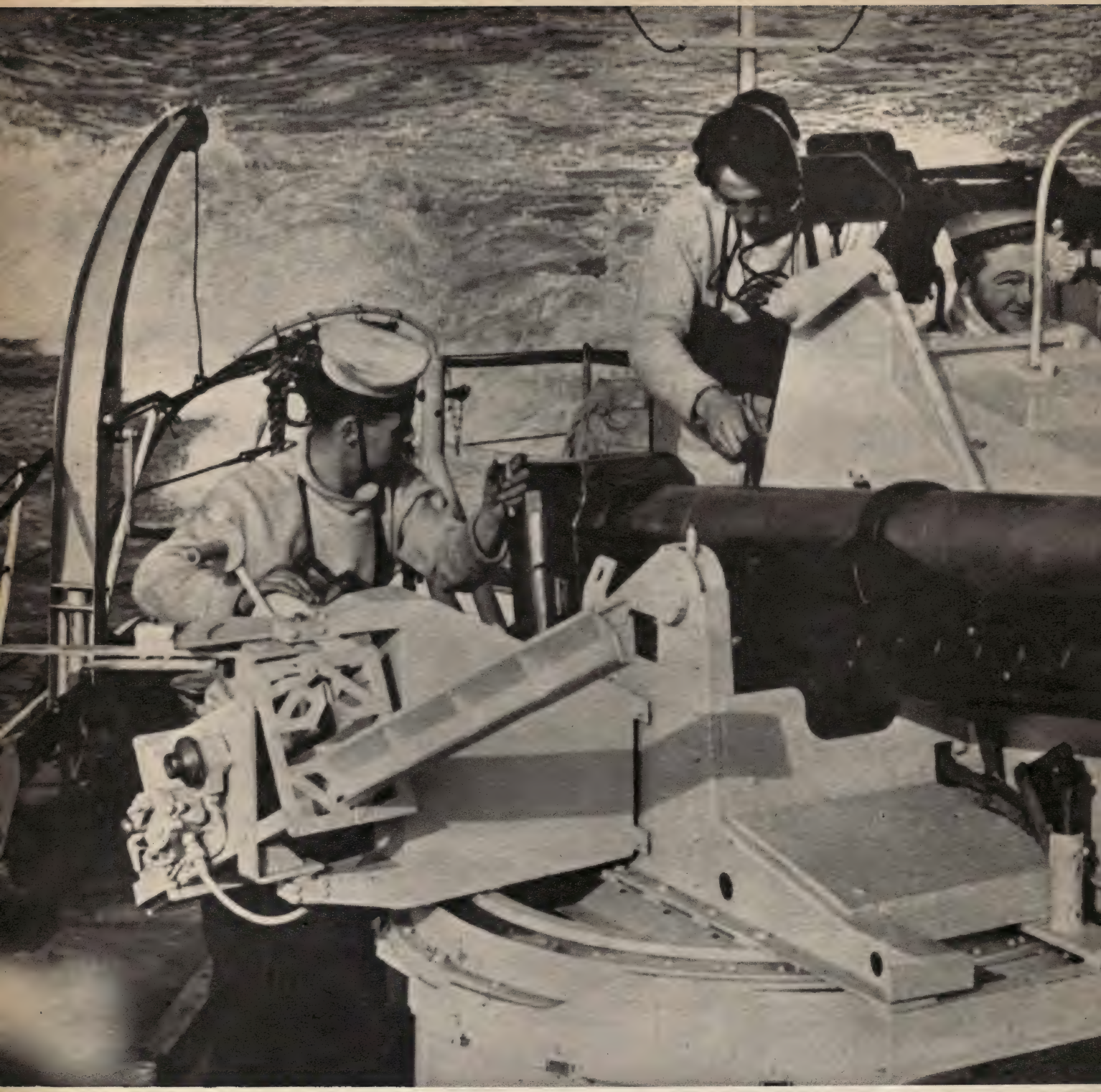
They moved in advance of Sherman's grim army of 65,000 —looting, burning, leaving the South boiling with hates.

by STAN SMITH

HQ, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD, Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 16 (1864)—Under blue, sunny skies, 65,000 men comprising the victorious Union Army of Major General William T. Sherman marched out of Atlanta today at 7:30, leaving the former Confederate stronghold in flames. Troops of the XIV Corps, bayonets flashing in the bright sunlight, voices raised to the strains of "Glory, Glory, Halleluja!" led the imposing advance down the Decatur road, followed by artillery caissons and rumbling supply wagons. In four columns, separated by 10 to 12 (*Continued on page* 44)

At each town, Rebels fought from behind bushes, trees, defended every inch, but nothing could stop that steam-rolling army.

Art by Bruce Minney



THE ONE-GUN TASK FORCE THAT

SAVED KOREA

Two things stood between the North Korean amphibious army and the fall of Pusan: a beat-up 3-inch gun and the naval officer who commanded it.

by CARL SHERMAN

WHEN Commander Choi Yong Nam, ROK Navy, spotted the ship from the wheelhouse of his tiny flagship, the PC 701, she was bearing down from the north, wallowing in the choppy waters of Korea Strait like a fat Hwanggan sow.

The alert little commander trained his binoculars through a mile of rainswept twilight onto the strange vessel. He shook his head in puzzlement.

"No colors, no name, no identification," he muttered suspiciously, "and probably up to no good."

"Russian-built, by her bow," observed the helmsman, Gum Josan, who had once shipped as a seaman aboard a freighter out of Vladivostok.

The commander nodded uneasily. He was pondering his orders.

"South Task Force One, at all cost, must prevent any invasion of Pusan by sea," Korean Naval Headquarters in Pusan had instructed him earlier on that eventful Sunday afternoon of June 25th, 1950. "North Koreans have crossed the 38th parallel and are moving south in strength. Their naval vessels must not cut off the evacuation of American civilians from Pusan nor the possible arrival of reinforcements by ship."

It was a considerable assignment for South Task Force One to carry out. Commander Choi Yong Nam cast another glance at the mystery ship approaching bow on, and a more quizzical look aft at his "fleet." The sight was far from reassuring.

In addition to his flagship, a former American patrol craft whose single three-inch gun had been used against Jap sampans in the Philippines, the fleet consisted of two disreputable-looking ex-US minesweepers, the YMS 512 and YMS 518.

Both were of pre-World War II vintage and had seen considerable, but uninspired, service on garbage detail at Pearl Harbor and on coaling assignment at Sasebo before becoming part of the ROK Navy. They were straining and clunking noisily along astern of (*Continued on page* 52)

The first shell was a bull's-eye. Commander Nam began moving in for the kill, as the gunnery crew fired round after round.

"DRAW, Mr. CLAY!"

by
ALEX AUSTIN

They were mounted and riding off before anyone knew what was going on, the girl up behind him with the gun in his back.

Art by Tom Ryan

When he rode into Amboy, he turned it into a ghost town—until he ran into a girl who didn't care how she died.

STAG FICTION

Tom Clay loved his guns, they said, the way most men love a woman.

Tom Clay came riding down the mud river main street of a town, laughing tall in the saddle and always slumped on over to one side so he looked like he was falling out of it, he rode that way, and the guns at his sides shone with the sunlight burning out of the silver handles and there were men whose names were to be set down one day in song and history as the fearless and the deadly, men like Bill Bonney and Crazy Stackalee and the horsethief, Mr. Jesse Woodson James, who would walk quietly away to whiskey or a woman or behind the barn when Tom Clay would come riding into any town.

They said it was because Tom Clay would just kill a man the way you'd laugh at somebody's joke or ask him the way to the Great Star Saloon or what was the time. He killed with just that much reason to it, so you never knew. They said he had a curse of gypsies in his heart and they said too he could talk to the devil. They said he was a demon and no man of flesh and blood. And that's why they hated Tom Clay the way you can't hate just an ordinary man and even the most feared killers of his day were afraid of him and more than that, they cursed what he was and there was not one of them who had not, at one time or other, sworn to blow his laughing fool's brains right out of his head. But none of them did.

Jake Stearns tried it once in Soldiers Holes and Tom put the lead into him without hardly having to turn around, like he had the eyes in back of his head or maybe, like some told it later on, the devil on his shoulder telling him to draw, reel around and then just shoot in a straight line without even waiting to see what he would be shooting at. And then in Red Springs when Pete Jessup and Clint Markel waited for him one night in the alleyway behind the Blue Glass Saloon and they figured it would be easy to get him in the dark, him drunk the way he would surely be, and the lead would be in him before he even knew they were within 50 miles of where he was. And in the morning they found Pete Jessup and Clint Markel sprawled out in the dirt where they had waited for him, guns barely out of their holsters, blood smeared all over their faces so they looked like a couple of dead scared clowns and nobody knew how it had happened or who had done it; but Tom Clay went riding out of Red Springs not much after the sun came up and he was seated over to one side of his saddle like he was falling out of it and he had a laughing look on his long bone face.

So it went this way wherever they were waiting to get him and then when they could see it was no use, they just walked away from him and tried to stay clear until he was out of town.

It was the women mostly who talked about Tom Clay and the devil in the beginning because the menfolk laughed at talk like that. It was the women who started the crazy stories as if maybe they knew what the men needed even before they knew themselves, sometimes even going too far with it like when they would try and tell how Tom Clay could change himself into a crow or a blacksnake, but going that far only so the men would see that the other talk, that of the devil, maybe was not so far wrong; and then it was the menfolk who finally took all the stories up, one by one, still having the crow and the blacksnake to laugh at even if they did have a devil to believe now, because there was no other way to explain Tom Clay—him never taking money from a man, never rustling, robbing, riding with any kind of gang or taking any job anyone could see, always seeming to have what he needed and just riding on from one town to another, not staying long enough to do much more than finish a quart or two of whiskey, then moving on and none of them knew why.

Some of the men who still had to laugh at the devil-talk said you never could get Tom Clay because he could tell like some redskins could when the smell of death was on him, Apaches always knew, only he had one more trick than they ever had because he could shake the smell off him right out into the air and it would catch hold of the brave bad men hiding behind barrels for him or on top of a chuck wagon or even in a second story hotel window the way Jiggers Bilit did in Tombstone and still Tom caught sight of that little edge of him that showed in the moon and brought him falling down over the tin roof into the dust with just one shot.

They could almost understand the way Tom Clay loved his guns, the way they looked after him; not even the best woman in the world could care for a man the way Tom Clay's guns cared for him.

Well, then, it figured when Tom came riding into Amboy on a Monday morning in the month of April that the streets got quiet and the men with guns stayed clear of the Eagle Head Saloon, knowing it would always be whiskey he'd head for first, no matter what the time was or how long he had been riding. He'd have himself a bottle first, then do whatever was to be done, and all folks in town could do was to hope it wouldn't take him long before he'd be on his way again.

Some watched from windows as he came riding in, giving their courage the lie that it was too early in the morning for them to be down in the street yet anyway and each one watching him from however small a corner of glass on the second floor of any house—each one sure that he, in turn, could be seen, and no hand even so much as reached for a gun and they all hated the long laughing look on Tom Clay's face.

In the saloon, all colored gray with the worn paint put on 11 years ago and the light too thin through the slatted door to do any good, Frank Marshall in his shirtsleeves and striped trousers bought in New (*Continued on page* 47)

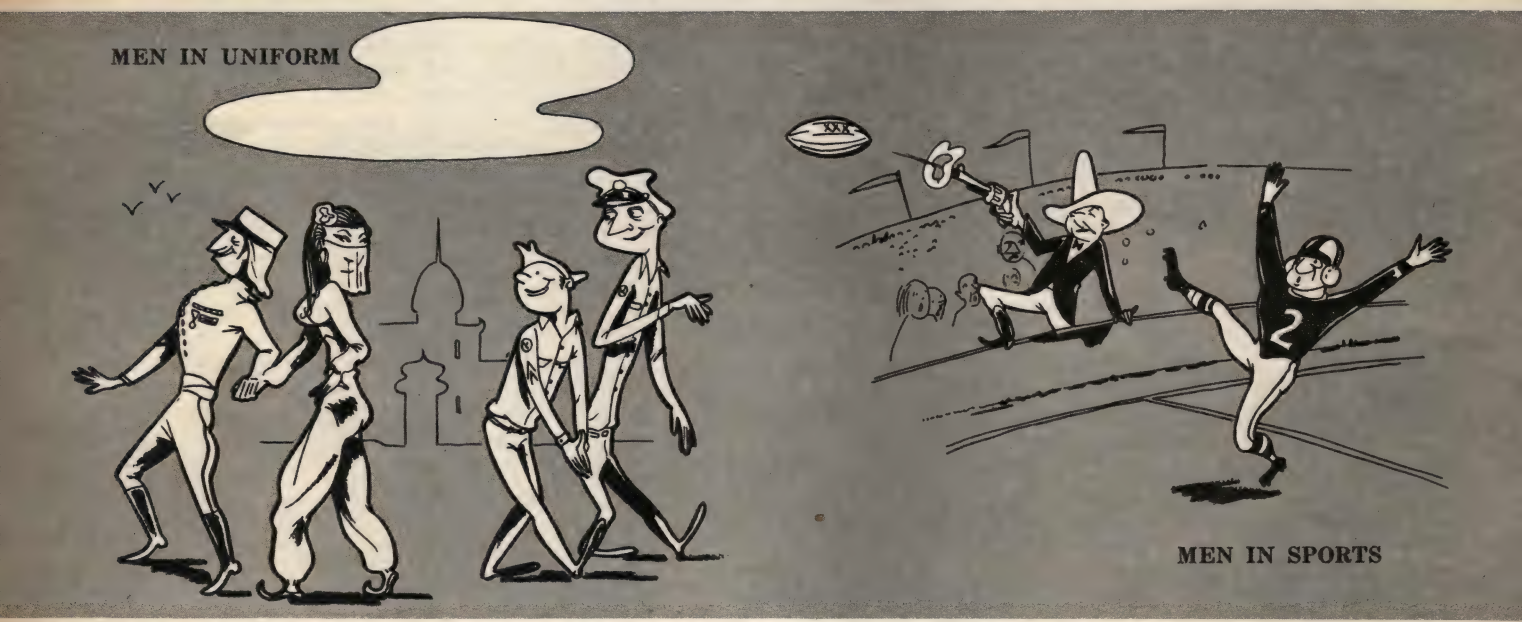
new street-cleaner spots (pardon us, sanitation engineers is what they're called). . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

The Chinese Communists WROTE INSULTING REMARKS on many of the projectiles they heaved into GI lines . . . Air Force hard-pressed to explain the B-24 that flew to England named the "Desperate Virgin" and came back titled the "Gruesome Goose.". . . GIs have a superstition: Once a girl in North Africa has been used by Legionnaires, NO AMERICAN WILL GO WITHIN TEN FEET OF HER . . . WORST OF THE GI-FLEECERS are the vultures who prey on disabled vets. They say to a guy getting 20% disability, "You should be getting 40 easy." The vulture takes over then and does what poor disabled vet could do himself—FOR A $1,000 fee . . . Here's the tell on sub service with the Navy: first thing you learn in New London sub school is how to escape. You keep learning this right through to the end. . . .

ONE JOB THERE'S NO LINE AROUND THE BLOCK FOR is flying jets into "hot" atom bomb clouds, to pick up radioactive samples for the AEC. . . . Hamburg taven owners fighting a last-ditch brawl to keep privilege of showing dirty movies to GIs seated at their bars. The films are called "Paris Fashion Features" . . . Most GIs will fight when they're out with a fraulein and the German vice squad insists upon seeing her card. . . . Guys who survived ordeals in WW II say that their parachutes were best survival gear; they were terrific for binding up wounds and for warmth at night . . . Other survival stories keep tumbling in: one guy found it's a good idea to arrange rocks on the dry desert; they collect water or dew in the morning; another survivor (desert) quenched his thirst by biting off the tails of snails, then sucking the juices out of the rest of the snail; still another good trick is to keep pebbles in the mouth in order to keep saliva flowing. . . .

Most enlisted guys would rather take their chances with a mixed officer-enlisted man court-martial THAN AN ALL-OFFICER JOB . . . A TIP TO GIs ABOUT TO MAKE LONDON: stay away from the Soho clubs that have uniformed doorkeepers, male or female, in front. THAT'S HOW YOU SPOT THE CLIPJOINTS . . . A lower-grade GI marries a German girl and wants to carry her back to States, US won't PAY TRANSPORTATION. At least not right now. . . .



MEN IN SPORTS

TEXAS FANS, NATURALLY, ARE THE WILDEST, especially in high school football games. They've been known to shoot down punts made by opposing team at a game . . . You get smashed up in a pro football pileup and these are the questions trainer asks you: "Where are you?" "What time is it?" "Who are we playing" If you say it's midnight in Siberia and we're playing a team of White Russian pixies, the trainer quietly leads you off the field. You've been shaken up . . . The cute cheerleader at UCLA who tackled an opposing ballplayer at midfield went unnoticed in the press. . . .

PUGS ARE BEGGING FOR AN EXTRA STRAND OF ROPE UNDER THE RING AT PRIZE FIGHTS. You get knocked out of ring now, there's a fine chance of getting a fractured skull

when you fall on planks and typewriters below. . . .

IF YOU GET IT IN BULLFIGHTING, you're odds on to get it in the groin. . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

STILL SOME 35-TON WW II SHERMAN TANKS AVAILABLE FROM DEFENSE DEPARTMENT. Original cost was $40,000. Now they're $100. Gimmick is that you've got to pay the shipping. This can run close to $1,000. . . .

THEY'RE STILL TALKING ABOUT THE LITTLE OLD DAME IN LAS VEGAS' HORSESHOE CLUB who rolled 33 consecutive passes and won only $350 because she didn't know how to bet. Did it in 45 minutes, too. . . .

BE SURPRISED AT ALL THE CRUMS WHO DRIVE UP AND ASK FOR A NICKEL'S WORTH OF GAS —and expect to get it (with their windshields wiped, too) . . . If the guy says he's a furnace inspector, check him right down to his underwear before you let him at your furnace. The way these phonies work is to go at your furnace with a sledge hammer, then tell you you need a whole new heating plant. . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

MEN OUTDOORS

MEN OUTDOORS

BIG BLOWGUN KICK ON NOW AMONG HUNTING CROWD. Word is an average guy can hit a two-inch target from 30 feet away. This is a terrific deal for small game . . . Feeling among Western game experts is that WOLF ATTACKS ON HUMANS HAVE BEEN GREATLY EXAGGERATED through the years. Very rare that a wolf that wasn't provoked or rabid can be proved to have attacked a human. . . .

WOMEN CARRY THEIR BASIC LACK OF SPORTSMANSHIP RIGHT INTO HUNTING, NATURALLY. They start plugging deer way before season begins and, of course, pay no attention to bag limits . . . All you do is ask and Marlin Firearms Co., 11 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C., passes along a terrific FREE gun catalogue. . . .

Only one time in a thousand will a cougar come to bay on the ground. BUT THAT ONE TIME IS WORTH WORRYING ABOUT. There'd better be a tree around, not for him, for you . . . GUIDES CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN A FLOCK OF BLUE GLACIER BEARS up around Alaska recently. This is the rarest bear and about 10 caught per century is par . . . HUNTING BEAR IN ALASKA, INCIDENTALLY, WILL WEAR YOUR NERVES DOWN TO A FRAZZLE. You'll want to belt out your guide after he's turned down the first dozen bears you see. He'll say there's a flaw in the hide or she's not in the nine- or ten-foot class. Then, just when you're ready to throttle the poor guy, he'll say, "There's your baby!" and you'll be glad you waited. . . .

JACK-LIGHTING ISN'T HUNTING. A better word for it is murder. That's when one guy holds a flashlight beam on a deer at night and other guy shoots point blank at it with a .22. . . .

YOU CAN SHOVE MAYBE A DOZEN COMMANDS DOWN AN ELEPHANT'S THROAT, some tough ones, too, like, "Shove that over with your head" . . . A flock of birds catches you standing up, DON'T LEAP INTO THE BRUSH. The movement will scare them off. Idea is to stand motionless, wait for your shot . . . THE ARGUMENT'S SETTLED: yellow is five times easier to spot than any other color in woods. Hence, five times safer. Multicolored plaid is next. . . .

IF YOU CHAIN YOUR BOAT TO THE BOTTOM IN A RIVER while fishing, get set for an early grave and a wet one. The turbines open, the river rises, you can't go looking for a hacksaw. Use a rope if you've got to be "chained"—something you can cut. . . .

YANKEE BILLY'S BUMMERS

Continued from page 36

miles, the Union juggernaut rolls easterly —not toward Richmond as many suppose—but toward the sea by way of yet unsullied belligerent Georgia.

It is an Army of which the Union can be proud. From the murderous breastworks of Chattanooga to the bloodied waters of the Chattahoochee, this Army has relentlessly attained its every objective—no matter the cost. Its *esprit de corps* is superb! Today, for the first time since Atlanta fell [on September 1], the troops of Sherman march again—hopeful, fearless and with inordinate pride of accomplishment.

Last night teams of engineers under Colonel Orlando M. Poe, chief of demolition, fired the Atlanta depot, the roundhouse and the railroad machine shop. At midnight the blaze touched a Rebel arsenal and blew it to smithereens. The air then filled with flying, burning cinders, and new and constant detonations were heard for miles. This morning, the city a mass of smoking rubble, Sherman led the advance through the fields where our troops have fallen and, stopping his horse on a woody overlook, pushed back his slouch hat and lit a cigar.

Watching the march, his small, bright eyes darting animatedly from battle flag to battle flag, Sherman took the ringing "hoorahs!" of the XIV Corps, doffed his hat, then wheeled down the copse and away. Behind, under a dense pall of black smoke, lies the Gate City of the South. Billy Sherman is satisfied.

* * *

So ran the first dispatches from the Northern war correspondents who accompanied Sherman's army on its grim march to destroy the supply heart of the Confederacy. Georgia's agriculture and industry sustained the retreating, but stubbornly resisting army of Rebel General John Bell Hood. Logically, Sherman felt that as long as Georgia remained untouched, the war would drag on. In October, General Grant gave the order that started Sherman on his terrible trek.

In the drive from Atlanta to the sea, Sherman went considerably further than his short-range objective: "splitting the Confederacy from east to west." He brought home to the South all the unmitigated horror of war he believed it deserved. This is an account of Sherman's march, factually accurate, reconstructed from news correspondents' files, Sherman's own letters and notes of his men. . . .

* * *

IN the Field, Conyers, Ga., Nov. 19—The Federal Army is bivouacked tonight four miles east of Covington, the Ulcofauhachee River purling at its back. Campfires glow and there's talk of home, but for the engineers working in teams around the clock there is no rest. Men of the XIV and XX Corps have destroyed large sections of the Georgia railroad, and will continue, tonight and every night, to obliterate track.

Under the command of Colonel Orlando Poe, chief of demolition, small groups of engineers are strung out along the track, two men to a tie. The men stick their guns, bayonets into the ground, close behind them in the event of an attack. Then, at a "Yo heave ho!" every man grabs a tie and lifts. Up comes the whole track and slowly tips over.

If war can provide a few lighter moments, then ubiquitous squads of engineers are in the throes of hell-raising ecstasy. Blue-coated men of the 100th Indiana are making the most of this non-shootin' phase of the war. Laughing, joking, chanting home songs, they wield their sledge hammers and hand spikes, flailing away until the ties are knocked loose from the rails. After the fishplates are unbuckled, the pine ties are made into piles and set afire, then the rails are piled on top. Soon the rails get red hot and the squads, laying hold to the ends, wind them edgewise around telegraph poles and small trees.

Early this afternoon, as the Army passed Covington, the color-bearers unfurled their flags and the band struck up patriotic airs. The white population of Covington watched silently, but joyous Negroes immediately attached themselves to our troops, hugging a regimental banner and jumping to "the feet of Jesus."

Sherman, greeted as "the angel of the Lord," asked the Negroes whether they understood that "slavery was the cause" of the war, that "our success is to be the Negroes' freedom?" They answered eagerly "yes!"

I stood beside General Sherman as he asked an old plantation Negro whether the black man realizes that the Army cannot possibly accommodate all of them. Sherman said, "We'll accept some of your younger men into our work corps, but it's impossible to feed the feeble and the helpless. Much as we would care to, we would starve ourselves."

To this the former slave replied, "Lord, Gen'ral! Us'll keep fum hinderin' de wahr!"

Nevertheless, before the XIV Corps had gone to bivouac, hundreds of ex-slaves, bundles on their heads, scurried along behind the troops. For Sherman this situation is a cause of major concern lest starvation attend this march.

The appearance of the Negro, however, is viewed differently by Sherman's foragers; for whenever there is food cached, the liberated slave is sure to know the exact location of the cache and, in most instances, is not reluctant to tell where it's hidden. Sherman's standing order is, "Forage liberally on the country."

To this end, roving squads of foragers —called "bummers" by our troops—daily move ahead of the Army in surprise raids on Georgia plantations. Sergeant Henry Mathis of the 16th New Hampshire is known for his foraging. A "bummer's bummer," Mathis, in two days, returned to camp with a wagon bonanza consisting of 50 chickens, eight pigs, two ducks, 10 jugs of sorghum molasses, 12 hickory-smoked hams, one case of wine, one recaptured Federal battle flag (seized at Vicksburg) and a team of four bay carriage horses.

"Just wish t'hell I'd had more time!" Mathis drawled laconically. "I'da done a good job—"

WITH an Advance Party, Milledgeville, Ga., Nov. 22—Retreating Rebel cavalry today put up a stiff but losing battle on the outskirts of this key Secesh city, opposing veteran troops of the 23rd Missouri along the palmetto fringes of the Oconee River.

Fighting broke out shortly after noon when a brigade of battle-hardened Missourians, Lieutenant Hawley MacGuire commanding, charged a row of plantations on the river front. Attempting to roll up the Federal line, Johnny Reb sharpshooters cut loose a withering barrage from well-entrenched positions both in the plantations and in the high-ground trees surrounding them.

Dismounting from his horse, Lieutenant MacGuire drew his saber, shouting, "At them! At them Yanks!" Thirty men hurled themselves at the Confederate fire which enfiladed down and crossways, mowing our men down like hay. As the Rebels charged, MacGuire, mortally wounded, grabbed a fallen standard and called for a solid line. The Rebels attempted to rush the Missourians, but MacGuire's men, fighting against encirclement, broke out and withstood the assault.

Thus inspired, MacGuire's remaining men—some wounded, more out of ammunition—raced after the Rebel snipers and killed many before they could escape. The tactic of "ambush and run," a favorite of the Hardee graycoats, has cost the life of many a Union forager. It is a great wonder, then, that our own raiders show any sympathy at all to captured Secesh troops, but they do. The Reb who shot MacGuire, for instance, was himself shot out of a palmetto, but the Missourians tended to his chest wound and took the man captive. That's war. It sometimes works both ways.

By three o'clock everything of value was looted from the plantations, and they were put to torch. Only a handful of Missourians rode back to Sherman's columns with chickens, pigs, beef of their forage. The cost of meat is man-high tonight.

SHERMAN'S HQ, Milledgeville, Ga., Nov. 24—"He got the Linkum haid! He got the Linkum haid!" shouted a wizened Negress yesterday as Federal troops behind Major General William T.

Sherman marched into this former Rebel bastion.

Visibly touched, Uncle Billy removed his battered slouch hat and bared a shaggy head for all to see. Whether Sherman's got "the Linkum haid" or a reasonable facsimile, his troops, his "bummers" and the liberated slaves of Georgia love him. Today the Army is bivouacked in a wide field across the Oconee River—a deserved rest. The air is warm and fragrant, and the tension of the march seems to be forgotten for the moment.

General Sherman is lodged at the mansion of Georgia's hastily departed Governor Brown. According to the commissary, Governor Brown quit the mansion with every last scrap of food from his kitchen and cellars. The general staff, nevertheless, dines well today.

For the past 24 hours Milledgeville has been subjected to what the Rebel press calls "the consternation of the Southern mind at our temerity." A group of XX Corps officers and men "de-stocked" Milledgeville's finest homes of concealed foodstuffs.

"If Jeff Davis," Sherman tells complainants, "expects to found an empire on the ruins of the South, he ought to afford to feed the people . . ."

More of this Union temerity was shown last evening when a few officers gathered in the empty halls of the House of Representatives, elected a Speaker and duly constituted themselves the "Legislature of Georgia." First order of business was the repeal of secession. After what will go down as the shortest "debate" in the history of this state's errant politics, Georgia was "voted" back into the Union.

"We're living fine!" an Ohio corporal told this correspondent at camp across the Oconee River. "The whole army would have no objections to marching around the state for the next six months. The trip has been a Roman holiday, but a very expensive one for the Rebs—"

General Sherman and his staff took time today to watch an exciting new game which is played by our troops: baseball. It is similar to English cricket, but far more interesting and colorful to watch. Cockfights, however, still hold sway with the enlisted men.

Each regiment has its barnyard heroes, its "Billy Shermans," "Johnny Logans," and "U.S. Grants," victors of many a cockpit scrap. Small fortunes are won and lost on the battling prowess of the birds. They represent every known breed—Polish, Spanish, Dorkings, Shanghais and Bantams—highblooded specimens whose *raison d'être* is to fight. When they lose they're cooked. When the Army moves, these bloody mascots are seen mounted on the breech of a cannon, tied to a packsaddle, or simply, lovingly, carried in the arms of a mounted orderly sitting on the box of a supply wagon. This, too, is part of the war in Georgia—as is the pathos of the colored people who follow our march.

Despite Sherman's constant plea *not* to impede our advance, *not* to drain off our supplies, the Negro army, predominately women and small children, shuffles behind us singing spirituals and exhorting us to win. It is a man of stone who can turn his back on the starving, threadbare horde, and none does.

IN the Field leaving Sandersville, Ga., Nov. 27—Everything behind this Army is burned; everything before it will be burned. This is Sherman's credo and modus, and it will yet bend the South to her knees.

Yesterday, following the destruction of bridges at Milledgeville and the great pine woods (15 miles of it by torch) separating Milledgeville from Sandersville, the XIV and XX Corps advanced into this city with flags waving, bands playing and rifles cracking. Elements of Wheeler's Confederate cavalry were put to rout as they attempted to check the Corps. There were few casualties on either side as the Rebs quickly lost their taste for battle and fled across the Ogeechee River.

This phase of the march has not been easy. We have just passed through the thickest pine country imaginable. The trees were so close that engineers had to precede the march and fell them. A few Negroes, living in inconceivable squalor, were fed by our troops. In return, our "bummers" were informed of exact locations of concealed storehouses at the few plantations into which they rode.

The "bummer," frequently mentioned in these dispatches, is a man unto himself. And Sherman, who conceived this unique scouting arm, is eminently proud of how devastatingly the bummer has plundered that this Army may march on a passably full stomach. Unorthodox, often unruly and unmilitary, the nevertheless spirited corps of foragers deserves its full measure of credit.

Today, approached by a curiously dressed bummer on a straggly horse, I asked the man his name, rank and division.

"Sergeant Paul Spaulding, 70th Indiana," the bummer replied with a grin. "Sometimes, I forget myself."

For a uniform Spaulding wore a Continental brigadier's tunic, a pair of forest-green militia trousers, high-button shoes and an immense plug hat festooned with a plume. For a saddle Spaulding preferred his "hunk of Oriental rug I dug up at Atlanta." A squealing pig was tied over his saddle, and he towed by means of a long line a cartful of chickens and turkeys. At the time, Spaulding was looking for the supply wagons.

"I suppose," I commented, "you could find a needle in a haystack, Sergeant!"

"How big a needle?" he replied.

SHERMAN'S HQ, Millen, Ga., Dec. 4—The wrath of the Union Army marching through Georgia soared to new heights yesterday as advanced units of the XX Corps swept into Millen and liberated several thousand prisoners-of-war inhumanly confined in the Confederate stockade.

The scene of indescribable horror was an unsheltered compound 300 feet square, guarded by 40 sentry boxes and packs of bloodhounds, in which an estimated 3,400 sick, naked and hideously emaciated Union troops have been existing for the past three years. More than 1,000 prisoners have died here at Millen, of a variety of tortures.

Dazed, groveling in the dirt, suspicious of a "Rebel trick," it was many minutes before our pathetic boys came to understand that Sherman's Army had freed them. As Army physicians and commissary men hurried among them dispensing

"And then she said, 'Until you get a haircut, I'm staying with mother!' "

medicine and food, there were scenes of wild hysteria and weeping. Yankee prisoners crept from ugly holes in the earth like living corpses, many of them too overcome to speak.

But there were those who could speak, and they told a story of starvation and torture so inconceivably barbaric that their rescuers could only gasp and weep themselves. G. S. Bradley, Chaplain of the 22nd Wisconsin, administered the last rites to 39 prisoners discovered dying in their underground holes.

Tonight Millen, the length and breadth of it, is burning. The railroad depot is a huge bonfire shooting brilliant tongues of flame hundreds of feet in the air. The Army moves tonight, silently, resolutely and with vengeance sworn in the hearts of its men. Now nothing will mitigate the pain that will be inflicted when the sea is reached.

IN the Field, Pooler's Station, Dec. 10—Savannah lies eight miles away! The XIV, XV, XVII and XX Corps are formed in an investment pattern, touching on the Ogeechee River, and waiting General Sherman's battle orders.

Events of the past few days point up the complete befuddlement of Wheeler's Rebel cavalry, outflanked and outfought by this four-column Army which has been brilliantly maneuvered to give the enemy the impression of marching to Augusta. Now, at last, Wheeler knows the Union's true intentions, but it is too late except for defensive and delaying action.

But this the Rebels under Joseph Wheeler and William Hardee are doing—and doing it better than in any of their previous campaigns! Twice during the past 48 hours they have come dangerously close to depriving the Union of Billy Sherman. On Sherman's inspection tour of the south road to Savannah yesterday, a land torpedo exploded at the head of the XVII Corps, blowing off the leg of a young lieutenant who accompanied him. It was an eight-inch shell fused with friction matches and concealed in the dirt road.

Today, Sherman had a similarly close call when, standing in the gut of what seemed a deserted railroad siding, Rebel gunners opened up at 800 yards. The first ricochet of a 32-pound ball blew the head off a Negro soldier a few yards away from Sherman. Covered with dirt, blood and the poor man's brains, Sherman picked himself up and retreated.

Savannah is defended, yes—how strongly one can only speculate. But it is certain that with an army estimated at 15,000 cavalry and infantrymen, and a score of riverfront forts, the Confederacy doubtless will put up a fight. Meanwhile, in good spirit, the troops wait. The air is warm; japonicas are in bloom, and the smell of the sea—even if only Ossabaw Sound—conjures up visions of oysters.

IN the Field, Near Savannah, Ga., Dec. 14—The 2nd Division of the XV Corps stormed the right bank of the Ogeechee River yesterday and successfully attacked Fort McAllister, heavily defended bastion guarding the sea approach to Savannah.

Under the command of Major General William B. Hazen, the 2nd Division shortly before sundown emerged from a line of woods bordering the fort, and in a single, sweeping movement of blue waded courageously into withering cannon and rifle fire. In the darting streams of fire the line split, but never wavered. The flag fell, but always there was another bearer to move it up. Jets of flame spurted murderously from the parapets and turrets of the Rebel stronghold, and the division was all but swallowed up in the layers of thick white smoke shrouding the battle.

Just before dark men were seen fighting on the parapets; then our flag appeared, planted there. For two years McAllister had defied the guns of Union blockading warships. Yesterday the 2nd Division—in what will go down as the first decisive action since Atlanta—attained a major victory.

The Union gunboat *Dandelion* witnessed the battle for McAllister and was reached by semaphore by General Sherman who, jubilantly, boarded her last evening and wired Secretary of War Stanton: "I regard Savannah as already *gained.*"

It is, in fact. Today Sherman's Army reads mail from home—the first mail in nearly two months, delivered by the gunboats of Admiral Dahlgren's fleet. Sherman has brought his Army to the sea.

HQ, Military Division of the Mississippi, Savannah, Ga., Dec. 22—A few minutes ago, Major General William T. Sherman dispatched the following telegram to President Lincoln:

"I beg to present you as a Christmas-gift the city of Savannah, with 150 guns and plenty of ammunition, also about 25,000 bales of cotton."

There was no bloodshed. There were no Rebels in the trenches when the XX Corps reached Hardee's lines, for during the night Hardee pulled out and Savannah is now completely occupied by Union troops. In orderly manner—on orders, in fact—63,000 soldiers are going wild. The Army rests, for here is the sea.

IN the Field, Leaving Columbia, S.C., Feb. 17—Columbia is in flames, the entire city, *all* of it. Nobody knows for sure how it began. Some say our troops, seeking vengeance against this Cradle of Rebellion, fired bales of cotton left in Main Street by Hampton's infantry. Some say it started in the brothels on Gervais Street, occupied since midafternoon by crowds of roaring drunkards. Some say the Rebs started it.

Columbia is a pyre, and a gale is blowing. The streets are choked with refugees and looting soldiers. There's no time now to analyze, to fix the blame—Columbia is burning.

In the afternoon there was no fire, nor were the troops uncontrollable. On entering the city a provost guard was set up. Two hundred Union soldiers were quickly liberated from the local stockade in poor condition. They wanted vengeance; they had a perfect right to want vengeance.

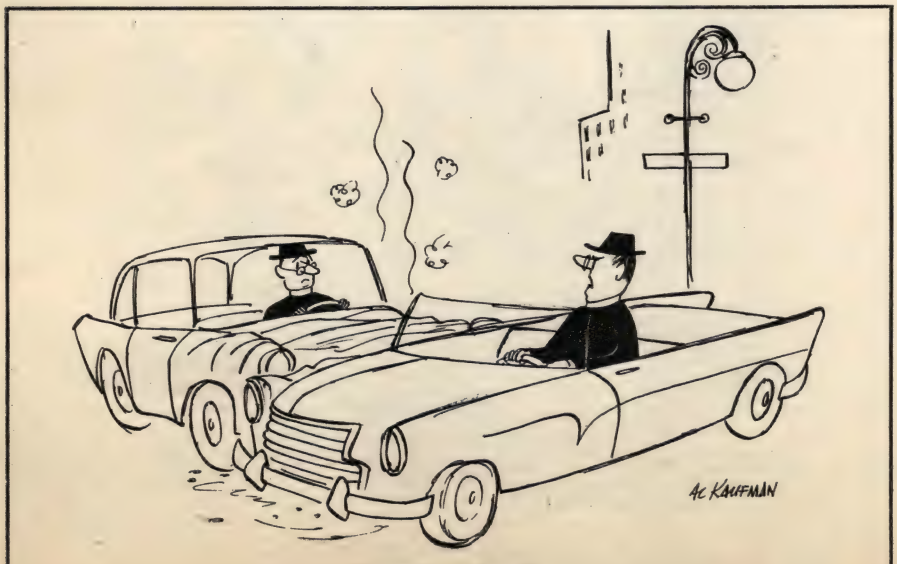
In the afternoon, Columbia's own drunken riffraff unlocked great stores of hidden whiskey and poured it into the streets, and gave our troops still other stores of whiskey, so that by nightfall only the spark was missing.

At one A.M. there were *twenty* sparks, from as many sources. General Wade Hampton's house was touched off by inebriated bluecoats and a gang of Rebel civilians who detested Hampton for deserting the city. The twenty sparks begat twenty more in a matter of minutes.

It burns not by General Sherman's orders, but expressly against orders and in spite of the utmost effort to save it. *Three* times tonight the guard was changed (and with three times the number of guards employed at Savannah where *nothing* happened); our officers shot down our own men wherever found looting or drunk.

Columbia burns, and the troops run off through the howling red waste with silver goblets, gold vases, candellabra, silver knobs from coffins, money, lockets from women's breasts, rings from the hands of the new dead.

Nobody knows—nobody will ever know for sure, and in time probably nobody will care—what started it. In the lurid reflection of the holocaust *now,* though, Columbia is an inferno brighter than the noonday sun. War is hell, plain hell. Sherman said it was as he rode out. ♦♦♦



"Monday driver!"

"DRAW, MR. CLAY!"

Continued from page 41

York, was still cleaning up. Amboy was a good drinking town, but even the breakfast drinkers waited another hour or two at least, knowing how Frank Marshall had a crazy fit on him like a woman for always getting the place spick-and-span before he'd ever let anyone in to start the day, scrubbing it all down every morning, making it shine like a piece of gold, and then he'd put on his fancy coat and the silk tie he'd bought in New York and then it was all right to come in and not get him yelling at you to get out until he was ready. But when Tom Clay stepped through the swinging slat doors, dragging a quick shaft of sun in with him, Frank Marshall didn't bother to tell him it was too early, that he'd have to wait another hour for his drinking as Frank would have told any other man who would have walked in while he was polishing the place to a fine shine. Frank just set the tall broom over against the wall and walked around in back of the bar and put a bottle and a glass up and Tom Clay put his money down and poured himself a glassful, swallowed it down in two gulps, catching air as he finished, wiped his pleased smiling mouth and then he said, "Good whiskey, Frank," grinning at Marshall as he spoke, his head over to one side a little, the way his body always was in the saddle, like a man shaking water out of his ear. "I get a few bottles every month from New York," Frank Marshall said.

Tom nodded. "Times," he said, "when I come 100 miles off where I'm headed for some of this fine New York whiskey, Frank."

"MUCH obliged," Marshall said. Then when Tom did not say anything more, Marshall said, "You in town for long?" And he started to wipe the top of the bar clean with a wet cloth.

"It's clean," Tom told him, smiling in an easy way. "Hell, there ain't a place clean as this west of New York City itself, I reckon."

Marshall seemed surprised and a little pleased and he looked at the rag and then at the bar and when Tom laughed, Marshall didn't seem to know what to do, so he dropped the rag on top of the bar and just stood there, feeling like his arms were too long for the rest of his body, they hung down that way in his shirtsleeves.

Then Tom Clay said, "How's the woman, Frank? Had that young 'un yet?"

Marshall nodded, relaxed a little, wondered how Tom Clay knew since he hadn't been through town for at least a year. "She's doing just fine," Marshall said.

"A boy, Frank?"

Marshall nodded. "That makes two," he said.

Tom Clay lifted a glass and said, "To the both of 'em, Frank."

Marshall mumbled thanks and Tom finished the drink and then he said, "Don't nobody drink in this town, Frank?"

"I guess it's too early for most of 'em," Marshall said, thinking a minute that he hadn't finished cleaning up and now probably wouldn't have the chance because by the time Tom Clay finished his drinking it would be too late to keep the others out no matter what he said. "They'll be comin' in soon," he added.

"I didn't ever think it was too early for old Jack Taylor," Tom said, grinning. "Anybody ever stuck that man, hell, he'd bleed whiskey sure as a dog's tooth."

"Jack got himself shot up about a month ago," Marshall said.

"Jack did?"

Marshall nodded. "Out at Summer's place."

"Dead?"

"They don't know who did it," Marshall said. "Found him out on the hill one morning lookin' like he'd been dead maybe two, three days."

"That's too bad," said Tom. "You don't find men who can hold down their whiskey like old Jack could."

And Tom drank more whiskey. Marshall stood here, thinking maybe he should go back and put on the long black coat he always wore when he was properly opened for business, but then he gave it up, knew he'd just have to wait. His face was pale like white cotton cloth and his black mustaches stood out boldly as if they had been pasted on his flat large face.

So Tom stood there drinking and telling poor Frank Marshall about days when he had known old Jack Taylor, the two of them sometimes setting out to drink their way through maybe three states before stopping to take count and how even years after that old Jack could take any three men in a saloon and outdrink the three of them put together and then do a crazy Irish dance on a tabletop like he was a kid of 16 when even then he was at least 68, and it was too bad they didn't even know who it was shot old Jack down.

"Hell, no man'd ever want to shoot that crazy man," Tom said. "Lots of women chased his leather hide with knives and guns swearing sure they'd put an end to the trouble he'd always cause 'em, but soon's they'd catch up with him, he'd just start talkin' that sweet way he had right from Dublin where he come from and there wasn't no more talk of guns or knives, but just for old Jack to hold them in his arms. Hell, you know there was a woman name of Liza once chased old Jack over four states while he had the whiskey in him and she figuring if she could get him, while he was heavy under like he was then she'd get him to marry her, and you know, Frank, when she caught up with him way out in Utah someplace, he could hardly stand up, just about could manage to lift a bottle up, but the minute he laid eyes on the woman comin' for him, you wouldn't believe it, but old Jack just stood up straight as a pole and said now wasn't it just fine to see her so far from where she come from and he wished her the time of day like he always did and walked out of that place like he never had himself a drink long as he lived."

Marshall put up another bottle of whiskey when Tom had talked his way through the first one and Tom started the second without hardly noticing the bottle had been changed except that by the time he was nearly halfway through it, he put the money down on the bar to pay for it and then he went on to tell Frank Marshall how only a few days ago, some old man who was older by maybe 20 years than a man like old Jack Taylor could ever live to be, asked him to come down to Drago in Texas with him because there were men down there who were gunning for him (the old man), and if Tom would stay with him, they never would dare to come close enough to get a clean shot at him and he would treat Tom like his own flesh and blood, give him anything he'd ever want, even leave him the land he owned which was maybe half the state and the money in all the banks he had scattered, just so they wouldn't get him, and Tom told how he said there wasn't anything he needed, he had what money he had to have and didn't want no more, leastways not anything the old man had to leave or give him and how long did he think a man could hope to live anyway, laughing now as he told it to Frank Marshall.

IT was all crazy talk and Marshall wondered if maybe the sun had gotten to Tom Clay, his riding out under it day after day, never a stop, never once setting down and nobody ever knowing where he was headed or where he had come from except from the stories that followed around after him of what he had done. He finished the bottle and had another and he kept talking and Frank Marshall never moved once, like an animal playing dead against the leaves in a forest.

It went this way for over an hour and nobody came into the saloon. By now the whole town knew he was there. Women actually prayed for him to get out as fast as he could and men felt foolish and ashamed hearing their women say such prayers.

But one woman didn't pray. She wasn't a woman really, just a girl, counting by years. Maybe 19. She was Betty Wells, John Wells' girl. Harry Wells had been her brother, a wandering, sorrowful young boy always drunk and mean when he had the whiskey in him, and the story has it the young Wells, talking big, tried to draw on Tom Clay one night in Cienga and Tom had put one clean shot through the kid's neck and that was it.

Now when Betty Wells heard Tom Clay was in town, she didn't think long about what had to be done, having gone over it in her brain so it was like something she had already done a hundred times before, going upstairs and wrapping the red cotton shawl round her shoul-

ders, taking her father's gun from the drawer under his starched shirts where he had kept it ever since the boy had been killed, the old man now just a broken shell of what he had once been, mumbling to himself all day long in the parlor, hardly moving out of the leather chair he had pushed back against the wall so he could not be seen from the window, not even having man enough left in him to forget it with whiskey.

So she took the gun that was almost as cold as a dead man and she held it under the shawl, pressed close to her body she could feel the hardness of it through the cotton dress on her flesh and she went out the front door, the old man not even trying to stop her past calling out her name once in a voice that was too feeble for her to hear if she had been in the same room with him.

She walked slowly, but without hesitation. She was not a pretty girl and she walked like a woman of many more years than she had herself, knowing as she had always known that she was not pretty, not the sort the young men looked at and wanted and held and stole away with behind barns and in the houses, too, when they were empty of fathers and mothers and old men and women who had nothing left in their lives but to watch and then tell what they had seen. She was a woman, but only 19, and she knew none of them would ever want her and she told herself, too, that she no longer cared, that there would be other things for her to do in her life than to just care for a man and take his drinking and his nights and curses. There would be more than that.

So she walked now slowly, not thinking of the men who did not and would not ever want her, but rather of her father who had become the old mumbling man in her house and then of her brother with his face that hadn't even needed shaving when he was shot down and they were all she had ever really known of men and they were both dead, one of them already buried and the other just sitting and waiting for the dirt to fall down over his blurred rotten eyes.

THOSE who saw her from their windows knew what she was after and some of them, scared as they were, still tried to call out to her to come into their places and not be a little fool about it, there wasn't anything she could do. Jake Potter even came out running in a fearful crouch and tried to carry her in, but she drew the cold gun out from under the shawl and told him if he didn't get out of her way she would put a bullet in him and by the look in her black eyes he knew she'd do it all right and he went back inside shaking his head and saying how she had gone crazy out of her head just like the old man and there was no stopping it now and Jake Potter's wife said the girl had always been a little strange, not like the other girls, always keeping off to herself like she did, she and her brother both that way and the old man who could only mumble his dying words over and over maybe a thousand times before he would finally be dead.

Others watching were even secretly glad that she was going to try and do what they knew couldn't ever be done. But they were glad just from hoping maybe she'd be lucky and get the bullet to Tom Clay though they all knew such a miracle was more impossible to accomplish than to make even a river open up like it said in the Good Book.

When she came to the saloon, she stopped outside a minute and she looked around her at the town, at the still curtains behind which hid a hundred eyes too scared out of their skins to really look for what they wanted to see. She saw the four horses peacefully tied to the hitching post, swatting flies off their rumps with long tails. Two crows were perched on the sign over Blair's Barber Shop across the street. There wasn't a sound anywhere. It was a ghost town and the thought that this one man could kill an entire town this way without even a shot fired sickened her, it was that mad and ridiculous, him never even having fired a shot in Amboy as far as she knew or had heard, all of it coming before and after him from the mouths of men she had never seen, never listened to, and yet she like all the others had believed these invisible tales told of a man whose face she had never seen and as she stepped through the swinging doors, at first quick sight of him standing there at the long bar, she almost wanted to like him because she had suddenly come to despise the rest of the town so completely for the cowards they all were.

TOM CLAY didn't turn around. He knew she had come in. He could hear by her shoes it was a woman, by the way she walked, hearing her on the boards outside. And he could tell she was alone.

She gripped the gun tightly with the shawl covering most of it, the end of the barrel sticking out. She said, "You're Tom Clay, aren't you?" And her black eyes flashed hard with all the hate they had in them and now it was so much of the hatred in her, it was no longer just for this one man, but for all of them and what they were and he showed it to be so miserably true; it was almost as if she hated them for what they were and him for being able to show her what they would always be.

Tom Clay just nodded his answer. He didn't let go of the glass. He saw the fear shivering in Marshall's face and this made him smile. He felt sorry for people who were afraid this way all their lives and he was amused by them too.

And the girl asked him the same thing again, her voice with a more solid ring to it now, was he Tom Clay and this time he said, "Yes, ma'am, that's who I am."

"Well, I come to kill you, Mr. Clay—so draw if you've a mind to."

"Somebody been tellin' you stories, girl?" he asked her.

"I said—draw!"

"No woman's got the guts to shoot at Tom Clay," he said. "Will you have a drink with me?"

And almost before he could get the sentence out of him, she had fired twice and the bullets tore through his flesh, but he didn't move and Marshall thought the sun had got to him for sure this time, he was clear off his head, with two lead slugs burning in him, he didn't make one move,

(*Continued on page* 50)

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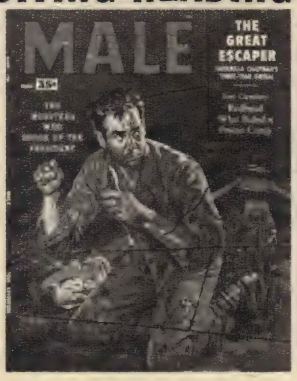

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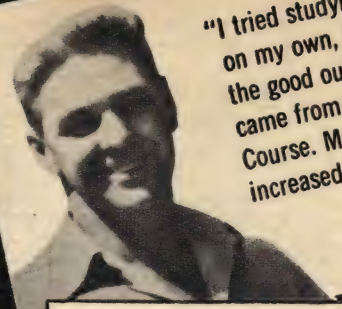

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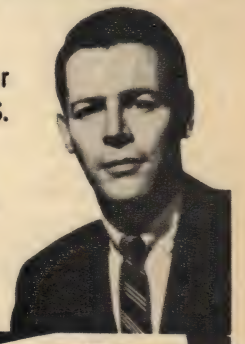

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(*Continued from page* 48)

not even to let go of the whiskey, the smile bent lopsided on his bone face. Then he drank it down, emptied the glass, put it on the bar and slowly he turned to face the girl who was standing there, the hot gun in her hand, a frozen figure she was now in the plain light cotton dress, completely terrified by the sight of him still standing there, just grinning at her because she knew she had hit him, the blood was all over the back of his shirt, a large stain spreading.

SHE didn't move and Tom Clay stood there watching her a long time. He watched her like he thought he could know everything she was by just looking at her. Marshall could see where the bullets were in him and he couldn't figure what was keeping him on his feet.

Then Tom Clay said, "What's your name?" And he said it as if he now knew everything else there was to know about her, the name being the one last fragment of her that he did not know. He said, "What's your name?" But the girl didn't speak. Without turning, Tom said, "What's her name?" And Marshall said, "Betty Wells."

"Betty Wells," Tom repeated. He laughed softly and coughed once, bending into it a bit like he was going to start choking, but he didn't and her eyes as she watched him were all broken up, full of tears she wouldn't let out of her, her body starting to feel it now, a cold deep trembling she could not stop and the gun fell from her hand onto the floor and Tom Clay looked over at her again and laughed even louder this time. Then he stopped laughing and he said, "Pick it up. Pick up the gun. Go on . . ."

She thought he was crazy, but then she remembered the rest of the town too scared to even stick their heads out of a window and she knelt slowly and picked up the gun, but not taking her eyes off him as she did. "Now don't you drop it," Tom said. He reached back of him for the bottle so the whiskey swilled down out of the corners of his mouth, wetting his shirt, making a dark pool at his feet on the wooden floor and when the bottle was empty he threw it off crashing to one side so it knocked over the broom leaning there. Without turning again he asked Marshall for another bottle. Marshall put it down on the bar next to him and Tom paid him. Then he took the bottle and started toward the girl. Still she didn't move. Their eyes held as if to look away for only an instant would mean to turn the eyes back into the blindness out of which they had originally come.

When he reached her, he said, "You hold onto the gun, hear? You think you want to put another shot in me, then you go right on and suit yourself. I got blood spilling out of me now, but I ain't plannin' to fall down and die, so don't you be scared none. I've had bullets in me before." Then he grabbed her arm and dragged her outside, her body falling a little behind him more out of surprise than resisting or fear or not knowing what had to be done now that she had accomplished what she thought she had come for. She stumbled, half-falling, after him. She did not make a sound.

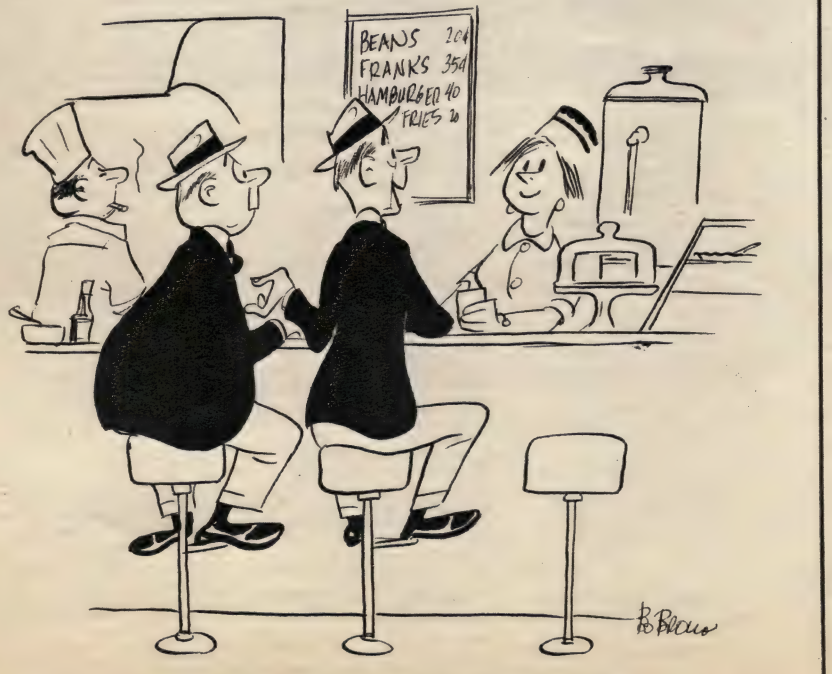
Marshall started to move from in back of the bar, but he stopped. He remained perfectly still and he kept both his hands on top of the bar and he tried to tell himself he was only waiting for her to come walking back through the slat swinging doors to tell him Tom Clay had fallen down dead in the dust outside and he'd better go and drag the body back in, but Marshall knew well enough even as he tried to think this that it would never be true. He could remember a story his father had told him years ago about a lunatic gunman named Charlie Dawes and it went something like this; or at least he thought it went something like this.

Folks behind their windows and shutters and curtains who could see what was going on thought to take a crack at him now, but told themselves it would mean death for the girl so they didn't touch their guns.

Tom Clay unhitched his horse from the post, a tall gray stallion, filthy with sweat and dust of a hundred miles, eyes burning and body ready for ten hundred more before the high hot sun went down that day, and Tom Clay stepped up easy into the saddle and then reached down before she knew what he was going to do and he pulled her up behind him in the saddle and, with no more than a touch of his heels, the stallion reared around so she caught her arms round his waist to keep from falling and they were off and out of town before hardly anyone knew, or could realize, what was going on, the girl up there behind him with the gun in her hand so he could just look down and see it and him telling her to use it whenever she wanted to.

THAT'S how they tell it in Amboy, with Frank Marshall in his black coat always trying to remember how it happened before, too, but the words of his father too blurred in his brain now for him to tell it to any of them as they stood around drinking his whiskey, maybe asking if they had ever heard of a Charlie Dawes, but no more than that and sometimes they tell it a little different as you get up north a ways or down toward the border, but always with her having the gun at his back and not using it and him always telling her not to let go of it, always to have it on her like a curse or a promise of love maybe the way the women like to tell it or maybe even the one word to be spoken when all the rest had been said.

Nobody knows where they went or what became of him, if he died with those bullets burning the blood out of him or if they just went riding on to some town so far away the guns of Tom Clay were not known there. Nobody knows. Some say they stopped a little ways outside of town where the creek bends round the big split rock and Tom gave her the knife he carried in his belt and told her to heat it in the fire and then dig the two slugs out of him and she did, without once flinching and without him crying out either. Some folks like to tell how she killed the devil in Tom Clay without killing the man. They tell all kinds of strange endings for the story. But none of them ever say anything about anyone ever seeing Tom Clay or Betty Wells again. As far as most folks can figure it now, Tom Clay just found himself a woman he loved more than his guns. And pretty soon there were no more stories told about him and the men who got killed in alleys were killed by someone else and the devil rode on other shoulders and new names were feared and new guns burned out their crazy blood-soaked legends for the wise old saloon philosophers to laugh at when all of it was finally said and done. So now they laugh a little when they tell it, but not the way Tom Clay and his woman laugh because they were ones who knew. ♦♦♦



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THE ONE-GUN TASK FORCE

Continued from page 39

the PC 701, valiantly trying to maintain their maximum eight-knot speed in the roughening water.

Can't take a chance with them, the commander decided with a regretful sigh; an enemy ship would run them right down, sink 'em both without firing a shot.

"Signal YMS 518 and YMS 512 to slow engines and stand by for support," he sang out to Chung Tok, the signalman. "We shall proceed to investigate suspect vessel alone."

The commander had added the "for support" for the good of fleet morale. He was an understanding officer. It wasn't the fault of the men aboard the two decrepit mine sweepers that action against anything bigger than a motorized sampan was tantamount to suicide.

Chung Tok blinkered the message smartly to the mine sweepers. He was young and very "Navy." He was a graduate of a three-month course for Korean seamen at the U.S. service school at Chinhae. As a second class petty officer he was now drawing 7,200 won (about $1.25) a month, and proud of it.

THE commander set throttle at full speed and ordered the gunnery officer, Lieutenant Po Pingku, forward to the three-incher with his gun crew. At 12 knots the PC 701 moved along for a closer look at the stranger.

She was still on course, although her watch surely must have seen the patrol craft. She loomed up as silent as a ghost ship in the pouring rain. At 2,000 yards, heaving through the quick-rolling swells, the PC 701 turned a searchlight on her.

"Troopship! Commies!"

At the wheel, Gum Josan sucked in his breath with a sharp hiss. Commander Nam's face mirrored his startled surprise. The stranger was more than 1,000 tons, packed to the rails with hundreds of soldiers in North Korean uniforms.

"Must be hundreds more of them below in the hold," the commander commented grimly.

The stranger, he observed, did not carry a single lifeboat or raft. Only two action points on deck were clear of soldiers, with Navy gun crews standing by. One was forward where a three-inch gun was mounted. The other was abaft the after deckhouse where there was another three-inch gun as well as four machine guns.

"Signalman!" the commander snapped. "Request name, nationality, port of departure and destination!"

Chung Tok busied himself with the blinker. The ship came steadily on, disdaining to reply. Nam was beginning to sweat.

"Repeat request. Continue to repeat!"

Chung Tok kept at it with the blinker. He was still repeating the message when the distance between the two vessels had shrunk to less than 600 yards. There wasn't a signal or sound from the stranger.

Commander Nam angrily decided to give give way lest he be run down. He gave an order and the PC 701 veered sharply to port while Chung Tok blinkered his message for the 30th time.

Commander Nam stepped out of the wheelhouse, wiped sticky sweat from his forehead and contemplated his next move in this bizarre game. At this range his vessel was a certain target. The mystery ship would blow him apart if she decided to open fire, which was something, he realized gravely, he could not do. Not without direct orders from headquarters.

The captain of the mystery ship had jockeyed the commander of the ROK Navy's South Task Force One into a most ticklish and vulnerable position. As far as Nam knew *officially*, his country was not yet actually at war, although territory south of the 38th parallel had been invaded by North Koreans spearheaded by Russian tanks. There had been minor invasions, border incidents, going on for more than a year.

If the PC 701 fired the first shot, the Commies might claim they had been attacked by the ROK Navy while on maneuvers. The cause of South Korea might be prejudiced before the United Nations, whose Security Council was even then meeting to decide what to do about the situation.

Chafing at his impotence to act. Nam took the PC 701 1,000 yards astern of the mystery ship and ordered Gum Josan to follow her. The crestfallen helmsman put about.

"We are not going to fight, Captain?"

"Not yet. Not until we receive orders from Pusan."

Together they stared through the wheelhouse window. Dead ahead, in the glare of the searchlight, they were looking into the muzzles of the three-inch gun and the four machine guns on the stern of the troopship.

"What if they start firing those things at us first, Captain?"

"If they do," Nam admitted with a shrug, "we probably die."

He radioed Pusan, requesting immediate instructions after explaining the situation. He finished by giving his position, approximately nineteen and a half miles north of Pusan. After that there was nothing more he could do than doggedly trail the mystery ship. And wait.

Since early that morning, Korean Naval Headquarters in Pusan had been bristling with activity. Captain Aru Chaho, ROK Navy, had been receiving a succession of increasingly alarming messages from the north.

North Korean tanks and infantry had crossed the 38th parallel into Ongjin, Kaesong, Chunchon. There was an amphibious landing near Kangnung. At noon there was a message from President Rhee calling on all Koreans to defend their country "with sticks and stones if it is necessary."

At 3:45 P.M. came another message which put Korean Naval Headquarters and Captain Chaho right on the spot. ROK Intelligence reported that the Communists had discovered Pusan was unguarded and would make a surprise amphibious attack late that night.

Captain Chaho looked out of his window and surveyed the harbor with troubled eyes. In the entire harbor, the Republic of Korea's main southern port for evacuation and supply, there wasn't a single ROK naval vessel to offer a defense since South Task Force One had moved out to patrol Korea Strait.

Maybe, he thought to himself hopefully, Commander Nam will intercept that amphibious force. Then his face fell.

"What if he does?" Captain Chaho muttered grimly.

He was fully aware of the severe limitations of South Task Force One.

Korean Naval Headquarters did all that could be done. Several hundred American women and children had to be evacuated and there were two American merchant ships in the harbor, the SS *Pioneer Dale* and the SS *Jesse Lykes*, to do the job.

The *Pioneer Dale* moved into the dock, her captain rigged floodlights and made preparations to start taking women and children, together with their portable belongings, aboard. The loading was to begin at midnight and the *Jesse Lykes* stood by ready to take on the overflow.

KOREAN Naval Headquarters also sent an urgent message to Vice Admiral C. Turner Joy, US Commander of Naval Forces, Far East, in Tokyo, explaining the situation.

"If South Task Force One engages North Korean amphibious force in Korea Strait it will require help," it added ominously.

At COMNAVFE headquarters in Tokyo, Vice Admiral Joy gravely looked over the radio message.

"Of course, Korea isn't in our area of responsibility, but General MacArthur may order us to help evacuate American civilians in case this develops into real fighting," Vice Admiral Joy remarked to his chief of staff, Rear Admiral Albert K. Morehouse.

COMNAVFE headquarters sent the wireless from Pusan to General MacArthur's headquarters. What happened to it after that remains unknown to this day.

Captain Chaho was still at his desk and sweating it out long after nightfall. He was waiting to hear from Tokyo and as he waited his head was filled with dire forebodings. If the crucial supply port of Pusan should fall to the Communists, the war, scarcely started, was already as good as lost. If he permitted the *Pioneer Dale* and the *Jesse Lykes* to sail out into stormy Korea Strait with hundreds of evacuated American women and children aboard and the approaching Communists started shooting at them. . . .

(*Continued on page 54*)

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(*Continued from page 52*)

He rocked his head gravely from side to side as if trying to shake the grim pictures from his mind. Surely, he told himself, the US fleet recognized the seriousness of the situation and would proceed to Pusan. Probably the message from Tokyo promising assistance had been delayed in transmission.

At 8:40 P.M. Captain Chaho received a radio message. It didn't come from Tokyo, as he had been hoping. It had been sent by Commander Nam aboard the PC 701 tossing in Korea Strait less than 20 miles north of Pusan.

Captain Chaho glanced at his large wall map. Unless the Communist attack force could be stopped in the strait, it would be swarming ashore before midnight.

He went through the hopeless motion of calling Army Headquarters, knowing in advance what he would be told. It was just as he expected. Every available soldier had been sent north to help stem the attacks by land. The city of Pusan was wide open, utterly defenseless against any assault by sea.

Captain Chaho answered Nam's wireless in desperation: "South Task Force One engage and destroy amphibious enemy force immediately."

He realized when he ordered the message transmitted that the total armament available to execute the order consisted of exactly one three-inch gun mounted on the deck of the PC 701.

Signalman Chung Tok delivered the radio message to Commander Nam in the wheelhouse and cast a significant look at the helmsman. They waited expectantly while the commander read it. He made no comment. Instead he stalked forward to talk to Lieutenant Po Pingku who stood soaking wet and ready for action.

"Giving 'em orders," Chung Tok commented. "There'll be fireworks quick."

"Sooner the better," Gum Josan said grimly. "I'm tired of staring down the throat of that three-incher over the stern."

Nam reappeared in the wheelhouse with an air of quiet determination. Briskly stepping to the throttles, he moved them back to slow. A few minutes later he cut engines entirely and flicked off the searchlight.

The heavy swells caught the patrol craft, slewing her around broadside into the trough and buffeting her to starboard. White water climbed threateningly up her side, pluming clear across her narrow deck.

Gum Josan steadied himself against the wheel and eyed the commander. There was an incredulous expression on his face as the troopship wallowed on into the rainy night undisturbed.

"You letting her get away, Captain? I thought we were going to fight."

"We are," Nam snapped. "When I give the order."

HE had planned his strategy swiftly. A surprise attack against the bigger ship was his only hope of success. He had instructed Lieutenant Pingku to fire into her engine room when he gave the command. The gunnery officer was to concentrate his fire on the engine room until the ship was totally disabled below. She must not reach Pusan.

Drifting farther and farther astern, rolling and pitching in the trough, the PC 701 gave an excellent imitation of having encountered trouble. Nam hoped the performance was convincing enough to give the enemy the idea that she was having difficulties with her engines.

The outline of the troopship's stern became blurry. At a distance of a little more than a mile she merged completely with the night. Nam consulted his wristwatch and made some rapid calculations.

"Hard to port!" he ordered and moved the throttles to slow.

Gradually the PC 701 picked up speed while he continued maneuvering the throttles. The patrol craft was now swinging toward the south in a wide arc. She was cutting cleanly through the swells, taking a curtain of spray over her bow which all but obscured the already drenched gun crew.

Nam eyed his watch and snapped another order to the helmsman. If his reckoning was correct, they were now on a line with the troopship and a mile and a half to port. Several minutes passed. He slowed engines and called out to Chung Tok.

"Inform Lieutenant Pingku to commence firing when on target. Initial range will be one mile."

In the wheelhouse he waited tensely with Gum Josan, staring straight across the roiling sea.

A small light, like a low star, appeared above the horizon, then another and another until there was a whole untidy row of them. The unsuspecting troopship had not extinguished any of her lights.

Up forward Lieutenant Pingku and his men were moving smartly about the gun. Abruptly the three-incher fired, and Nam raised his binoculars to his straining eyes.

There was an explosive, rending sound, muffled by rain and wind. Nam's pent-up breath was expelled from his lungs in relief and satisfaction.

"A hit!" he muttered to Gum Josan. "Directly in the engine room!"

Up forward the three-incher fired again. There was another explosive sound. With impressive accuracy Lieutenant Pingku and his well-trained gun crew had put a second shell into the engine room.

This one did the business. The troopship lost momentum and began rolling helplessly in the swells.

Cautiously Commander Nam started moving in for the kill with his gunnery crew continuing to fire round after round. Several of the PC 701's shells crashed into the troopship's hull near the water line.

She had been caught completely unaware by Nam's tactics. So much so that she had not yet begun to return fire. Only cries of confusion and the shouting of excited orders emanated from her decks.

The PC 701 had fired 20 rounds and closed the range to 2,000 yards before the first enemy shell came whistling high over her wheelhouse. The second shell splashed into the sea to starboard.

Lieutenant Pingku and his gunnery crew had ceased firing. Men were working anxiously around the gun.

The commander swore silently. His hands hesitated at the throttles.

"Ask Lieutenant Pingku how quickly he will be able to clear his gun and continue action!"

Chung Tok moved out of the wheelhouse to obey the order. He stepped directly into a three-inch shell that scattered him all over the deck. A fragment of the same shell whizzed through the wheelhouse window, instantly killing Gum Josan at the wheel.

(*Continued on page 56*)

"Be wary of that one! Every year he comes to try out the new models, but he never buys."

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Comes in 121 color combinations, with any school or club initials your customer wants!

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(*Continued from page* 54)

Nam was momentarily numbed by the concussion. Recovering, he dashed out of the wheelhouse. Another shell whistled by to port as he pounded along the slippery deck.

"How soon can you clear the jam?"

Lieutenant Pingku glanced up briefly from the breech.

"Soon, Captain," he grunted and went anxiously back to work.

Nam went back to the wheelhouse, moved the body of Gum Josan out of his way and took the wheel. He was gambling on Lieutenant Pingku and the gun crew as he edged the PC 701 forward, gambling that they could clear the gun and sink the troopship before an enemy shell came screeching into the hull of the patrol craft. It would require only one shot in her fragile skin to send her to the bottom.

A shell fanned over the top of the wheelhouse, much too close for comfort. Another splashed well out to port. Nam clung doggedly to the wheel, narrowing the range to 1,000 yards.

Suddenly the PC 701's gun went back into action with a roar. There was a burst of orange-red flame on the troopship's foredeck and the sound of the explosion came back to Nam's ears like rolling thunder. Lieutenant Pingku had zeroed in on the forward gun and knocked it out of action.

Not another shot was fired from the troopship. Nam moved in to 600 yards and poked his head out of the wheelhouse.

"Cease fire and stand by!" he shouted to Lieutenant Pingku.

He idled the engines and waited for a few minutes, suspicious of a trap, then switched on the searchlight.

The troopship was down by the bow. So far down that he could see her propellers high in the air.

Abruptly, to the accompaniment of terrible screams, she heeled to starboard and went swiftly down. The hundreds of men aboard her were all doomed, for she had neither boat nor raft to put over the side.

Commander Nam moved his patrol craft in with hope of rescuing some of the soldiers swimming desperately about, but the sea was much too rough and he was soon forced to abandon the attempt.

The PC 701 put about and headed up the strait to rejoin the rest of the "fleet." The two minesweepers, YMS 512 and YMS 518, were still standing by patiently as ordered. They had been waiting a long time.

AND so had Captain Chaho at Korean Naval Headquarters in Pusan.

At 12:25 A.M., June 26th, which was early on a Monday morning, he received a radio message from Commander Nam:

"Enemy amphibious force all hands destroyed by South Task Force One Korea Strait 18 miles north of Pusan. Proceeding to base at Chinhae."

Captain Chaho relaxed with a profound sigh. As a matter of naval courtesy he relayed the information to COMNAVFE headquarters in Tokyo, mentioning that Pusan had been saved.

"By one three-inch gun" Nam grinned later when he became a top admiral of the ROK Navy. ◆◆◆

WANTED: RED SPY WOLLWEBER

Continued from page 18

from behind the Iron Curtain by the OG.

Heuss had been smuggled out of silence-blanketed Peenemünde where the V2, terror of World War II, was developed. He had not left and sought refuge in the United States before the Russians took over as did Dr. Werner von Braun, Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger and other Peenemünde scientists who today are playing an important part in our own guided missile program.

His escape to the West was regarded as particularly important for he was the only scientist alive in a position to reveal how far the Communists had progressed at Peenemünde in their development of intercontinental missiles and space rockets.

At 11:41 A.M. two OG officers assigned to escort Heuss and Lowe to the airport were driving along Budapesterstrasse in a gray sedan. They were right on time for the rendezvous in the Hotel Kempinski as they passed the Kaiser Wilhelm II Memorial Church.

Suddenly a small bakery truck cut in ahead of their car. The muzzle of a burp gun was poked out of an opening in the rear of the truck and began spewing orange-flamed death at a range of less than five yards. The OG officers died almost instantly, taking a full burst in their faces and chests.

At 11:45 A.M., precisely 30 minutes after receiving his telephone call, Lowe warily opened the door of Room 320 in response to a discreet knock. The caller was a chubby-looking, round-faced man of 57. He was respectful in his greeting to Dr. Heuss, businesslike with Lowe to whom he showed his OG credentials, an ordinary calling card on which was printed "Frederich Schmidt, Pullach." It was the word "Pullach" that was significant in identifying one OG operative to another.

"The car is at the side entrance," Schmidt said briskly.

"Good," Lowe approved, "it is better to avoid the lobby."

An inconspicuous black sedan was waiting at the side entrance. The man behind the wheel was dark and sharp-faced with thin, bloodless lips. He acknowledged their arrival with a brusque nod. When they had settled down on the rear seat he started driving down Fasanenstrasse.

Schmidt exhaled a noisy sigh of relief.

"So! Now we can relax a little. Cigar, Herr Doktor? Herr Lowe?"

Both men declined. Schmidt reached casually into his inner coat pocket as if for his cigar case. His hand came out holding a short-barreled .38 revolver. Without a word he shoved the muzzle quickly against Lowe's heart and squeezed the trigger.

There was the sound of a shot, the acrid smell of powder and burnt cloth. Heuss shrank back in terror. His voice was a hoarse croak, the look in his myopic eyes unbelieving.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Not far, Herr Doktor," Schmidt assured him grimly.

Again he wasted no time in preliminaries or display of dramatics. His gun hand struck out hard and fast as though he were punching with it. The revolver barrel broke several of Heuss' teeth when it was jammed upward into his mouth.

Squeezing the trigger, Schmidt blew out the back of Heuss' head.

Without a change of expression, the driver of the car continued a few blocks farther. He brought the sedan to a stop at the curb, a short distance from a station of the S-Bahn. There he and Schmidt got out.

Purchasing tickets like a pair of ordinary businessmen, they boarded an S-Bahn train, riding as far as the Friedrichstrasse station in East Berlin. When they emerged to the street to enter the sleek chauffeur-driven Mercedes waiting for them, there was an abrupt change in their relations. The appearance of casual equality had vanished.

ERNST Friedrich Wollweber, alias Frederich Schmidt, alias a score of other names, director of the SSD, the Secret Police of the "German Democratic Republic", chief of combined Intelligence and Counterspy Services, one of the cleverest and certainly the most deadly spy in the pay of the Kremlin, sat alone in the back of the Mercedes.

The sharp-faced man, Hans Seewald, alias Hans the Hawk, who had accompanied him on his precisely timed murder excursion into West Berlin, sat up front with the driver. He was Wollweber's constant bodyguard and, on assignments such as this, his assistant. He never acted as triggerman. Wollweber is a zealot in conducting his own executions. Because of this even his own spies and secret agents refer to him as *Totschläger*—killer.

Shortly after one P.M. the Mercedes drew up to the entrance of the SSD building on Normannenstrasse. Wollweber sent a terse coded message to Moscow, informing the Politburo, of which he is a member, that Dr. Otto Heuss would never reveal any rocket secrets in the United States or anywhere else.

The Politburo knows that Wollweber's prey has been violently silenced whenever such a report is received in Moscow.

The *Totschläger* is known to have personally executed more than 350 men—and women—including several of his own secret agents whom he has suspected of disloyalty. Lieutenant General Gehlen's

(*Continued on page* 58)

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(*Continued from page* 56)

OG bureau believes he has liquidated a great many more whose names do not appear in the kaput files.

"Wollweber," one top-echelon OG officer informed this writer, "since the 1920s when he served as chief executioner for the Communist Party in Germany, has been a fanatic believer in the 'better safe than sorry' adage. He has no patience with kidnaping, brain-washing or the repentance of a victim. He believes that anyone showing the slightest disloyalty may do so again and therefore should be killed immediately.

"WOLLWEBER, himself, is a cold-blooded, ruthless murderer who revels in an opportunity to kill. He is the only Communist official on earth today, and that includes Khrushchev, who dares to execute an important Soviet army officer on his own responsibility—as in the case of Major General Igor Tropanov."

A few years ago Wollweber assigned a glamorous spy named Irmgard Schmidt to extract military secrets from US Army Intelligence officers in West Berlin.

Before she was successfully trapped by US counterespionage agents, with revelations that rocked the Pentagon, she employed her curvaceous figure and artful bedroom manners on several US Army Intelligence officers, relaying the information she obtained to Wollweber.

Included in her reports was a mention that Major General Igor Tropanov of the general staff of the Soviet Army had been observed drinking with some of her own American dupes at several West Berlin *machtlokale,* or night spots.

To Wollweber's suspicious mind this meant but one thing, Tropanov was undoubtedly giving the Americans Soviet military secrets. He immediately put another of his glamor-spies, Greta Bernau, on the job. Greta was a brunette. As far as face and figure were concerned, she was as devastating as Irmgard Schmidt. As a bedroom companion she was even more talented. Of this Wollweber was certain, having personally made comparison tests in his closely guarded villa at Lehnitz, a suburb of East Berlin.

"You will pose as an agent of the OG," he told the beautiful Greta. "Become friendly with Major General Tropanov. Very friendly. Do whatever is necessary to extract military information from him. We must determine whether or not he is loyal."

Greta Bernau nodded with a confident smile. She strode out of Wollweber's office on long, magnificent legs. As soon as she closed the door behind her, Wollweber buzzed for Hans Seewald.

"Keep your eyes on her," he ordered the sharp-faced one, "report developments to me."

Wollweber's vast espionage network is estimated to include 9,000 SSD spies and secret agents, and 125,000 informers. He trusts none of them implicitly—except Hans the Hawk.

Greta Bernau took a room at the Condi, a quiet hotel on Fasanenstrasse in West Berlin. Within three days she had met Major General Tropanov over cocktails at the Café Schloss Marquardt in the Hotel Kempinski. Before the week was out she had so captivated him that he invited her to spend the night in his suite in the same hotel. Wollweber selects and trains his female agents well.

On the following day Greta took the S-Bahn train to East Berlin and reported to Wollweber.

"Tropanov discloses no information," she said. "He is careless, however."

"What do you mean?" Wollweber asked.

"He was in the shower while I was dressing in his bedroom this morning. There was a book on his bureau with a green cover and a black band. It was called 'Soviet Army Order of Battle.' I could have taken it. So could a maid if she happens to be working for the Americans or the British."

Wollweber's round face was impassive. His keen little brown eyes regarded her without change of expression. Inwardly he was fuming at Tropanov's monumental carelessness. The "Soviet Army Order of Battle" is one of Russia's top secrets. Only 200 copies of the book have been printed. Copies are restricted to field marshals, officers of the general staff and ranking members of the Politburo. An American, British or French intelligence agency or West Germany's OG would pay plenty for a copy.

"Obtain the book," Wollweber ordered. "Bring it here at this time tomorrow."

Greta Bernau's bright smile again radiated confidence. She was quite sure that with the slightest encouragement the Soviet major general would again suggest that she spend the night with him.

AT 7:30 P.M. that evening Hans the Hawk reported to Wollweber. Greta Bernau had made contact with Tropanov. The major general appeared to be even more enthralled by her beauty. There was no question but that they would occupy his suite together for the night.

Wollweber nodded silently. It was no more than he had expected.

"One other thing," Hans the Hawk added. "While she was waiting for Tropanov at the Café Schloss Marquardt, an American colonel of intelligence came in. He ordered cocktails and they talked."

Wollweber frowned. His pudgy fingers beat a little tattoo on his polished desk and he thought rapidly. Greta Bernau's casual meeting with the US colonel might have been accidental and entirely innocent. On the other hand she might have learned of the great value of the "Soviet Army Order of Battle" and made a deal to sell it to US Intelligence. The seed of suspicion had been planted in Wollweber's sinister mind. Incurring his suspicion was equivalent to receiving a death sentence.

"We will not take chances on Bernau either," he said grimly. "Be at the side entrance of the Kempinski at one A.M. with a car in readiness. I shall also need a key to Tropanov's suite."

At one A.M., looking like an affable traveling salesman returning to his hotel, Wollweber approached the side entrance of Kempinski. In his hip pocket he carried an eight-shot, nine-mm Lahti automatic with the front sight removed to accommodate a silencer. In his inner pocket he carried the silencer itself.

This is Wollweber's favorite on-the-spot murder weapon for carrying out a quiet execution. Where the sound of a shot is not an important consideration, as in a moving car, he uses one of his several .38 or .44 short-barreled revolvers, selecting a hand gun with the same care that a surgeon exhibits in choosing the proper scalpel.

Obtaining a key from the waiting Hans the Hawk, Wollweber walked into the hotel and up the stairs, fitting the silencer to the Lahti on his way. Pausing in front of Tropanov's suite, he quietly put the passkey into the lock and turned the knob.

They had not yet retired for the night, although they were both in the bedroom. Tropanov, a hairy-chested giant, had taken off his shirt and was sitting in a chair, an empty vodka glass in his hand. His pale blue eyes were staring with lecherous

"Bingo!"

(*Continued on page* 60)

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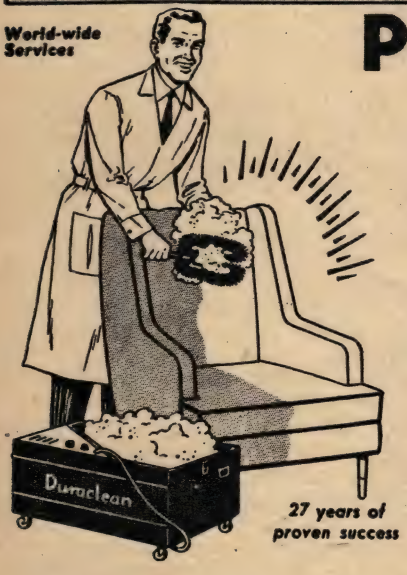

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What Dealers Say

G. F. Munroe: After 1 year, I sold my Duraclean dealership for 8 times its cost and bought a larger one.

R. N. Ritter: I seldom go under $200.00 per week by myself.

W. A. Lookiebill: We've had 20 years of pleasant dealings. I'm 65 but am setting my sights for 20 more years.

W. L. Jones: I would rather get a Duragram bulletin than a letter from a friend.

P. Freidinger: 70% of our business is repeat . . . also get business from reference of satisfied customers.

A. Ullman: Every demonstration has been a sale.

Leroy Ellsworth: Your advertising program certainly paid dividends for me.

M. Lassanske: My original investment was returned in about two months.

C. L. Smith: Again I day's work. 8 hrs. totaling over $100.00 for my helper and I isn't bad for a country boy like me. I do not have any unusual abilities: only this, I'm equipped with the best cleaning service in the field and get well paid for my work.

R. E. Schenck: The customers I had on House & Gardon ads were very pleased. Their furnishings came out beautiful.

R. Kimbrough: Finished First White House of Confederacy and am to Duraclean the Governor's Mansion.

Margarette Turner: Took in $106 and worked 15 or 18 hours.

T. Komori (Japan): We have 1,000,000 yen contract Duracleaning for U. S. Army.

More dealer comments given in our literature.

Start Full or Part Time

No experience necessary! Some dealers establish shops or an office . . . others operate from their own homes. Service may be rendered in homes, offices, hotels, theaters or institutions. Auto dealers buy your **DURACLEAN** Service to revive upholstery in used cars. Almost every building in your territory houses a potential customer needing one or both services. **You enjoy big profits** on both materials and labor.

FIRST PROCESS IN THE FIELD TO WIN THIS IMPORTANT HONOR!

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE & ADVERTISED THEREIN

As a Duraclean dealer, your services are backed by this famous seal of quality . . . proof that Duraclean has passed the most rigorous tests. No competitor in your town can boast this seal. Customers will also see that your service has been tested and certified by the American Research & Testing Laboratories. No wonder it's so easy to get business!

Repeat and Voluntary Orders

Demonstrations win new customers. Men with **DURACLEAN** Dealerships find REPEAT and VOLUNTARY orders become a major source of income. Customers tell their friends and neighbors. Furniture and department stores and interior decorators turn over cleaning and moth-proofing to **DURACLEAN** Dealers. We show **27 ways** to get customers.

Easy Terms!

A moderate payment establishes **your own** business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards, introduction slips, sales books, demonstrators and **enough material to return your TOTAL investment.** You can have your business operating in a very few days. **Mail coupon today! No obligation.**

We Help You Grow

Our **MUTUAL COOPERATION DURACLEAN SYSTEM** gives you many unique continuous advantages: **National Advertising** in Life, McCall's, House & Garden and a dozen others. **Copyright** and **trademark** protection. **Certificate** approves equipment and materials. **Products Insurance, Six-Year Warranty, Pocket Demonstrators, Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Tested Ads. Ad Cuts & Mats. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Musical Commercials.** Home Show **Booth Display. Publicity Program** gets FREE local newspaper stories. **Prizes, Laboratory** research and development. **Monthly Magazine. "Sale-of-Dealership" Service. Annual Conventions.** Behind all this is a headquarters interested in YOUR personal success. You will be amazed at the assistance you will receive as your business grows. **Just ask an established dealer.**

World-Wide

Duraclean dealers' businesses have developed into a world wide organization with dealerships throughout North America, Central America and South America, as well as in Alaska, Africa, China, Israel, Bermuda, Hawaii, Switzerland, Japan, Norway, etc.

FREE Booklet Tells How!

Our first letter and 16 page illustrated booklet will explain everything—these modern urgently needed services, waiting market, how business grows, your large profits, easy terms and PROTECTED territory. Send Coupon TODAY while territory is open.

"OWN a Business" Coupon

DURACLEAN CO., 8-313 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Illinois

Without obligation, tell me how I may enjoy a steadily increasing life income in my **OWN** business. Enclose **FREE** booklet and full details.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Duraclean Co. 8-313 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Illinois

(*Continued from page* 58)

appreciation at Greta Bernau who stood before the mirror.

In black panty-girdle and gossamer nylons, unnecessary to emphasize the exquisiteness of her long, straight legs, she was combing her hair.

To Wollweber it appeared that she, as well as Tropanov, was enjoying sensuous pleasure, basking in the ardor of the Russian's anticipation.

From the bedroom doorway Wollweber shot Tropanov neatly in the middle of the chest. The sound was no louder than the popping of a champagne cork.

Tropanov's eyes glazed as he lurched forward. Reflex tried to bring him to his feet. Wollweber pumped two more bullets into his chest. The chair creaked loudly beneath his sudden weight as he fell back dead.

It was then Greta Bernau screamed. Her dark eyes were large and round with terror.

"No—"

Wollweber's bullet stopped her scream right there, crashing into her forehead slightly above her finely arched eyebrows. She fell to the carpeted floor, her body twitching. He walked to her coolly. He bent over. Thrusting the silencer toward her right ear, he squeezed the trigger again—to make certain.

Wollweber took a practiced look around the room and his keen little eyes soon caught sight of the object of their search. Picking up the copy of "Soviet Army Order of Battle" he lodged it in his armpit beneath his coat.

At 1:09 A.M. Wollweber entered the waiting car, and Hans the Hawk drove him to the S-Bahn station. The double execution had been efficiently carried out in exactly nine minutes.

A few minutes later they abandoned the car and boarded a train. With a million dollars on his balding head, with a top secret Soviet Army volume of information under his arm and with every allied spy, double agent, military and police officer in West Berlin hunting for him, Wollweber took the S-Bahn back to the Red zone as he had many times before and still does today. Although the West has, with considerable cause, branded him the world's most deadly spy, no one has ever disparaged his personal courage and daring.

On the following day he gave proof of it again in a bizarre sort of way. He sent a courier to Moscow by plane with the green-covered book and a terse note to the then defense minister, Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov. He reported that Major General Igor Tropanov had died as a result of "careless fraternization" in West Berlin and that the SSD was forwarding a military book "found among the late comrade Tropanov's effects and undoubtedly of value."

It was characteristic of Wollweber to taunt the commander in chief of the Soviet Army subtly by sending him the book in ordinary wrapping paper tied with twine instead of in a sealed and guarded Politburo pouch. Together with murder, Wollweber is also preoccupied with a loathing for uniforms and their wearers, including those of "friendly" countries behind the Iron Curtain.

The reason is pathological. Born in Hamburg, Ernst Wollweber was the son of a hard-drinking, brawling dockhand who was frequently in trouble with the police. As a boy he grew up hating the sight of German police uniforms, a hatred which soon broadened to include all uniforms.

THIS was soon evident. In mid-1916, at the age of 16, he was inducted as apprentice seaman in the Imperial German Navy and he chafed at discipline aboard a destroyer. In particular he resented the harsh authority of his commanding officer, Captain von Franzblau.

Wollweber was one of the leaders of the Hamburg mutiny in the defeated German Navy. He won his position by following Captain von Franzblau along Rotesoodstrasse on a dark night and putting five slugs into his back with a borrowed Mauser.

Still in his teens, Wollweber became a Communist and went into hiding. His headquarters was the notorious Gebiet Klub near the Hamburg waterfront. Here Communist enemies were brought for execution, a task which Wollweber appeared to enjoy. He shot them in the back of the head in the cellar. How many he murdered in this manner will never be known, but by the time he was 20 he was feared throughout Germany as the Communist high executioner and labeled *Totschläger,* a sinister label which still persists.

By 1925 he was credited with hundreds of killings and Germany became too hot for him. With two Red thugs, Max Kleinschmidt and Willy Ferber, he murdered a Hamburg dock watchman and the captain and engineer of a tugboat, boarded the tug and escaped to Russia.

In Moscow his talents received immediate recognition. He was sent to the Lenin School for Sabotage Agents, where he displayed an extraordinary aptitude in the use of time bombs and similar explosive devices. Upon graduation he received intensive schooling as a secret agent.

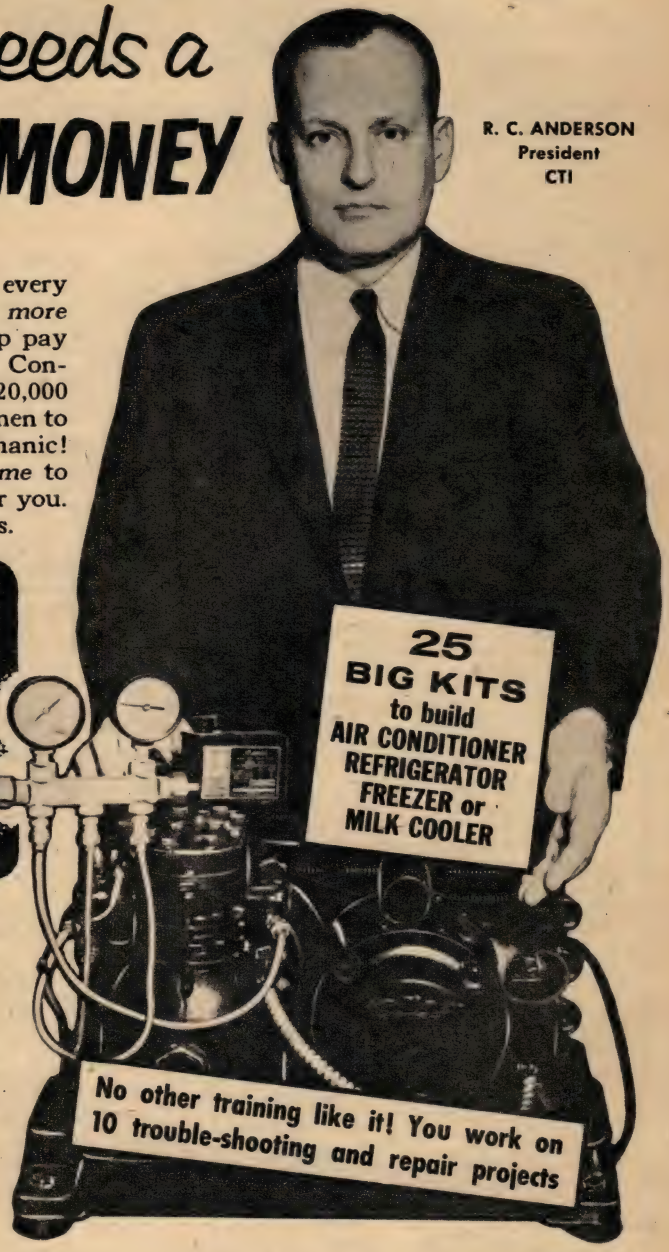
He returned to Germany, a master spy and secret agent. He became a Communist member of the Reichstag and, when Hitler rose to power, leader of the Red Underground. During World War II, not only did he use every trick known to spydom in transmitting secrets to the Russians, including clandestine short-wave radio and microphotography so tiny that entire messages could be sent under an ordinary letter stamp or concealed beneath the cap of a courier's tooth, but he also devised several of his own.

On May 1st, 1945, when Russian forces entered Berlin, they had a complete mili-

(*Continued on page* 62)

Here's the BEST DEAL YET.

for the man who needs a BETTER JOB - MORE MONEY



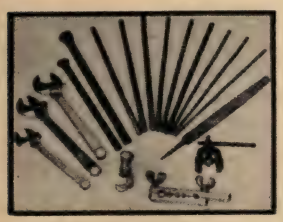
R. C. ANDERSON
President
CTI

If you're just "breaking even"... if you're "in the hole" every month ... if your wife wants to look for work—you need *more money*, a *better job!* You can *have* a good job with top pay and security in the old, established, but *fast-growing* Air Conditioning and Refrigeration industry. This field needs 20,000 newly-trained mechanics every year. It needs ambitious men to open service shops. *It needs you!* Don't say you're no mechanic! We know that. We also know *we can train you at home* to become a skilled mechanic. CTI has a real good deal for you. *Just fill in and mail coupon* and we'll rush full details.

NOW YOU CAN LEARN AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION *by practicing at home with real equipment!*

YOU GET "FIELD EXPERIENCE" AS YOU TRAIN

You train at home in spare time. CTI sends you 25 big kits of parts and tools. You assemble a commercial-type, heavy-duty, ¼ h.p. refrigeration high-side (illustrated at right.) Then you build an air conditioner, refrigerator, freezer or milk cooler. All equipment included with training! No extra cost.



You Get Kits Like These

At left is photo of tools included in just *one* kit. You get other tools, tubing, much equipment. Kits are sent on a planned schedule so that you learn in easy stages. You learn fast, too!

In another kit (right) you get motor, fan, pulley, service tools. Kits develop skill, let you get experience, eliminate years of low-pay apprenticeship.

Add to Your Income by Earning Cash as You Train

CTI training is practical, just like working on actual jobs. Like other students, you'll want to do repair work for profit soon after starting. Many students pay their tuition this way, add to their incomes, even get started in a business. Get the facts about this. *Mail coupon.*

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Want to be independent—be your own boss? The air conditioning and refrigeration field is one of the best. It's big, uncrowded, packed with opportunity. Start small and grow big. Many students do service work on a monthly fee basis—do repairing for shops, food stores, meat markets, etc. Others answer home calls. In time, they build up a customer list, open a shop. You could, too!

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Rush me your booklet, *Success in Air Conditioning & Refrigeration*, and *Sample lesson*. Both FREE.

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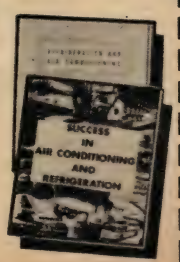

"TRAINING YOU CAN TRUST"

Men and women are "Bed Animals", say the authors and they proceed to prove it with the friskiest discussion of nighttime intimacies you will ever read! This is a book full of roguish, frolicsome wit that will keep you laughing from cover to cover. For the strangest adventure of all is to find yourself locked in a bedroom with someone of the opposite sex with whom you are required to go to bed and get up for thousands of nights . . . it's called marriage. It may have just happened to you or it may happen when you least expect it and are least prepared. But whatever your marital state, you'll want to send for this hilarious book of Bediquette today!

CRAMMED WITH RIBALD HUMOR

Laugh and learn from 247 riotous pages . . . full of devilish illustrations. Become well-bed in 37 wise-cracking chapters containing dissertations on . . .

How to get undressed • A short history of Bed Manners (the early French had some peculiar ones!) • Berth control in the sleeping car • The 7 great problems of marriage • *and many more.*

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Get Bed Manners and Better Bed Manners complete in 1 giant volume — only $1.98. Learn your mate's intimate secrets. But married or single . . . for yourself or a gift, this is the sauciest, racy, provocative book ever! Written by Dr. Ralph Y. Hopton and Anne Balliol . . . Illustrated by John Groth.

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Read in the privacy of your home. If you don't agree it's the most sensational book of bedroom-humor . . . return in 10 days for full $1.98 REFUND.

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☐ I enclose $1.98. Send Prepaid. I SAVE POSTAGE.

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C.O.D. in U.S. only. Foreign send $1.98 in U.S. funds or payable in U.S.

(*Continued from page* 60)

tary plan of the city right on down to the last concrete bunker occupied by defenders. Agents under Wollweber's direction had prepared the map. Wollweber, himself, had devised the ingenious method of transmitting it.

With acetic acid, a skilled Communist engraver had drawn a map in six sections on the surface of six eggs. Wollweber had then boiled the eggs and placed them in a basket with six fresh eggs. One of his couriers had taken them to a small farm beyond the city.

At the farm was Herma Hannaberg, an elderly espionage agent who had been making daily trips through the German lines with ordinary fresh eggs which were casually scrutinized by Hitler's counter-espionage agents.

On April 27th, 1945, four days before the Russians occupied Berlin, Frau Hannaberg took a dozen eggs through the German lines, as usual. When they were carefully cut open at Russian headquarters, six of them showed microscopic brown tracings on the *inner* surfaces of the shells. Put together they formed the famous battle map of Berlin. It was the master spy who had figured it all out.

After the war, Wollweber's rise was rapid. As top agent of the SSD, he was equipped with unlimited funds to set up new espionage centers in many countries. Posing as a consulting industrial engineer, he established offices in Oslo, Brussels, Stockholm, Paris, Vienna and Rome. Operating behind a facade of legitimate business, they became nerve centers of Red espionage.

As a result of his enterprise, on July 1st, 1953, Wollweber was made a member of the Soviet Politburo. Just 10 days later he became head of the SSD and supreme chief of all Communist espionage and counterespionage activities throughout Germany.

With a lavish yearly budget of $40,000,000, exceeded only by that of General Ivan Serov's Committee for State Security in Moscow, Wollweber made a few improvements in his organization. One of these was to add a number of women espionage agents, the sexiest and most beautiful that money could buy.

In Wilmersdorf, in the British sector of West Berlin, temptingly close to the American sector, he set up a discreet bordello under the management of a dignified looking, lavender-haired espionage agent of 45, Frau Giselle.

"Frau Giselle's Mansion" soon became celebrated as one of the most luxurious bordellos in Europe. Its occupants, usually about a dozen girls of Viennese, Parisian. German and Swedish nationality, were the most glamorous and talented available anywhere.

Frau Giselle, a lady of considerable bedroom accomplishments herself, tutored her protégées in the sexual subtleties and nuances to practice on patrons for the painless extraction of military information. As far as Wollweber was concerned, however, the bordello was only a training school which qualified female agents like Greta Bernau for more important assignments in his SSD network.

Wollweber conducted the graduation exercises himself. When Giselle decided that one of her beautiful "students" was ready to become a full-fledged agent, the girl would be notified that she was to entertain Herr Frederich Schmidt, an important Bonn government official who could divulge valuable information.

As Herr Schmidt, Wollweber would spend the night with the girl at Frau Giselle's Mansion, rating her ability as a seductress. If she proved satisfactory he took her back to his own villa in Lehnitz for a private and intensive postgraduate course. If she did not measure up to his exacting qualifications, or if he was the least suspicious of her loyalty, he paid her as if he were an ordinary patron. Soon afterwards Giselle would take her off "special duty" and later discharge her on the ground that the clientele was more interested in new faces.

After girls finished training at the Lehnitz villa they were quietly absorbed into the SSD as secret agents. For a very few of the most beautiful, however, there was a special assignment.

(*Continued on page* 64)

ROYAL JELLY, the Queen Bee's Special Food...ITS SECRET OF PROLONGED LIFE!

QUICK
Miracle Bullets:
for the ills of Old Age
ROYAL JELLY—A FOUNT-OF-YOUTH COCKTAIL? For the Queen Bee
ROYAL JELLY MAKES HEADLINES
Report On 'Royal Jelly' STARTLING NEW SEX SECRETS OF THE BEES
LOOK
PITTSBURGH SUN-TELEGRAPH
Chicago Tribune

Leading National Magazines, Newspapers, Syndicated Columnists, Medical Journals, and Report from Medical Congress indicate the benefits of ROYAL JELLY, a "living" high energy food.

Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life?" Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

Jenasol RJ Formula 60 contains pure, natural Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E)

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL RJ FORMULA 60 capsule daily. They combine 8 important and essential vitamins and minerals as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reenforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

Effects can be felt more quickly with the double potency SUPER-STRENGTH FORMULA—but satisfactory results are MONEY BACK GUARANTEED with either formula. (The price of ROYAL JELLY has been recently quoted at $500.00 per ounce.)

ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 60, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutritional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60" to increase their pep and energy.

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression . . . Loss of Appetite . . . Sexual Weakness . . . Digestive Disturbances Headaches . . . Decreased Vigor . . . Nervousness . . . Aches and Pains . . . Irritability.

MEDICAL RESEARCH

We have listed below some of the extensive Medical and Laboratory research that has been done with Royal Jelly:

Many authorities still dispute the efficacy of Royal Jelly while others consider it a potential Boon to Mankind.

- *Dr. de Pomiade, 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics, Baden-Baden, Germany; April 5, 1956.
- Dr. Maurice Mathias, Pasteur Institute of Tunisia, October, 1952.
- Cowdry's Problem of Aging, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 8, No. 3, July, 1953.)
- Analyses of Royal Jelly and Pollen, Nevin Weaver and Kenneth A. Kuiken (Technical Contribution, No. 1485 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.)
- Longevity Factors in Royal Jelly, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 3, No. 1, January, 1948.)

We make no claims for ROYAL JELLY. We have merely accumulated reports that have been made as a result of experimentation and research by Doctors, Scientists, and Nutritionists in many parts of the world.

The Bosl Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mamary glands of women were activated.

CAN VITALITY AND SEX DRIVE BE INCREASED WITH ROYAL JELLY?

Let this "Miracle of Nature" which Medical Doctors have acclaimed begin working for you today! Start feeling good again!

LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY: Attest that ROYAL JELLY is one of the richest Natural sources in the treatment of vitamin and nutritional deficiencies...that hogs and guinea pigs fed with Royal Jelly live 20 to 30% longer...chickens fed with Royal Jelly double their egg output.

Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed its Use Directly

- Royal Jelly gives new energy to those in a weakened state, and greater vigor, more physical strength and spiritual strength to the healthy.
- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.
- Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.
- Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.
- Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

DISCOVERER OF INSULIN
Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting.

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

"DR. T. H. McGAVACK has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordas, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

Order ROYAL JELLY with Complete Confidence

No Doctor's Prescription is Necessary. If, for any reason, ROYAL JELLY fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense!...JENASOL CO., World's Largest Distributors of Royal Jelly Capsules, 31 West 47th St., Dept.GM-3 New York 36, N. Y.

Men and Women Agents Wanted. Write for Free Literature.

Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY... the "ELIXIR of YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee. At present, Doctors and Scientists from many countries in the world, say that Royal Jelly has proved to be a potent factor in matters relating to sexual virility and size and growth of animals.

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 40 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:

● "Human Dynamos" slow down amazingly ● Dizziness ● Weak feeling ● Vague aches and pains ● Listless, "don't care attitude" ● Lacks recuperating power ● Fatigues easily ● Fails to get rest from sleep ● Sexual weakness ● Loss of mental efficiency and ability ● Unable to make simple decisions.

French University Scientists to Make Thorough Analysis on ROYAL JELLY

Paris—One of the leading Universities in France has decided to make analysis into the benefits of Royal Jelly.

DOCTORS: *Write on your letterhead for Clinical Samples*

JENASOL CO., 31 W. 47th St., Dept. GM-3 New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me the complete JENASOL R. J. FORMULA Plan as marked below: I enclose $....., cash, check or Money Order. The very first capsules must help me to feel better or my money will be refunded promptly and without question. (I save up to $2.00 by sending payment with order. JENASOL Co. ships postage paid.)

- ☐ Send Single Strength ROYAL JELLY 30 Day JENASOL PLAN: $ 5.00
- ☐ Send **Double Strength** ROYAL JELLY 30 Day JENASOL PLAN: $ 7.50
- ☐ Send Single Strength ROYAL JELLY 60 Day JENASOL PLAN: $ 9.00
- ☐ Send **Double Strength** ROYAL JELLY 60 Day JENASOL PLAN: $12.50
- ☐ Send **Double Strength** ROYAL JELLY 120 Day JENASOL PLAN: $20.00

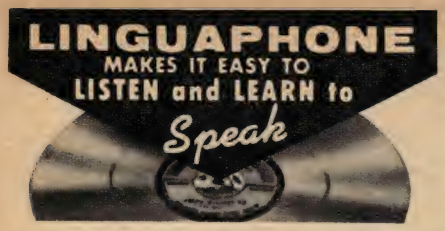
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ I enclose $1.00 deposit, please ship C.O.D.

ALL ORDERS RUSHED TO YOU IN PLAIN WRAPPER



SPANISH (American or European) • **FRENCH**
ITALIAN • GERMAN • RUSSIAN • JAPANESE
ICELANDIC • MODERN GREEK
—any of 34 languages available AT HOME

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(*Continued from page 62*)

Wollweber had succeeded in establishing a vital SSD listening post at the exclusive Hotel Hammes in Bonn, the West German capital. It was run by SSD espionage agent Charlotta Wallbruch, a motherly-looking widow of 65. Among its distinguished patrons were the ambassadors, envoys and diplomats of several countries.

During one period of three weeks in the early part of 1954, potential Hotel Hammes guests on arriving in Bonn were inconvenienced to find that their favorite hostelry was closed for renovations. In those three weeks, at Wollweber's orders, the SSD ripped up every suite and bedroom floor.

New floors were laid with microphones beneath, for Wollweber was much to astute to risk bugging walls or furniture. Wires were strung to a monitoring room in the garret where several tape recorders were installed.

During the day SSD operatives listened to and recorded private conferences. At night they made recordings of another sort. It was then that Wollweber's most adroit special assignment agents were on the job.

He never sent more than one such glamor spy to Bonn at a time. With forged credentials, usually as a tourist, she registered at the Hotel Hammes and proceeded to seduce the victim designated by Wollweber.

It made no difference whether she lured her dupe to his bedroom or hers, for all of them were bugged. She transmitted no messages to Wollweber while on an assignment. All of this was taken care of by SSD agents in the garret who smuggled a constant stream of taped recordings bearing top secret information back to Wollweber's office in East Berlin.

It was a most ingenious scheme. American CIA and military intelligence, British MI 5, the French Deuxième Bureau, all were frantic at the continuous leak of information from West Germany.

The OG joined in the effort to plug the leak. Inevitably Lieutenant General Gehlen ordered a check on Frau Giselle's bordello. Paul Reinhardt, a young OG agent who spoke fluent English, was assigned to the investigation. Posing as an American captain of Air Force Intelligence out to spend the night on the town, Reinhardt went to the Mansion.

As a new patron, Frau Giselle greeted Reinhardt hospitably. She also pushed two buzzers unobtrusively. One summoned her girls to the salon. The other notified the SSD that there was a new client at the Mansion. It was Wollweber's standing order that every patron entering the Mansion for the first time be screened, fingerprinted and photographed. This identification of unsuspecting clients, some of international prominence, was placed in Wollweber's files. Many such clients are still happily unaware of this.

Reinhardt scrutinized a half dozen girls parading around the salon for his selection. All wore modish, low-cut evening gowns. All were beautiful and sexy. The only difference among them was that they ranged from brunettes to platinum blondes. Their manners were as decorous as those of models in a fashion show.

The OG agent selected a willowy blonde, Hansi Stagel. She took him upstairs to her well-appointed room. Before she leisurely began to undress, she indicated a "house" bottle of excellent champagne. Reinhardt poured two glasses. He left perfect fingerprints.

While Hansi was removing her dress Reinhardt was being inspected by two SSD men behind a one-way mirror. One was a *Wiedererkenner*, a recognition expert. The other was a photographer. Hansi put her hand to a wall switch to dim the light. A tiny electric shock ran through her slim fingers, a signal from the recognition expert in the other room. He had identified Reinhardt as an OG agent. She was to be careful.

Reinhardt spent a rapturous night with the talented Hansi. She devoted the entire time to his entertainment. Her conversation, when she did talk, was innocent —politically—and she asked no questions.

During the next several weeks other OG agents had similar experiences at the Mansion. Suspicious they might be, but, though they tried all the girls, they could discover nothing incriminating.

A few months later Reinhardt was sent to Bonn on another assignment. He registered at the Hotel Hammes. Quite by accident, as he was leaving his room on the way to breakfast the following morning, he encountered the willowy blonde Hansi leaving a suite. On checking, he discovered that the registered occupant of the suite was a French undersecretary.

THE OG moved quickly. They found the monitor room in the garret. After that they closed in on both the Hotel Hammes and the Mansion in West Berlin. Charlotta Wallbruch, Frau Giselle, Hansi Stagel and several other SSD agents were taken into custody pending trial.

Wollweber heard the news swiftly and was furious. He announced that he was placing a price of $250,000 on the "blundering and interfering head of Lieutenant General Gehlen, chief of the OG."

Gehlen's response was prompt. He placed a price of a million dollars on Wollweber's head without making further comment. Both offers still stand.

The offer of a million dollars for him goaded Wollweber still more. True, he considered himself worth far more as a master spy than Gehlen. What irritated him was that the OG, operating on a paltry $6,000,000 a year compared to his own $40,000,000, could offer a reward four times greater.

Wollweber's wrath was focussed on the beautiful Hansi. He blamed her for the events leading to the disclosure of his two "perfect" listening posts in West Berlin and Bonn.

Hansi Stagel was never brought to trial. She died in a cell with a cyanide capsule crushed between her perfect white teeth. The official verdict of the OG was suicide. Perhaps it was. Although she might have been forced to take the capsule, Wollweber's usual method of execution is by bullet.

With a million on his head, Wollweber today is more ruthless and murderous than when he became head of the SSD five years ago. He shows his contempt for US, French and British counterespi-

onage agents and the OG in particular by his personally performed executions in West Berlin. Daring he may be, but he is never careless. His killings are planned to the last detail and, usually with the aid of Hans the Hawk, meticulously timed.

Having little patience with kidnaping, Wollweber, on direct orders from the Politburo, is sometimes compelled to make exceptions. One of these was the Russian *émigré* leader Dr. Truschnovitch, whom the Communists wanted brought back behind the Iron Curtain for propaganda purposes.

Wollweber and Hans the Hawk, with the assistance of a burly double agent, Wolfgang Hofer, apparently working for American Intelligence but in reality an SSD man, skillfully abducted Truschnovitch in West Berlin and spirited him to the Soviet sector. The Russian *émigré* leader has not been heard from since.

Another kidnaping staged by Wollweber was far more spectacular. It involved the abduction of Dr. Otto John, chief of West Germany's Office for the Protection of the Constitution, the German equivalent of our FBI, who naturally knew many important secrets.

Wollweber looked at this assignment as a fine opportunity to embarrass the OG and he made his usual exacting preparations. In addition to Hans the Hawk and Wolfgang Hofer he enlisted the service of an SSD agent named Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemuth, a friend of Otto John.

On July 19th, 1954, Wohlgemuth brought Wollweber incredible news. It would not be necessary to kidnap Otto John. He was willing to go over to the Communists of his own accord.

Wollweber changed his plans quickly. It might be a crafty plot for his own capture, but he daringly took the chance.

On the following night he slipped into West Berlin with Hans the Hawk. He went to the home of Wohlgemuth, his hand on the revolver in his pocket. He was ready to shoot his way out if it proved to be a trap. It wasn't. Otto John and Wohlgemuth were there waiting for them.

This time Wollweber did not use the S-Bahn. Hans the Hawk drove them to East Berlin.

It was a tremendous coup for Wollweber, a terrific blow to the allied intelligence services and the entire West. Dr. Schroder, German minister of the interior, declared that Otto John had been "enticed and outwitted" and offered half a million marks ($115,000) for the solution of the mystery.

Two men could talk, SSD agents of whom Wollweber was not entirely sure. One was Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemuth. He was in East Berlin. He promptly disappeared.

The other was Wolfgang Hofer. He was in West Berlin. On a self-assigned mission, Wollweber went to his room. The high executioner put the muzzle of his revolver to the side of Hofer's head close enough to leave powder marks and squeezed the trigger. The OG called it suicide.

Before the week was out Dr. Otto John was heard from. He made a speech over the Communist radio stating that he had gone to East Berlin voluntarily. He made one or two further speeches before he was swallowed by silence.

Eighteen months passed and then Dr. Otto John re-appeared in West Berlin declaring he had escaped. Having defected to the Communists, he had defected again to the West.

The most furious of all Communists when this occurred was Ernst Wollweber, the high executioner. He pointed out wrathfully that John's return to West Berlin was proof of what he had always said—the slightest suspicion should be immediately ended with a bullet.

This is something which, as usual, the world's deadliest spy, Wollweber, intends to attend to personally in the case of Dr. Otto John. This he has sworn to, openly, over the East Berlin radio.

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MUTO THE TENTH

Continued from page 17

than any words could have been. Two of the women shrank away—but the third stood straight and tall in the shadows. Then she stepped forward into the light of the doorway.

"Were you looking for me, Muto?" she said.

For long moments the man could only stand speechless, staring at the girl. From some long-unopened chest she had salvaged a ball gown of red velvet. In that wrecked hut on the deserted island she stood out like a living flame. But Muto scarcely saw the dress, only the bare warmth of her arms and the round flesh of her bosom that rose from the low neck of the gown.

"Yes—come—come with me," he said in a hoarse whisper, stumbling forward to take her arm and drag her to the ground. As he pulled her out of the hut, her eyes rested for a moment on a heap of boards that lay just inside the doorway. The other two women caught her glance and nodded slightly. As soon as Muto's footsteps had died away they pulled at the boards and took out the knife and ax concealed there.

They were about to write the last chapter in the terrible history of Clipperton Island.

NAMED after John Clipperton, the English pirate who had his base there, Clipperton Island had a bloody past. It is a barren flyspeck 600 miles west of Mexico, in the otherwise empty Pacific Ocean. Various countries have occupied and claimed it—including the United States during the Mexican War. Mexico claimed that Cortez had discovered the island so it rightly belonged to her. Toward the end of the 19th century she enforced that claim by sending a gunboat there. The three inhabitants, an Englishman, a German and a Frenchman, were thrown off and the Mexican flag raised over Clipperton Rock.

That's the way things stayed for several years. The Mexican flag gradually blew itself to pieces in the wind and only an occasional ship visited the island. The sea birds still nested there as they had done for centuries and the bright sands burned in the sun.

Then, in 1905, those same sea birds brought industry to the forgotten island. Ships appeared once more in the lagoon and machinery was noisily brought ashore. A company had been organized to mine the great deposits of guano (sea bird droppings rich in nitrates) that covered the island. Thirty people were brought in to work the deposits. These included a small detachment of soldiers and a young Mexican army officer, Captain Ramon de Arnaud.

Years went by slowly and the new company prospered. Some of the workers married and brought their wives back to the island. Families were started. Finally even Captain de Arnaud was married and in 1914 returned from leave with his bride, Alicia.

This lovely young woman could think of better places for a honeymoon than a barren island, but she was too much in love to complain. She tried to make a pleasant home there, but it was an almost hopeless task. She couldn't fight the sun-blasted sand and rock. Eight coconut palms grew in a clump—and nothing else. There was not a blade of grass, not a single shrub. There was just about enough water to drink, but none for watering gardens. Three times a year the supply ships from Mexico pulled into the lagoon and left food.

The days on Clipperton Island were an unchanging monotony. Then one day a ship was wrecked on Clipperton Rock. The islanders went wild with excitement.

This rock formed one end of the island and a light had been placed on it to warn shipping. In spite of the light a United States schooner was driven onto the rock and broken up by the sea.

The survivors were brought ashore and cared for by the Clipperton people until June when the USS *Cleveland* stopped at the island to take them off. This too was a day of excitement. Everyone came down to the dock to wave good-by as the ship pulled out.

They would have acted differently, however, if they had known that for most of them this was the last ship they would ever see.

Because the world completely forgot Clipperton Island.

In Europe World War I had started and the nations involved were soon locked in the death struggle.

And in Mexico, the revolution had begun. Fighting surged back and forth over the country. In Mexico City, a municipal clerk was killed, his record books trampled to the floor. Buildings were fired and their paper files completely burned. All record of Clipperton Island was soon destroyed and as far as anyone was concerned, the island had never existed.

Cut off as they were, the islanders had no idea of what was happening in the world. They worked hard, lived as happily as they could, and looked forward to the next ship bringing their supplies and news of the outside world.

The ship didn't come. Captain de Arnaud explained that delays were always possible and that there was no reason for alarm. But he quietly put a 24-hour guard on the food supplies.

At the end of four months there were still some supplies left and the next supply ship was due. Surely it would come

this time. The islanders were happy again and spent most of their time watching for the ship.

But one by one the days slipped by and slow realization forced itself upon them. They were alone. The world had forgotten them.

"We must do what we can with what we have," Captain de Arnaud grimly told his wife. "I will ration the food for as long as it lasts."

"Of course, darling," Alicia agreed with a smile. "I am sure some ship will stop here."

Yet in their hearts they both knew how slim the chances were.

By March, 1915, the food was almost gone. Captain de Arnaud moved a cot into the warehouse and slept next to the dwindling supplies. The islanders grew panicky and tried to capture the warehouse one night, sure that de Arnaud was hoarding the food for himself. The captain tried to reason with them; then fired a rifle into the mob when they tried to rush him. The survivors fled, leaving two men dead on the ground. The dead men were the lucky ones.

In April the last scrap of food was gone and the hungry people turned to what they could find on the island. They ate fish and sea birds—anything they could catch, even the hideous landcrabs with their vile odor. Captain de Arnaud took charge of the eight coconut palms and rationed the fruit. One coconut per person per week.

It wasn't enough. Starvation crept up on the islanders until they were stumbling skeletons. Then the horrors of scurvy began. Their teeth loosened and fell out. One by one the people began to die.

De Arnaud ignored his own troubles and looked after the dying community. Alicia tried to help him, but she was expecting a baby soon and was too weak to do much. Every morning, before beginning the unending search for food, Captain de Arnaud would climb painfully to the rock ledge overlooking the lagoon. Only when he was sure no ship was in sight would he stumble back down.

In June the hot season began, and it was in June he finally saw the ship. He knuckled his swollen eyes—but it was still there. A steamer, close by the island, and clearly visible through the morning mist. Stumbling and falling, de Arnaud ran back to the settlement.

"A ship—there's a ship out there! We must reach her!" he shouted.

MOST of the survivors were too weak to row to the ship, but the three strongest men and de Arnaud managed to launch the small rowboat. With painful strokes they forced it across the glassy waters of the lagoon, Alicia dragged herself to the ledge above the beach to watch.

When they reached the coral reef outside the lagoon the first giant breakers hit them. The tiny boat managed to ride over the first one. The next wave overturned and crushed them.

From the ledge, Alicia saw the entire thing and screamed. She knew how useless the attempt had been.

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rescue craft had been only a mirage, an aberration of de Arnaud's fevered brain.

The four dead men and fragments of the broken boat washed ashore later.

With the death of Captain de Arnaud the will to live seemed to go out of the others. They had leaned on his strength, believing in him to the last. Now he was dead and so were their hopes of rescue.

A week later there were only 10 people left alive on Clipperton Island. Alicia de Arnaud and Tirza Randon, 19, were both expecting babies. Allagracia Quiroz, also 19, was the only one to help them look after the six surviving children. That made nine.

The tenth was Muto. Muto was the half-mad keeper of the light on Clipperton Rock. He never mixed with the other islanders. He slept on the concrete platform of the light and used to come down once in a while for his food, but that was his only contact with them. When the supplies ran out he had stayed away, catching fish and sea birds for himself. No one knew if he was alive or dead—or cared in the slightest.

But Muto was alive and keeping close watch on the survivors.

Then the hurricane hit, a smashing storm, the worst one that had ever touched the island. To the women it was the final calamity. The buildings were blown down and they sought shelter in the ruins. The effort to stay alive during the storm brought on labor for both women and their babies were born at its height.

The struggle for life went on. The three women were too weak to build any real shelter. All they could do was drag together some of the boards of the old houses to make a crude lean-to. Their days were an endless round of scratching for food, then falling into an exhausted sleep at dusk.

Only gradually did they realize that the worst was over. Since there were now fewer people to feed, the eight palm trees produced enough coconuts to keep the survivors from getting scurvy. And they were becoming skillful at catching birds and fish. Some of the children actually began putting on weight.

Before they had a chance to appreciate this, however, Muto entered their lives.

LITTLE was known about him except that he had been placed there by the government to take care of the light. The islanders had never seen much of him before and he was considered half mad. That was true. But suffering and starvation had eaten away whatever shards of sanity he had left, and he felt that the islanders had deliberately left him to starve. He wanted his revenge.

Muto had always been afraid of the men. He watched the settlement steadily and it slowly penetrated his fogged mind that the men were gone. When he was sure of it, he acted.

At night, he slipped down from his concrete perch and stalked the settlement with an open knife in his hand. Like some monstrous animal, he sniffed through the ruins, finding all the long-discarded weapons. The guns and rifles were rusted and useless; he took them anyway. He collected all the swords, knives and daggers the dead men had left behind.

When he had all the weapons, the madman felt safe in facing the helpless women. It was an apparition of sheer terror that broke into their shelter that first night.

"I am Muto!" he screamed at the horrified women. "I am King of Clipperton!" He shook his rusty collection of weapons at them and laughed hysterically. They cowered from the dirt-encrusted monster.

In the beginning Muto did no more than beat them when they got in his way. He demanded food. They had enough to supply their own needs, and with extra work they managed to get enough for him. They could hear the "King" poking about the ruins before going to his secret sleeping spot. Every night they would huddle together in terror while the children sobbed themselves to sleep.

THEN Muto remembered he was a man and the final suffering descended on the helpless women.

Allagracia was fishing by herself in a deserted cove. The women had few clothes left so they took care of what they had. While she fished in the knee-deep water she laid her dress carefully on the rocks. This is the way Muto found her—full young body, nude and golden, bent over the blue waters of the Pacific.

She looked up and tried to cover her body. She had time only to scream once . . .

When the girl did not return in the evening, Alicia went out to search for her. She found Allagracia's clothes on the rocks and thought she had been drowned. A low sobbing led her to the half-conscious girl. One glance was enough to show her what had happened.

After that Muto was never out of their minds. He appeared during the day and demanded his food, striking them if they didn't move fast enough. At night he vanished. They never found the spot where he slept. And every once in a while he would break into their shelter at night and carry one of the women off with him. The others could only watch in helpless horror.

For almost three years their lives continued like this, a nightmare without end. At first they had hoped that a ship would come, but then they even abandoned this hope.

Alicia, the widow of Captain de Arnaud, was the one who finally fixed Muto. It was a night like all the others, yet she couldn't sleep. She stood outside their wretched hut and watched the stars in the dark Pacific sky. Her memory rushed back to the moment she had first seen the stars like that; the first night on the island with her husband Ramon de Arnaud. And now she existed only to suffer the brute attentions of the half-animal Muto. Something seemed to break inside her and she cried alone in the darkness.

When the spasm had passed she knew things couldn't continue. Life with Muto had become intolerable. Entering the hut, Alicia quietly awoke the other two women and led them out so the sleeping children wouldn't be awakened.

"I cannot go on," she told them, "I would rather die than go on living with that filthy *cabron* always near us. We must kill *him*. Will you help me?"

The women did not need much convincing. They had all suffered the "King's" attentions. Tirza remembered something.

"Arturito found a knife last week," she said. "I made him bury it because I was afraid Muto would see it and get angry."

"Find the knife," Alicia told her. "And we will have the children search the ruins for more weapons. We need arms and a plan."

The knife was sharpened with an ancient file and hidden with the ax, the only other weapon they could find. Then Alicia explained her plan.

"You two have the easiest part," she told them. "All you have to do is kill the monster. It is I who will have to make it possible."

From a chest she had dug out of the ruins of her former home, Alicia took a lovely red gown. "I was wearing this the night I first met Ramon," she said. "I don't think he would mind if I wore it again."

This time it was no handsome young army officer who saw her in the gown, it was the Mad King of Clipperton. His dazed brain couldn't realize that there was any plan in her wearing the gown. All he could see was the erect young body that the dress covered, yet revealed. Then he was pulling her into the darkness.

Always before, the women had fought him, now this one came willingly. He did not see the two women who followed in the shadows nor the glint of moonlight on steel.

Tirza and Allagracia crept along the beach, their bare feet silent on the sand. They found Alicia's dress, crumpled where it had fallen. Behind some rocks they had a quick glimpse of her white limbs and Muto's back. Alicia had done her part and now they must do theirs. Three years ago such barbarism wouldn't have been possible. Now they had the will to do it.

They raised their weapons . . .

IN the morning Alicia bathed in the lagoon, trying to wash the pollution from her. She dried herself and dressed slowly. The others were still asleep and she wanted to be alone. Before her was the same hill that her husband used to climb every morning at dawn. For some reason, she decided to climb to the top. When she had reached the summit she turned and looked toward the sea.

For a moment she thought her heart would stop.

A ship was coming in, heading for the lagoon. Only when the sharp echoes of its steam whistle rocketed from the cliffs did she believe her eyes. Running and falling, getting up and running again, she fled down the hill.

Lieutenant R. E. Kerr, in charge of the landing boat, wondered why only three women were on shore, plus a band of ragged children. Only when they began to explain did he realize what had happened. He quickly put the handful of survivors in his boat and ferried them back to the ship, the US gunboat *Yorktown*. Alicia de Arnaud told the entire tragic story to the captain of the ship, Commander H. P. Perrill.

"This man Muto," he finally burst out, "we must have him in irons at once."

"That won't be necessary," Alicia told him quietly, "he died only last night. I will show you where his body is."

Perrill and Kerr followed Alicia ashore, looking at the ruin of what had once been a prosperous community—the rusty rails and overturned cars of the guano diggings, the splintered shelter where the women and children had lived for so long. They walked to one small shelter separated from the others.

"Muto is in there," Alicia said. Something in her voice made both men stop for a moment before they entered the shadowed hut.

Muto lay there dead, covered with clotted blood from a hundred wounds on his back and throat. A bloodstained ax and knife lay next to the body. The Navy men looked at each other, then silently left the hut.

"Lieutenant Kerr," the commander said, "when you prepare the final report you will enter the cause of death for this man Muto as scurvy."

Alicia de Arnaud said nothing. Neither did she turn back for a single look at the island where she had lived so long. Aboard the *Yorktown* she spoke to the commander.

"After all these years," she said, "you were just one day too late." In her eyes was the memory of those years of terror. "But perhaps it was better this way."

She went below then and came on deck only after Clipperton Island had faded below the horizon. ♦♦♦

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LADIES' NIGHT IN MURDER, INC.

Continued from page 29

had a chance to atone for standing up the lady. He and Sal went to the electric chair too soon.

MRS. Tootsie Feinstein was a curly-haired wide-eyed darling who, as later developed had nothing to be ashamed of in a bathing suit. Tootsie, her husband, was one of Lepke's most trusted hands, deep in the murder and rackets. Too deep for him, in fact, for, on May 10, 1939, he said he was fed up and he was going straight. He said it loud enough to be heard, and that was a mistake.

That very evening, Tootsie's close pal, Charlie the Bug Workman, stopped in at the apartment. He nodded a hello to Mrs. Tootsie, then turned to his old chum.

"I got something on my mind," he said. "How about taking a ride?" Tootsie saw no reason not to help a friend with a problem, even though he had renounced the way of life the friend practiced.

Charlie drove Tootsie to Lyndhurst, N. J. There he was murdered and buried in the lime-lined gang graveyard the mob maintained on the banks of the placid Passaic River. The boys liked Tootsie. They felt sorry he had to go. But when a mob member suffered pangs of honesty, there always was the risk that his conscience might feel like explaining trade secrets to the Law.

Mrs. Tootsie was obliging enough not to make a point of the absence of her helpmeet to the police. The boys felt some solace should be tendered her, both for her loss and the fact that she did not mention the intimate details thereof out loud. Shortly after she had seen the last of Tootsie, the doorbell rang one day. She pressed the buzzer which unlocked the inner door of the apartment's downstairs lobby. But no one came up. Mystified, Mrs. Tootsie went to her living-room window and peered out. On the sidewalk, a man was looking up. As her face appeared, he beckoned. Mrs. Tootsie traipsed downstairs. The man thrust an envelope into her hand, muttered something about, "Tootsie is all right," and meandered off. Imagine Mrs. Tootsie's surprise when she opened the envelope, and found $50 in United States currency!

About a week later, the episode was repeated; and every week thereafter, for a considerable period of time. She always went downstairs to meet the messenger. (An attractive young widow, living alone, can't be too careful about inviting gentleman callers into her apartment.)

Allie Tannenbaum recited this tale in detail for us when he started to talk. "I knew Mrs. Tootsie very good," he said. So, Mrs. Tootsie was invited in as a material witness. It was a memorable occasion—the first anniversary of the day on which Tootsie had disappeared. She wore costly jewelry and tasteful clothing. She spoke in modulated tones. She was, you might say, every inch the lady. And she evinced a complete lack of worry over why Tootsie no longer took his breakfast coffee with her.

"And," she said of her weekly envelope, "I don't know where the money comes from. I don't know any of the men who brought it. And I don't know who my husband went out with that night."

Most of all, she denied that she had ever even heard of Bug Workman and Allie and their wives. Allie was brought into the room.

"I," was Mrs. Tootsie's disdainful comment, "never saw him before."

Allie's sensitive nature was affronted. "She's a damned liar," he retorted, his chronic pained expression even more tormented than usual. "I delivered the first fifty to her, and some after that. She knows all the boys." He thought for a moment; then he brightened a bit, and he said, "I can prove it, too."

At his suggestion, a package was dug from among his belongings—a roll of 16 mm. movie film. We ran it off. It was fine, clear action of a group at play on a white beach, swinging golf clubs on a palm-fringed course, and similar pleasant pastimes. Among the cavorters were Charlie the Bug and Mrs. Workman and Allie and his bride, and even Lepke's partner, Gurrah. And, flitting in and out of scenes like a hummingbird in shorts, was a lady who looked remarkably like Mrs. Tootsie! The abridged creation adorned her charms in a manner to indicate she was not one to hide her equipment, of which she possessed better-than-average stock. Evidently, Gurrah noticed it, too. The pictures showed him lighting her cigarette and otherwise being quite the attentive gallant. It was just as well, perhaps, that Mrs. G. was not on hand.

It seems that in order to make it easier to stand Tootsie's absence, Mrs. Tootsie had gone to Florida when the rest of the mob headed south that winter. Allie was there, as usual, and Allie had become an amateur photography fan. He brought his camera to the beach and here and there, and took a lot of pictures of all his pals, their wives and their playmates, rollicking and romping. No wonder Allie felt so hurt over Mrs. Tootsie saying she did not know him.

We ran through the entire film for the "unknowing" lady. From end to end, she evinced no reaction to the lady on the screen cavorting with the hoodlums. When the lights went up, Mrs. Tootsie looked at us as cooly as before.

"I don't know any of those men," she repeated flatly. "I never saw them in my

life." And, she added, she was not at all sure that it was even she in that picture.

All in all, Mrs. Tootsie was about as exasperating as any female could be. As a conversational opponent, her "footwork" was as slick as a boxing champion's.

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"Why did he go? For how long?"

Shrugs.

"Did you report his absence to the Missing Persons Bureau?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I expected him to come back."

"Weren't you worried?"

"Not worried. I was concerned some."

"Where did the money come from every week?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever ask the man who brought the fifty dollars about your husband?"

"At first. He said, 'Tootsie's okay.' So, I stopped asking."

That was what floored us—that utter lack of normal wifely curiosity about her missing husband, from whom she had heard not a word for one year. There were those of us who were mean enough to suspect that, perhaps, that weekly delivery of US currency had warped her memory, to say nothing of playing tricks on her eyesight.

At any rate, Mrs. Tootsie was the complete antithesis of the usual run of the Ladies' Auxiliary, who mourned their consorts so passionately, with or without benefit of clergy. Here was a widow, complete with marriage license, ring, and, it is assumed, honeymoon, whose grief—or lack of it—so affected her that she could not even recognize herself prancing around in a bathing suit as big as two handkerchiefs, with the very murderers who had made her a widow.

THERE is nothing new about women and gangsters getting together. The "weaker sex" have long picked cutthroats for partners with no less evident enjoyment than those who lean to schoolteachers and librarians. There have been bobbed-haired bandits; pistol-packing deadshot gals smoking cigar for cigar with bankrobber boy friends; women in men's clothes whose ideas on fashion centered more on the built-in shoulder holster than the plunging neckline and strapless bra.

The gunmen of Murder, Inc., however, did not hold with gang girl friends as business partners. They may have been modern in the art of skulduggery, but, for social pleasures, they were of the old-fashioned school which believes woman's place is in the home. Or in a gilded cage, anyway. I don't recall one of the Ladies' Auxiliary pretties who had a hand in the business—whose dainty fingers dipped in the blood. The killers did not mix business and pleasure.

That is what made that brisk fall evening in 1935 all the more memorable. Perhaps there had come a time when the policy of exclusion piqued the girls; or maybe the boys just decided that the girls ought to get a break. At any rate, a gala affair was arranged, a special ceremony. That was Ladies' Night in Murder, Inc.!

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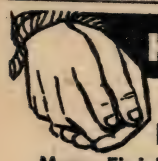

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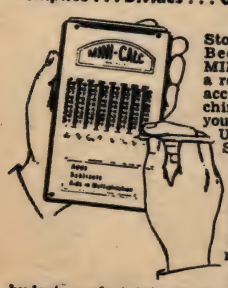

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some months before, when Hy Kasner was placed in a burlap bag, tied very attractively at the neck. The sack was dropped into a sewer in lower Brooklyn, obviously on the assumption that by the time the currents had done tossing it about, it might come up in the Azores, if at all. The tides, however, did not cooperate. The bag, and contents, flushed into open water and was spotted while still practically touching the shoreline. It was fished out at the junction of Jamaica Bay and Fresh Creek Basin, a narrow inlet stabbing two miles into southeastern Brooklyn.

This was, understandably, most embarrassing for those who had done in poor Hy. It was even more embarrassing, when, in no time at all, the grapevine reported the identities of the executioners. They were named as Jack Elliott, a tough, dangerous professional bodyguard and burglar; Joey Amberg, a narcotics distributor and somewhat influential racketeer, and Frankie Tietlebaum, a well-known Manhattan thug.

Just what caused the upheaval which resulted in Kasner holding the bag—and winding up in it—is not officially known. It might have been a holdover vendetta from the war between the East's leading alcohol combination and Waxey Gordon in the early thirties. At any rate, each of the killers had served in the pooled army which had been recruited to combat Waxey. Amberg was a Bug & Meyer mobster, Elliott was a loner who had done work for Buggsy Siegel personally, and Tietlebaum was a Lepke killer.

Not long before his death, Kasner had become an associate in the organization of Albert Anastasia and Louis Capone. No matter what he had been before, he was now one of their men. Albert was naturally incensed when his new hand ended up as a bag job in a sewer. The board of governors of the still-new Syndicate was urgently requested to do something about it. The three perpetrators were so very well connected, though, that a near-crisis resulted. It was intensified by the fact that Joey Amberg was an associate of Joey Adonis.

"Joey A. had an interest with Amberg in some lines," was the way Reles put it. These included food markets and a part of the Brooklyn clothing industry.

The kangaroo court studied the case at length. "A lot of pressure was put on Ben Siegel and Joey A.," Reles went on. The Kid himself was "away" at the time —making one of his rare visits to prison. But, he hastened to add, his co-workers kept him abreast of business progress.

"Pep [Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss] come to see me," he recalled. "He tells me, 'They are putting heat on to hit Amberg, but Joey A. likes him and wants they should leave him alone.' But the heat is too much," the Kid concluded. "They finally get the okay. Ben and the rest got to go along."

The reprisals for Kasner's demise had to be taken one at a time, as convenience and developments dictated. Joey Amberg was first in line, since he spent most of his time around Brooklyn. The other two were intermittent "traveling men." Some two months after Hy Kasner was dropped into a sewer, the program was launched.

Louis Capone summoned Happy, and, along with him, Philly and Red, two of the waterfront boys. Red, incidentally, was to be awarded a gangland extermination himself within seven months of this incident.

Joey Amberg was lured into a garage a short step from what is now the magnificent four-block-square Brownsville slum-clearance project. In those days, that particular garage was run by a partnership, one-half of which happened to be Pittsburgh Phil. Joey had his chauffeur, Mannie Kessler, with him when he was steered into the place, which was, indeed, unfortunate for Mannie. When

Joey was stood up against the wall, there was nothing to do but line the chauffeur up with him. Then the firing squad opened up. The heads of both men were all but blown apart. Three rivulets of blood oozed from holes in Joey and trickled across the garage floor, into the water drain. The gunmen did not even wait for the bodies to hit the floor.

Twelve days after Joey Amberg was mowed down in 1935, the revengeful gangsters caught up with the second of Hy Kasner's killers—Frankie Tietlebaum.

It was decided a bag job was in order, so that the motive would not be mistaken as any but the one intended. The mobsters, though, did treat Frankie to a wardrobe trunk instead of a burlap sack, and instead of dumping him into a sewer, they left the trunk under a bridge in Manhattan. It was suspected that the assassins had made a mathematical error —that after getting Frankie into the trunk, they discovered it was too large to stuff into a sewer.

JACK Elliott was, by far, the toughest of Kasner's killers to corner. A swarthy barrel-chested man, Elliott was a cold, methodical criminal who sprang from the Brooklyn waterfront. Although a loner, he was known all over mobdom. Once Al Capone practically begged him to take a job as one of his gunmen.

"I could use a fellow like you," the scarfaced crime boss of the Midway offered.

"Al," Elliott politely refused, "I work alone. I don't travel with an outfit."

Mostly, Jack's trade was as a hired protector. Sometimes he was a paid guard against holdups of gambling enterprises—either in Brooklyn buildings or aboard excursion boats plying from New York and Brooklyn to New Jersey seashore resorts. Occasionally, he hired out to guard a load of liquor in transit.

He had an excellent reputation for dependability. An affluent bookmaker once received a tip that he was going to be kidnaped. He signed Jack up to see that it did not happen. A day or so after beginning work, Elliott spotted two members of the mob eying him and his client as they walked along a street. Jack walked unhesitantly up to the gunmen.

"If you come within twenty feet of that guy, I'll knock you both off with one slug," he warned. He wasn't belligerent. It was more authoritative, like an umpire drawing a line in the dirt and telling an argumentative batsman, "Cross that, and you're out of the game."

The two hoodlums left at once. The next day, Jack was approached by some more of the boys—thugs he knew.

"Geez, Jack," they pleaded, "we're only trying to snatch the guy and you're in the way."

"That guy is paying me to take care of him, see," they were cautioned. "He's my property, and if you try to take my property, you guys know what'll happen." The mobsters changed their mind.

Respect or no, however, when he bucked the combination by helping to kill Kasner, he had to go. The executioners had to wander far from home base before they accomplished it. Finally, one night, Jack was locked inside his automobile on the

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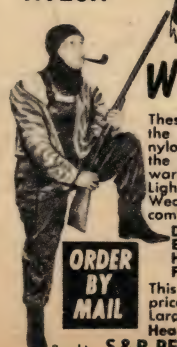

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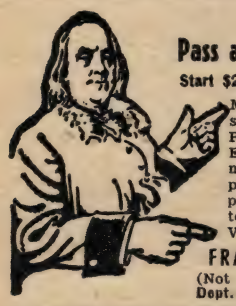

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Hackensack Flats in New Jersey. Then they set fire to the car—and forgot to let Jack out.

As might be expected, the deaths of the three stalwarts of the gun (with Joey Amberg's chauffeur thrown in for good measure) had repercussions in the underworld. It was generally agreed that it had to be done as a demonstration of the new Syndicate's determination to brook no deviation from its policy and law. However, there were some recalcitrants, and the loudest was Joey Amberg's brother, Pretty.

PRETTY'S first name was Louis. But his athletic build, his sleek hair and his well-cut features, which had the girls of his set swooning, made it a foregone conclusion that he would be called Pretty. He is not to be confused, of course, with Pretty Levine, who would never have dared object to anything the mob did. Not out loud, anyway.

Pretty Amberg was upset, naturally, that his brother had been shot full of holes. More distracting was the fact that Joey had been much the smarter of the two about business, and with Joey gone, it affected Pretty's pocketbook. At one time, Pretty had been one of Dutch Schultz's hired hands. He must have been bitten by the same bug that made the Dutchman a trigger-happy paranoiac. Like the Dutchman, Pretty talked too much. He knew Louis Capone had set up his brother's extermination, with the active directorial assistance of Pittsburgh Phil, in whose garage Joey had been executed. Pretty leveled his revenge at them, rather than at the actual triggermen, who were merely employes under orders. In the best Dutch Schultz manner, Pretty made what amounted to a public proclamation that he was "going to get Capone and Pep." The directors of Brooklyn, Inc., heard about it. Pretty's death warrant was sealed.

The boys realized Pretty would be suspicious of everyone connected in any way with the combination. As a result, it was decided to borrow a man from Lepke to maneuver Pretty into position for the "pop." This was a brand-new switch: the Brownsville killers, contract murderers, asking outside help on an assassination. Up stepped Lepke's staff extermination expert, Mendy Weiss, to insist he was the ideal man.

"Pretty won't go with nobody but me—he likes me," the hulking hood volunteered. "I'll steer him; he'll never get wise."

Mendy had just the place, too. Pretty would not go near Brownsville or Ocean Hill. No one knew better than he that those neighborhoods were entirely enemy-held. The site Mendy had in mind was in the vicinity of the plaza leading to the Williamsburg Bridge over the East River. This was as close as you could come to Manhattan and still be in Brooklyn. On the fringe of the plaza was a club run by a friend of Mendy—a character who was not at all particular about the uses made of his premises. The bulky thug got in touch with Pretty one mild evening and suggested a visit to his friend's club. "It's no trip at all," he promised. "Right the other side of the bridge. We're there in ten minutes." That suited Pretty.

At the club, Mendy's friend, the proprietor, invited them into the office for a drink. The libation, however, was never poured. Two of Mendy's confederates were waiting there, and all went to work hacking on Pretty with sharp instruments.

It was decided to dump Pretty's not-so-pretty remains on one of the dark, lightly traveled side streets near the Brooklyn Navy Yard, only a mile or so away. To forestall identification, what was left of the cut-up gangster would be locked in a car over which liberal quantities of gasoline would be poured. A match would then be dropped on the pyre. The cutthroats selected North Elliott Place, narrow and only one block long, which faces on a small patch of green called City Park. Not until the rite was over would it be likely to attract the attention of a curious policeman, who might object to holding a cremation in an automobile on a public street.

It was then that someone got the inspiration. At least, that is what we were told, five years later. At that moment, an undying paragraph was written in the chronicle of crime and chivalry. Heretofore, the fair companions of the torpedoes had been summarily shunted from all business matters. Here was the chance to make up to the pretties for it. Why not hold an occasion for them? Why not a Ladies' Night in Murder, Inc.? The idea met with immediate enthusiastic endorsement.

Just how "Miss Murder, Inc.," was chosen, our informants no longer knew. That was relatively unimportant, anyway. And the "Oscar" to the winner? Why . . . the lucky lovely was permitted to touch the match to the gasoline-soaked car containing the well-hacked body of Pretty Amberg! Could she ask more? It went off beautifully, too.

Some of the stoolpigeons advised us that this Queen of Ladies' Night felt so signally honored, she bragged about it for months afterward. Two women still in Brooklyn were mentioned as possible sources of additional details. They had known all the boys well; some intimately. During an eight-hour interrogation, they filled in some of the circumstances of this memorable event.

Both have long since turned in their membership cards in the Ladies' Auxiliary, so there is no reason to identify them by name here. Had the mob known they were talking to us, neither would have lived for very long. Both were brunette, and both were, as they say, well stacked in the matter of feminine accouterment. Yet, both earnestly conceded that, on looks alone, the shellacked blonde who was Miss Murder, Inc., had it all over them.

They explained, too, that the rest of the girls gave the winner the nickname of Hot Foot. When her back was turned, the less sportsmanlike altered this to Hot Tomato.

"They," the brunettes insisted, "were just sore losers."

If the Ladies' Auxiliary had been a Greek letter sorority on some college campus, with secret handshake and, maybe, Friday night pajama parties, Evelyn

Mittelman could not have been ignored for high office. Treasurer, perhaps. Any sweet young thing who could round up the collection of jewels Evelyn did, traveling in the company Evelyn kept, would certainly qualify to handle the exchequer.

They called Evelyn "the Kiss of Death Girl," and that came close to being the understatement of the year. Being her boy friend around that time was like advertising for a violent end.

Evelyn started out as a luscious blonde from Brooklyn's Williamsburg section in the early thirties. Even then she caught the eye and held the memory. Nine years later, when she burst into our investigation, Eddie Zeltner, the *New York Daily Mirror's* veteran columnist, recalled her from those days.

"I KNEW Evelyn ten years ago, when she was just sixteen," wrote Eddie, "a gorgeous blonde who used to come from Williamsburg to Coney Island to swim, and dance in the cellar clubs which are grammar schools for gangsters."

Evelyn moved quickly from the grammar schools. When she was eighteen, she turned up in California, with a fellow named Hy Miller gaga about her. There came a night when she and Hy were at a dance hall, and another young man came along, took one look at Evelyn, and was smitten. This romantic impulse led to one word, and another, and pretty soon, there was a heated discussion. The newly smitten swain claimed Hy had insulted Evelyn. There was a fight—and Miller became Evelyn's "late" boy friend. Two or three years later, she reappeared in Brooklyn, tall and statuesque, with another consort in tow—one Robert Feurer. One night, at another dance, she caught the eye of Sol Goldstein, who was known through the mobs as Jack, and who had good connections in the lush wholesale fish-market rackets of lower Manhattan. Jack came over to talk to the lovely young thing, and Feurer did not like it. He not only said so to Jack, but to Evelyn as well. Jack said no one could give the lovely young lady a hard time like that while he was around. So, he up and killed Feurer. Exit another boy friend.

Jack took over as "top man." Then Pittsburgh Phil went to a dance one night and he saw Evelyn. He liked what he saw, and said so. And the same old scramble started. Jack complained that was no way for Pittsburgh Phil to behave, and that Evelyn should not act as if she liked it, either. Pittsburgh Phil thought this was an insult to a sweet, defenseless damsel. The two men repaired to a poolroom, and Pittsburgh Phil gave the boy friend a terrible beating with a billiard cue. It had the simultaneous effect of completely altering Jack's features and his romantic notions about the Kiss of Death Girl. To the victor, the spoils; Pittsburgh Phil moved in as the boy friend. Evelyn, who had been making steady progress, had really hit the big leagues this time—being sweetheart to the torpedo ranked as the most zealous killer of them all.

Battered as he was, Jack (or Sol), nevertheless, had managed to elude the usual fate that befell his predecessors who fought to hold Evelyn's favor. Jack's

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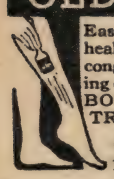

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mother was glad he broke off with the Kiss of Death, and was even happier when, a short time later, he stopped running with the mob. The change was effected after he met Helen, who was the daughter of a used-car dealer in Cleveland.

"Sol is away from the tough boys at last," said his mother contentedly to his sister.

That was in the summer of 1936, and one day in July, the pleased parent received word that Sol and Helen were married, and were honeymooning at Glen Wild, a pretty spot in the Catskills, off the beaten path of vacationing crowds. Weeks passed, then months—and there was no further word from the love-birds. Sol's mother began to worry. Eventually, she got in touch with Helen, although the bride was not easy to find.

"What happened? I haven't heard from Sol in months," asked the anxious mother. Tears came to the eyes of the pretty wife.

"I don't know," she cried. "We were in our room getting dressed for the Saturday night dance, when the phone rang and he answered it. A little while later, some men drove up. Sol said he'd be back in a few minutes. I haven't seen him since."

Through the ominous silence of the following weeks, the frantic mother went nearly wild. After two months, she set out for the mountains, to do some checking on her own. And the first thing she discovered there was that Sol's bride was not nearly as upset as she expected a bride stranded on her honeymoon would be. In fact, as she reported later, there was Helen entertaining in a cottage practically next door to the honeymoon nest she had shared with her bridegroom. Gone, too, was the broken-hearted front.

"Sol was thrown into a lake," Helen explained in a matter-of-fact recital, when she had pulled herself from the boys and girls at her party.

For four long years, mystery and silence surrounded the disappearance of the son who had made his mother so happy when he stopped running with the tough boys, and took up with a "nice girl." Then, in 1940, Allie and Pretty Levine told the minute details of a contract on a man they knew only as "Jack," and Reles filled in the missing identification. Reles could always be depended on for such incidental intelligence. His fellow felons seemed forever to have been apprising him of the fulfilment of plans and contracts. The Kid was the "big ear" of the troop into which all of them dumped their autobiographical trash.

What had happened was this:

At the end of July, in 1936, just about the time Sol was starting his honeymoon, his name came up back in Brooklyn. A contract was received from Manhattan. Louis Capone said it was to eliminate Sol for the ruthless extortionist who controlled the rackets at the tremendous Fulton Fish Market in downtown Manhattan. This municipally owned marketplace is the second largest wholesale fish market in the United States. It does more than a quarter of a billion dollars of business each year, distributing denizens of salt and fresh water to retailers as far away as Mississippi and Indiana.

In the mid-thirties, the fish market boss was indicted by a federal grand jury for monopolistic control of fish sent from Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan,

"I have no regrets, brother. I've had a full and happy 29 years."

Ohio and Canada. His outfit controlled the market and the prices, the indictment said; his strong-arms beat up buyers, wrecked trucks, dumped fish and threw stink bombs or acid to keep dealers in line. In looking about him, he apparently realized that Sol, who had ambitions on the Fulton Market take himself before he stopped running with the tough boys, could be a dangerous witness. That is why Sol's name came up in Brownsville while he was honeymooning in the Catskills.

At the end of July, Louis Capone summoned Pretty Levine to the Corner. "Go up to Loch Sheldrake in the mountains, where Pep is staying, to do some work," he directed. "Pep will tell you."

Pretty and Dukey Maffetori drove to the Catskills and found not only Pittsburgh Phil, but Mikey Syckoff and Jack Cutler, another of the boys. Pittsburgh Phil briefed his squad. It was necessary to get Sol away from the side of his bride. Pittsburgh Phil was exceptionally appreciative that he himself could not appear in the enticing. His billiard-parlor relations with Sol, or Jack, over Miss Mittelman, were not conducive to such familiarity. However, Jack would not recognize "the kids"—Pretty and Mikey and Cutler.

AT NINE P.M. on August 3, the phone rang in the cottage at Glen Wild, just as Jack was tying his silk cravat for the evening dance. Whatever bait the kids used, it drew a bite, for Sol thought the message important enough to warrant leaving the side of his bride. A car with three men in it pulled up in front of the cottage. Sol got in, and the automobile drove off. The bride saw that much from the window.

Sol made one vital mistake, aside, that is, from entering the car at all. He should not have sat in the back seat, between two of the kids. One of them mugged him—grabbed him from behind and held him with forearm gripped around his throat. As Sol squirmed, Pretty brought out a hammer he had concealed, and struck him a hard, but not fatal, blow on the head, rendering him unconscious. Pretty was under very specific—and most unusual—orders not to do any permanent damage.

"Just snatch the bum and bring him here," Pittsburgh Phil had instructed most pointedly. "Don't knock him off."

To Phil, nothing could provide a more delightful situation—a personal score and a contract at the same time. The "kids" delivered their inert package to him at the rear of his hotel. There the master murderer finished what he had started in the poolroom. Perhaps he was thinking of Evelyn. He put special artistry into his roping. He packaged his bound victim in a blanket and toted the bundle to the lake shore, where Allie and Jack Drucker were waiting in a rowboat. They paddled out to the center of the lake and Phil personally threw the blanketed bundle overboard.

Now, there were some who poohpoohed the influence of romance on this matter; they maintain it was strictly business. But that does not account for Pittsburgh Phil's strange and explicit or-

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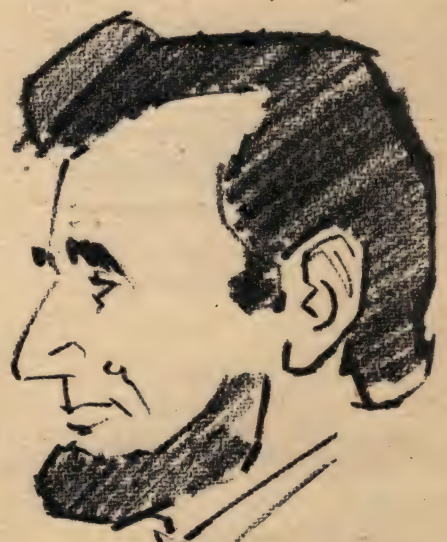

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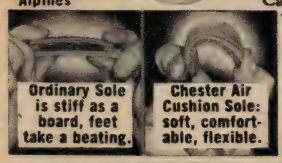

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ders to bring Sol back alive, or his insistence that he rope the victim himself, and personally dump him out where it was nice and deep. He had taken Evelyn from Sol and was now head man in her life. This had heart interest all over it. This was more than a contract for Pep; it was a pleasure. And when he had completed the double-barreled mission, there was another dead ex-boy friend of the Kiss of Death Girl.

For nearly five years after that, the score remained unchanged. In fact, nothing much happened, except that about every time Evelyn went up to Sullivan County's resorts with Pep, by strange coincidence, a murder would follow the visit. Pep always was an unusual fellow that way.

Just to please Phil, Evelyn converted from a golden blonde to a raven brunette. When they walked down the street, the boys and girls would sigh after them. More than one housewife pointed and remarked, "Don't they make a handsome couple?" And her hard-working, sometimes harried, husband would grunt in reply.

Then, in 1940, Pittsburgh Phil was thrown into jail. He had suffered that indignity before—only this time, he did not come out overnight. We began to get information on so many murders in which he had his homicidal hands, that it struck us it was a wonder Pep had had any time at all for romance.

WHILE he was languishing in the jailhouse, a striking brunette came to visit him on several occasions. She registered as his sister, Eva. None of us knew Eva personally, but it was unanimously agreed there was hardly a family resemblance between the lovely visitor and the kill-hungry hoodlum. So, on her next visit, "Eva" was picked up. She turned out to be none other than Evelyn, the Kiss of Death Girl.

Evelyn came in with three diamond rings and a bracelet blinking like neon lights. "Pep gave them to me," she remarked, and she said there were more such trinkets in the bank vault. We checked on the baubles. As Kid Twist had said, the Brownsville boys had an alliance with the Chicago gorillas on gem business as well as gambling in Florida. Pittsburgh Phil simply could have held out an occasional piece or two from a night's work, and brought them home to his love. Obviously, Pep was well aware that diamonds are a girl's best friend.

Evelyn explained that the reason she visited Pep in jail was because of telephone calls she received, instructing her to do so.

"I don't remember who it was who called," she insisted. "But he told me to deliver some message or get some message from Pep."

We had her held in $50,000 bail as a material witness, and immediate intense efforts were begun to get her out. She not only was close to Pittsburgh Phil, but was friendly with several of his associates —all members of the same club. Love or no love, any number of people might like to see her out of the way. Hadn't a lot of murders just happened when she went holidaying with Pep in the Catskills? Evelyn, however, was no girl to relish confinement. She went quickly into court, seeking to have her bail cut.

"She is a good, decent girl," her counsel contended. She looked it, too, a dashing dark (converted) beauty in her neat blue gown, her red pancake chapeau perched over one plucked eyebrow, black caracul coat tossed nonchalantly over her arm. A large man's-sized handkerchief, pressed demurely to her face, completely foiled the newspaper photographers.

"She knows all there is to know about how this Syndicate worked," I countered her attorney's argument.

"Can't your honor conceive," her counsel asked the court, "that this young lady, even though she may be the sweetheart of this man, might be the one person in the whole world who would know nothing at all of what he was doing?"

No, the court admitted frankly, it could not. Bail remained at $50,000. Evelyn stayed in the Women's House of Detention for six weeks, while we rounded up our case against Pittsburgh Phil. During her stay, she fell into the habit of putting down daily notes of her surroundings, experiences and impressions. These were, of course, turned over to the Prosecutor's office. Most of them centered on her complete inability to see why she was held. And she placed the blame for all her troubles entirely on one Burton Turkus, assistant District Attorney. She did not blame Pittsburgh Phil or anyone else in law enforcement—or herself. Through entry after entry, it was always that nasty "Mr. T., who put me here."

While she was still in custody, though, Evelyn suddenly saw the light. "Reles did the right thing from the start," she concluded. "Pep should do the same. He was stupid." She asked for permission to see Pittsburgh Phil, to urge him to open up.

Pep was granted an interview. Assistant D. A. John Rooney (now Congressman Rooney) talked to him. Pittsburgh Phil was perfectly willing to sing all right. He even suggested that after he talked to Reles, he'd recall everything. There was only one little wrinkle he attached.

"I got to walk out clean," was his demand. For unmitigated gall, that was a world's record. Here was the most lustful killer of them all; an assassin who had done a matter of thirty murders in sixteen cities (and those were only what we had been able to identify). And all he wanted was to have every one of them condoned and the slate wiped clean! We decided to struggle along without Pittsburgh Phil's aria.

He did win one point, though. By this time, we were ready to take the first Murder, Inc., trial into court, and Pep was honored with a place among the defendants. That was, certainly, the least he deserved. To pave the way for the interview, however, the case against him was severed from his co-defendants, so that they could go on trial as scheduled. It really didn't make much difference. We could have selected any one of half a dozen murders on which to try him, and the result would have been the same as it eventually was.

The last visitor Pittsburgh Phil was to receive in the death house, incidentally, was Evelyn, the Kiss of Death. Then he sat in the chair—next in the series, From Kisses to Cadaver. ♦♦♦

THE SWINDLER

Continued from page 14

on the bright white beaches under the blazing blue sky, and watched the idle and the rich wander up and down the boardwalk, a world of beautiful women. He was enthralled, and he promised himself, "Someday, Serge, they will be yours."

At night they went to the Casino. She gave him money to play, and he followed her around the roulette table, carrying her bag, from which came a seemingly inexhaustible supply of money. Here he saw another side of the rich: the baggy-eyed, wrinkled old women kneedeep in jewelry; the young men already sallow and bleary-eyed; the aging roués with twirling mustaches and probing hands. And all angrily in pursuit of the franc, the lifeblood of their existence. "This, too, I will have some day," he thought.

Among them he saw a girl no older than himself, her beauty marred by a dissolute look around the eyes.

When Marie Romain was not looking, he bowed toward the girl. She smiled, and then turned back to her game. As he passed the girl, he bowed again, and went out into the foyer. For five minutes he waited, feeling like a fool.

But then she appeared, whispering in his ear, "Follow me." Nonchalantly he went after her, and in a moment they were in her room. He told her Marie Romain was his aunt, that he was rich in his own right. They talked for a moment and then she stood. Slowly, she slipped out of her dress. Underneath, she wore nothing. Stavisky looked up, astonished by her beauty in the half-light.

That was how Marie Romain found them. Furious at his betrayal, she called the police. Sick, Stavisky realized that he had taken her purse with him when he had gone with the girl.

"You see," said Marie Romain, triumphantly, holding the purse aloft, "he has stolen my money." And flinging it contemptuously on the bed, where the girl was crouching, she stamped out.

The police officer waited until she had left. "It would be too bad for one so young to go to jail," he said to Stavisky.

Frightened, helpless, Stavisky looked at the girl, now covered with a blanket.

"You are a fool," she said. "You are an impostor, and you are a fool besides. I don't mind impostors, but I like them clever." Angrily, she turned to the policeman. "And so?" she said.

"I would not like to have to put mademoiselle in jail. But after all, she appears to be the boy's accomplice."

The girl nodded. "Perhaps that would not be necessary," she said. As if by accident the corner of the blanket fell, revealing the white curve of her breast.

The policeman smiled, and drew his wallet from his inside pocket. Giving Stavisky a 10-franc note, he said, "Go back to your school, boy. And consider yourself lucky that I am letting you off."

As he closed the door behind him, Stavisky could hear a burst of laughter. He never saw either Marie Romain or the girl again.

But he had seen the life he wanted to have, and he had learned his lessons, however humiliating. Thus: (1) women are easy; (2) police can be bought; (3) you must be somebody to succeed.

HIS appetite for the fast life whetted, Stavisky began to frequent the bars around the Porte Saint-Denis, an obscure, swarming quarter of Paris awash with dope-peddlers, pimps and their women. Immediately he cast about for means of obtaining a steady income at no great trouble to himself.

His plan was simple: One day he would be somebody; the next day he would be nobody. The difference between somebody and nobody, he remembered from Deauville, was a good suit of clothing. Immediately he called on a pimp with whom he had an acquaintance. A pimp always has one good suit for his stock in trade.

"Jacques, I need only two things to become a rich man: 800 francs and a suit of good clothing."

The pimp threw up his hands. "Where would I get 800 francs?"

"From your woman; she has it. Tell her I'll pay her 1,000 tomorrow."

The pimp raised his eyebrows curiously. "And what's this little scheme that's good for 25 per cent interest a day?" He puffed on his cigar.

"Get the money, and I'll show you." Stavisky grinned. "And your best suit. But conserative—not your Porte Saint-Denis suit."

Amused at the presumption of the young man, and his curiosity piqued, the pimp went out in search of his woman. Immediately Stavisky began changing his clothes, replacing his dingy student's garb with the rich-looking suit hanging in the pimp's closet. With his fine, chiseled features and fair skin, the suit transformed him immediately to somebody: a young member of the upper classes. The borrowed 800 francs in his pocket, he proceeded to a café on the flossy right bank. Here he ordered a pernod, and asked to speak to the manager.

"I need a check for 800 francs," he said. "Perhaps monsieur would be so kind as to oblige." He counted out the money, and laid it on the table.

The manager bowed, delighted to be of service to one so well favored. "Of course," he said, "nothing is simpler." Crisply he gestured for his check book, and with a flourish wrote out a check for 800 francs to the order of Serge Stavisky.

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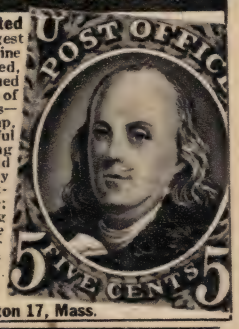

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Casually Stavisky pocketed the check, finished off his drink, and made his way back to Porte Saint-Denis, and the flat of his friend Jacques.

"Now," he said, "I must be nobody. Lend me your oldest trousers, a sweater, and a sandwich."

Jacques looked at him incredulously. "You're mad, my boy. Where is my money?"

"Wait. First the sandwich and the clothes."

The pimp made a mock bow. "And what kind of a sandwich do you desire?" he said.

"Fish, I think. Yes, fish." Rapidly Stavisky changed into the old clothes, while his curious friend made a sandwich and wrapped it in newspaper. When he was ready, he reached calmly into Jacques' pocket and drew forth a cigar. Striking a match across his thumbnail, he lit it, puffed out a blue cloud. "Filthy cigars, my friend," he said. "Someday we must smoke better." Then he picked up the sandwich, went out onto the street and turned toward the Prefecture of Police.

Inside, he went boldly up to the sergeant at arms, his face shining innocently. The burly officer blocked his way.

"Go away, boy. No one allowed inside."

Stavisky held out the sandwich. "My papa forgot his lunch. I must bring it to him."

"Give me the sandwich, I'll take it in. Who is your papa?"

"He is in the file room. But I must see him myself. I have a message from my mother."

The cop grinned. "He must come home immediately after work?"

Stavisky looked down, feigning embarrassment.

The cop began to laugh. "All right, go tell your poor rabbit of a papa the sad news." And he stood aside.

Inside, Stavisky looked quickly about. He knew he could not stay long, for the guard outside would grow suspicious. Across the room he spotted a long row of green filing cabinets, and in front of them four or five clerks. Boldly he marched up to them. "Who is the poor clerk with all the children?" he said, looking from one to another.

"Ah, you must mean Duclos."

PIERRE Duclos, older than the rest, his face lined with fatigue and the gray look of a man who is never really warm, looked up.

"I have a message for you." Quickly Stavisky shuffled him into a dark corridor which ran along behind the file room. Here he produced the check.

"In a week, two weeks at most, this check will come into your file room. Some citizen will have raised it from 800 to 48,000 francs, and the check will be added to that citizen's dossier. That citizen will in due course come to trial."

The old man eyed Stavisky. "You are perhaps clairvoyant?"

Stavisky waved his hand modestly. "You are too kind," he said. "To proceed. The citizen will be brought to trial, as I say. But, unluckily for the prosecutor, this very check, on which his case depends, will be missing from the citizen's dossier."

"Aha," said the old man, "you are indeed clairvoyant."

"I like to think it," Stavisky said. "Furthermore, the very day that the case is dismissed, a package of 5,000 francs will be delivered accidentally to your door. Unfortunately, the package will contain no return address; leaving you no alternative but to transfer the francs to a small tin box of your own."

The old man bowed. "For such a young man, your clairvoyance is astonishing." He winked. "There is perhaps, a hope that in the future I may hear other examples of it?"

"That," said Stavisky, unwrapping the fish sandwich which he began to eat, "is entirely possible."

Stavisky returned immediately to the room of his friend Jacques where, with a borrowed pen, he carefully altered the check. Then, switching back to the fine suit, he hurried to the bank and presented the check. The good suit and the solid reputation of the restaurant on which it was drawn were enough. The clerk hardly glanced at the paper as he shoved the thick wads of money into Stavisky's hands.

A week later he was arrested in his father's home, and brought to trial.

The prosecutor, Monsieur Faraliqc, a tough, doughty cop who was to have more than one brush with Stavisky, called the café manager to the stand. "I ask you," he said, "to identify this check." He began searching through the papers in his briefcase.

Stavisky waited, to all appearances a man convinced of his own innocence. Inside, however, he was seething; was it possible something had gone wrong? Had the old man double-crossed him? The seconds dragged tediously by, snapped off by the thick metallic click of the big clock on the courtroom wall. Monsieur Faraliqc still rummaged in his briefcase. The seconds ran into minutes. An expression of consternation began to grow on Faraliqc's face. He gestured abruptly for his assistant, who came running. There was a hurried conference. At the sight, Stavisky involuntarily let a long sigh escape from his lips. He knew he was home free, and turning to face the prosecutor, he bowed. A light, sympathetic smile played about his lips. "If only Monsieur Faraliqc had believed my innocence in the first place," he said softly, "he would not be embarrassed now."

That was 1912. The lesson of Deauville had gone down well. The master

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briber was off and running, one motto engraved on the inside of his skull: *You cannot go wrong if the police are on your side.* So, with his capital, and his connection with the police, he took up his stand. Next month. he was again arrested for forging checks—and was let off. Two months later, he was arrested again—and let off. Two months after that he was picked up a fourth time—and let off again for insufficient evidence. The Stavisky magic with the police was working.

He decided that the time was ripe for more grandiose schemes than tinhorn swindling. He figured that the bigger the scheme, the better chance you have of being taken for legitimate. So he opened a bank. He had beautiful stationery printed, and bought a lovely set of ledger books. He only made one mistake; he forgot to keep any money in his bank, an oversight which put him behind bars.

In six months, however, he put his magic to work, and shortly he was out on good behavior, to the vast surprise of the man who had prosecuted the case. This time, however, he decided to flee France until his name was a little less well-known. Packing quickly, he joined the French Foreign Legion for a five-year hitch.

HE was shipped off to Africa. The sand blew into his face and spoiled his complexion, and his delicate forger's fingers grew rough as his disposition. After a week he wanted out. By squirting rubbing alcohol into his nostrils he produced a badly inflamed nose. On sick call, he got the doctor aside. "Major, as you can see, I am not a common soldier, but a gentleman who enlisted in a fit of pique over a love affair. But the pique has now died down, and I no longer wish to remain away from Paris."

"Ah," said the major, "that is regrettable."

"Perhaps," said Stavisky. "In any case, I thought we might make a friendly wager on a question of medical diagnosis. Surely that's within reason?"

"So?" said the major.

"Simply that I will bet you 10,000 francs that I do not have a serious lung condition which prevents me from remaining in the Legion."

"You will bet that?"

"Yes. If, according to your diagnosis, I were to have such an ailment, I would pay up my loss immediately."

And so, Army doctors being poorly paid, a week later Stavisky found himself back in Paris. This brief African interlude constituted his entire military service. Draft-dodging—even during World War I—was a mere bagatelle to the master forger and briber. At the end of the war he began looking about for a new scheme.

He found one. Paris in the '20s was full of Americans who were all rich, naive, and fascinated by the motion picture business, Stavisky's first step was to open a café as a headquarters. Under a variety of aliases, including Doisy de Montel, Victor Boitel and the romantic-sounding Sacha Alex, he collected about him a group of the prettiest chorus girls in Paris. These he stabled in the rooms attached to the café. He had from time to time done a bit of dope-peddling, just to raise the rent money. Now he began operations in earnest, sending waves of pushers out from his Saint-Denis headquarters. In this manner he very quickly raised 100,000 francs capital, part of which he used to defray the expenses of keeping his harem of chorus girls happy.

Now with a partner, Franz Hummel, he sought out romantic-minded Americans with an interest in the movies. Hummel posed as the businessman. He would introduce Stavisky, dressed up in a beret, the fanciest of scarves, with a Player cigarette stuck in the corner of his mouth, as a boy genius of the new artistic medium, the movies.

Hanging about the swanky bars, the pair would latch onto an American, buy him several rounds of the best bubbly, and then, when Hummel had made his estimate of the sucker's potential, steer him into the Porte Saint-Denis to Stavisky's café for a look at one or two great beauties who would star in the production they had in mind. The great beauties, of course, were Stavisky's chorus girls. In the heady atmosphere of the lushly appointed back room of the café, Stavisky, Hummel, the girl and the sucker would sit around drinking for a while. Then Stavisky would excuse himself, whispering in the sucker's ear, "Watch yourself, old man, she just signaled me to leave you two alone. I think she's taken a fancy to you."

By this time the Hicktown tycoon would be dizzy with excitement and the faint scent of sin. If necessary, the supposed movie star would seduce him. But usually just proximity to such excitement was enough to unlimber a large check drawn on the Farmers' National Bank of Hicktown.

In due course, this scheme went the way of all others. An irate grain merchant from Topeka, Kansas, having been swindled of nearly $40,000 along with whatever wits he had possessed in the first place, complained to the police. Hummel was whisked off to jail. Stavisky went to Cannes for the racing season.

The reason for this was that Stavisky, incredibly, was working for the police. At that time, the Paris Police Department was run on the informer system. An enormous number of pimps, gamblers, dope sellers and bamboozlers of various sorts were kept on the government payroll. As long as they kept their rackets within reasonable bounds, the police left them alone. In return, the informers were expected to keep the police up to date on underworld activities. The system, what-

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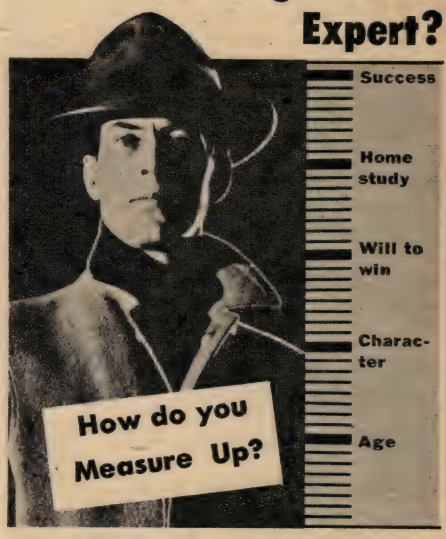

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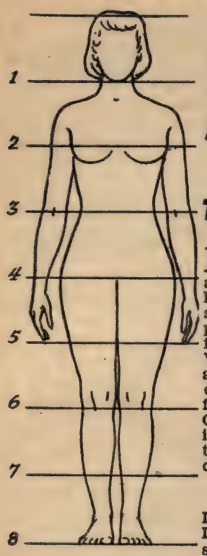

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ever its faults, made police work easier.

Stavisky was well aware of the system, and he offered his services. Astonishingly, the offer was accepted. With this protection, Stavisky now turned his attention to higher things, primarily a number of slick, complicated stock swindles.

This put him in the big time. He began to make money—and spend it.

THE lights in his lavish house in Marly-le-Roi, a fashionable suburb of Paris, were burning brightly. When Stavisky gave a party, it was a party. Well-to-do professional lawyers, writers and bureaucrats mingled with the bookmakers and prostitutes. Champagne poured out everywhere, until the tablecloths were drenched with it, and the floor a swamp of abandoned clothing, confetti and wine.

The cause of the party was generally unknown, for good reason. Stavisky was taking this opportunity to celebrate the successful mulcting of a group of Paris businessmen in a complicated and devious stock swindle. Stavisky, beaming gaily, wandered through the crowd handing out near-naked girls to the better of his friends as if they were no more than plums from a fruit cart.

At this point, his grand gestures were rudely interrupted. Jacques Pigalio, a *Volonté* writer in Stavisky's pay, hastened up. "They've caught you," he said. "The police are on their way. You had better check out."

Stavisky waved him away. "I own the police," he said. "Let them come."

It was a magnificent gesture—and one that cost him 18 months in jail. For, as it turned out, it was not the Paris police who arrived, but the Sûreté—the French FBI.

Writhing in jail, he called upon the best lawyers in Paris. His reputation left police officials wary, and it was a year and a half before the lawyers got him out, this time on a phony claim of ill health.

The worst sufferer was not Stavisky, however, but his aging father who, at the news of his son's most recent disgrace, threw himself in front of a railroad train.

Once out on bail, the old Stavisky magic went to work. He got the bail requirement lifted. He got the trial put off. And, finally, he got 19 separate adjournments, so that the case didn't come up for six years.

Ruminating in jail, Stavisky came to the conclusion that if he were to continue living as he intended, he would have to pay off on a higher level. His crust was astonishing. Immediately after his release from jail, he went to the Sûreté and thanked them for their kind treatment of him while incarcerated. Then he suggested that he might make a useful informer. Incredibly, they agreed, and he was put on the payroll. The money, of course, meant nothing. He had enough money to buy and sell half the Sûreté anyway. But the protection was priceless. With this piece of equipment in his satchel, he aimed his sights higher.

Now Stavisky was becoming a popular figure around the casinos and resort hotels of Cannes, Biarritz, and Deauville. He had gained his object. He needed now only to keep it. He was rich and slightly mysterious. He was therefore well-liked by the spendthrift circle that shuttled idly back and forth between Paris, Switzerland and the Riviera. They knew that Stavisky often had business in Paris, they knew that he worked hard, and they knew that he was in the habit of spending $400 a day. They also knew that he was marvelously lucky at cards. Handsome, dashing, and rich, he could move as he pleased—and he did. He fell in love again, this time with the fabulously beautiful Arlette Simon, a famous Parisian model who was well off in her own right. In 1926 he married her, and she ultimately bore him two children. He was rich enough by then to allow $4,000 a month just for the food and housing of his family. He was, it appears, thoroughly and completely in love.

But Arlette Simon had one extra advantage that the ordinary model did not possess. She was a close friend of Paul-Boncour. Paul-Boncour was an excellent lawyer. He was also Foreign Minister of France.

The possibilities of this connection made Stavisky's mouth water. With the French government in his pocket, only the World Court at the Hague could stop him.

He knew that Paul-Boncour himself was untouchable. But the Cabinet Minister could introduce him to many important people who were less finicky. One of these was Dalamier, the Minister of Labor. Under his friendly eye, Stavisky planned a coup in Hungarian bonds. He was stopped at the last minute only by the intervention of the French Prime Minister himself, Daladier. Nothing daunted, he made a few more payoffs, and turned his attention to the municipal pawnbroking system. The system, as it worked then, allowed the mayors of France to run municipal hockshops. They did not lend money, but bonds, made out by the mayor for the amount of the loan. The bonds were guaranteed by the French government, making them in actuality as solid as printed money.

This was too much for Stavisky. Write out your own money? Incredible! In 1933 he got himself authorized to open a municipal pawnshop in Bayonne, a provincial town of 40,000 souls near the Spanish border.

He got Dalamier to write a note to the French insurance companies recommending Bayonne bonds. Then, returning to Bayonne, Stavisky wrote out $10,000,000 worth of bonds on the municipal loan office. And he sold the bonds to the insurance companies, thereby turning them into cash.

In June of 1933 the first rumbles occurred. Stavisky staved them off. But by Christmastime, the stench was so high that government circles were holding their breath. The insurance companies began to add up the total amount of Bayonne bonds they had bought. It came to $10,000,000. They checked the register. The Bayonne pawnshop was capitalized at a mere $1,000,000. It was a $9,000,000 swindle!

This time Stavisky had overstepped himself. There was too much involved and he could not buy his way clear. The Minister of Finance was called in. He looked at the figures, turned white, and ordered Stavisky's arrest. Unfortunately,

Monsieur Stavisky couldn't be found. He had fled.

On Christmas Eve, with the faithful Pigalio at the wheel, they drove to Servoz, where Pigalio had a villa. Unaccountably, the heating system wasn't working, so they moved on to the villa of a friend. Stavisky was hidden in a room, and had his meals brought by a servant who left the tray outside the door. Two days later Pigalio's nerve broke, and he fled.

Now Stavisky was alone. He found a car, and drove hurriedly away from Servoz to Chamonix. On January 8th, 1934, *Monsieur le Sous-Préfet* found him there, and offered the little pistol. . . .

IN THE silence of the room the explosion was deafening. For a moment the little policeman stood stunned. Stavisky arched his back and fell to the floor, blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils.

The policeman roused himself and ran to the door. "For God's sake, bring the cameras, he'll be dead in a minute!" he shouted. He bent quickly and picked the little pistol from the floor. Then he placed the gun in the limp hand, closing the fingers over the handle.

Then the door burst open and three Paris cops tumbled in, armed with a movie camera and two large floodlights. Hastily the subprefect stood back, admiring his handiwork. "Obviously, he shot himself. The pictures will prove it. There is no hurry now," he said. "Get me some water. The filthy pig bled all over me."

The little police official was right. There was no longer any hurry. Serge Alexander Stavisky was to remain unconscious until he died 12 hours later.

When the last breath was out of his body, a hurricane sigh of relief spread out through the government offices in Paris. And for the same good reason that *Monsieur le Sous-Préfet* of police had been ordered to arrange Stavisky's suicide. Had the damning facts about the corruption of the French government been bared at a trial, the entire fabric of the French Republic might have collapsed. It very nearly did, anyway.

As news of the scandal and Stavisky's "suicide" was announced, Parisians realized that the swindler had been protected by the government. The French people were angered and disgusted as details of the corruption seeped out. Rumors spread. It began to appear that the $9,000,000 Bayonne swindle was only a small part of the story. Altogether, police estimated, Stavisky had mulcted the publics of France, Germany and Hungary of $150,000,000. No man in Europe had been safe, from the smallest peasant to the owners of giant industrial empires.

By February both the left and right wings were calling for reform. The government fell. Daladier fired Cabinet members left and right. Still the people were not satisfied. Public indignation became more intense when the judge who headed the investigation into the Stavisky affair was shot to death the day before the trials were to begin. There was rioting, and a pitched battle in front of the Chamber of Deputies, which only ended when police fired on the crowd. During the month of February the world held its breath, as it appeared certain that there would be revolution in France.

Finally Daladier pulled the government together. The investigation ground slowly to a halt, the people quieted, and the Stavisky affair calmed down. It wasn't until some time later that the films of *Monsieur le Sous-Préfet* were shown to a small group of investigators. They showed, of course, none of the powder burns usual to a suicide. ♦♦♦

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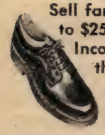

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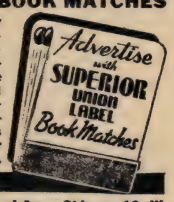

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SAFETY GUIDE

To the Editor:

Many Alaskans have been disturbed by a statement in "Stag Confidential" (November) which said: "Phoney guides now crawling all over Alaska."

As managing director of the Alaskan Visitors Association, I would like to explain that anyone can pose as a guide today because guides no longer have to be registered, according to a recent order by the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior.

Our organization and many interested sportsmen have been trying to get the original law reinstated for the safety of every hunter who goes after Alaskan big game.

We would like your readers to know that any sportsman can be sure of getting a qualified guide if he contacts this office or any association member.

R. A. "Dutch" Derr
Juneau, Alaska

We're happy to set the record straight. Incidentally, take a look at page 43 of this issue and you'll see that we're not down on all Alaskan guides.

FOREIGN INTRIGUE

To the Editor:

The "Captive Woman of Harlot House" (STAG, December) reads like the plot of a foreign-intrigue-type movie. I know that the old-time Hearst reporters were involved in some sensational stories, but I think the escape engineered by reporter Karl Decker is really a classic. The whole incident interested me so much that I did some checking of my own in the library. And sure enough, the story of Evangelina Cisneros, the Angel of Harlot House, was there just as your writer described it. My hat's off to STAG for digging up the story again. But my real admiration is for Karl Decker, a helluva two-fisted reporter. They don't hardly make that kind any more.

Thomas T. Jaspar
Philadelphia, Pa.

We agree that Karl Decker came through with a great story, but don't sell today's newsmen short. Whenever you read some exciting report that exposes the inner workings of the rackets or recounts the intrigues taking place in foreign capitals, remember that some correspondent has dug it up, possibly at the risk of his own life. It still takes two strong legs and a lot of guts to be a good reporter.

SECONDS, ANYONE?

To the Editor:

Looking at the "Girl with the Odd-Ball Name" (STAG, December), we don't care if she does call herself Gus. We call her gorgeous. Give us another helping of this cheesecake.

The Men of Co. K
APO, San Francisco

BRAINSTORM IN BRAZIL

To the Editor:

I was particularly interested in the story "The Man-Hungry Queen of Brazil's Penal Legion" in the January edition of STAG. I remembered vaguely having read about this method of dealing with habitual criminals, but couldn't place the magazine or newspaper I'd found it in. That clipping you reprinted fixed it for me.

I'm carrying my copy of STAG around with me now, to prove my point, since it has been a cause of many barroom arguments. The whole idea sounds darn sensible to me. It saves the government and taxpayers a lot of money and gives the convicts a last chance, if they have the guts to survive in that deadly no man's land.

Joe Carter
Chicago, Ill

I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-19-C
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

NEW YORK'S FIVE DAYS of TERROR

continued from page 23

can't be treated like the serfs of a foreign despot! Show them you can strike a blow for liberty!"

With this, Andrews moved toward the door. There were still more saloons to cover, more seeds of hate to be sown.

THE ancient warehouse was a rotting wooden structure abutting an unused pier that jutted into the East River at the foot of 4th Street. The weather-beaten walls were scabrous with clinging flakes of peeling paint. Holes gaped in the roof and broken timbers poked up like splintery fingers.

At one end of the long warehouse, a bull's-eye lantern threw a shaft of light. Just beyond the rim of illumination, a group of men stood shadowed and shapeless in the gloom. They listened raptly to a tall man whose shallow mustached face seemed cadaverous in the lantern light. He spoke in a voice thick with the creamy accent of Virginia.

"There's little for me to tell you lads. You know why you're here. You have your instructions. Any questions?" he asked.

"Cap'n Lane, do we get the inflammables now or wait until tomorrow?" a voice drawled.

"Gordon will issue Greek fire to incendiary unit squad leaders at once."

"Yes suh."

"Any further questions?" Lane asked, peering into the darkness, trying to see the men's faces, wondering how they were taking this grim and unusual assignment.

There were no more questions. "All right, then. Incendiary squad leaders, draw your Greek fire. The rest, file out and rejoin your units. Good luck, men," Lane said.

The men filed past him, silently. Twenty picked lads. Each commanding ten volunteers who had filtered into the city during the past fortnight. By morning, two hundred well-armed dedicated men would be on the move, following a master plan to burn ships at their moorings, important buildings and other objectives. During the confusion of an apparently spontaneous mass uprising against the draft, certain of these infiltrators had been selected to kill or capture the leading officials of the city and other prominent men, and to take power in New York.

The last man hurried down the rickety stairway. A few carried carpetbags which held jars of liquid Greek fire that had been handed to them by a young man. After they had gone, Gordon called out softly, "That's it, Cap'n Lane."

"All right, Gordon."

"We've done all we can. The rest depends on what happens tomorrow. Damn it, Ross, I can't bring myself to trust the Yankee politicians in spite of all they've said about being on our side."

"We've got no choice but to string along with them."

Gordon sighed. "You think it'll work out, Ross?"

Lane shook his head. "I don't know. If we'd have won at Gettysburg last week we'd be certain of success. Still, the odds are with us. They've only got a little militia in the city and we won't have to worry ourselves too much about the police."

"I reckon we can handle a few cops."

"And we've got surprise on our side. They don't expect any trouble since it went so quietly yesterday."

"Hell, Ross, I don't want to be a calamity howler, but what if the Yankee politicians and the Copperheads don't back it up all the way, and the rising fizzles?"

Lane grinned, his teeth flashing in the lantern's beam. "Man can't expect to live forever, can he?"

Gordon laughed. "Figured that's what you'd say." He stooped and picked up the bull's-eye lantern. After a last look around, the men left and the warehouse was silent except for the drip, drip, drip from the leaking pipes.

A DROWSY Sunday night calm enveloped the Central Department Headquarters building of the Metropolitan Police, located at 300 Mulberry Street, at the corner of Bleecker. The handsome, two-year-old white stone structure was the pride of the Metropolitan Police. Equipped with a modern heating system, it boasted of all the latest conveniences. No police department in the United States, perhaps in the world, had a more complete telegraphic system than did the Metropolitan Police.

James Crowley, the Telegraphic Bureau Supervisor, was a hard worker who demanded perfection from his linemen and telegraphers. The complex of telegraph lines was carried on poles which supported wires interconnecting each police precinct with the Central Office and with each other.

The telegraphic center in Police Headquarters was the vortex of a communications system in which the intricately crisscrossed wires strung on the poles along Third Avenue were vital arteries. Any serious damage to these lines could cripple whole sections of the network and without its telegraph in full operation the police would be severely hampered.

The actual head of the department was Superintendent John Kennedy who was assisted in his work by four inspectors—Daniel Carpenter, James Leonard, George Dilks, and John Folk, commander of the Brooklyn police under Commissioner Bergen. Each of these men had his own office, as did the Chief of Detectives, Sergeant John Young.

Sixteen hand-picked men made up the Detective Bureau which Young commanded. He was a conscientious officer and even at this hour was still at his desk, studying reports from his men who were scattered at various points throughout the city. The reports which had been coming in were ominous, but no one else seemed concerned over them. For the twentieth time, he reread Detective Dusenberry's hastily scrawled note, which had been delivered to Young by a paid police informer. The message read:

Sergeant Young: A man named John Andrews is stirring the people to action against the draft and the colored. He is making treasonable speeches about the 10th Ward and especially along Allen Street. I am sticking to him. Dusenberry.

Young had brought the note to Superintendent Kennedy, but the Superintendent's reaction had dismayed him. Kennedy had merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Let the blasted fool shoot his mouth off. He doesn't matter at all."

"I have other reports from my men, Superintendent. Everyone believes we're in for trouble tomorrow."

"Listen, Young—I've been a police officer a good many years—and I know the people of the city. And I know the scum that's doing all the swashbuckling. Rum pots and beer swillers. Gutter trash. They'll wake up tomorrow with big heads and forget all about mass meetings and starting trouble."

The interview was ended. The sallow-faced sixty-five-year-old Superintendent left, jauntily twirling the light Malacca cane he always carried.

MONDAY, JULY 13, 1863

On Monday, July 13, the pier bosses were the first to sense that something out of the ordinary was about to happen in the city. Only a few men showed up for the shape-up hour. There were more Negroes than whites waiting to be hired. At first, the bosses thought it was another strike—but there had been no warning of this from the informers on the payroll. The bosses chewed their cigars and sent emissaries out to nearby saloons to garner some hint of what was going on.

They found out soon enough. About 7:15 A.M. large gangs armed with crowbars, bailing hooks and clubs showed up on the water front. Individual groups merged to form unruly mobs. Nobody knew where they had gathered or who had sent them.

The marchers held placards bearing the words "NO DRAFT" in crude lettering. At each pier men broke out of the mass and attacked the waiting Negro longshoremen. The alarm was spread by Negro cartmen who lashed their horses into frantic speed and dashed uptown giving the warning of what was coming.

The white longshoremen who had reported for the shape-up gladly joined the mob. Pier bosses tried to frighten some into working with the threat of future black-listing. But the newly found unity made the men feel strong.

Voices called, "On to the meeting! On to Central Park!"

All the way uptown delegations went into industrial places, forcing employers

to close shop and workers to join the demonstration.

On Sixth, Eighth and Ninth Avenues the street railway car drivers left their posts and marched along. Passengers in working clothes were recruited. Public transportation came to a halt on the West side, but private vehicles were not molested.

Once the demonstration had channeled itself into the main thoroughfare which led to its destination—a rock-strewn, open lot adjoining Central Park—hundreds of spectators lined Sixth Avenue to watch the motley procession. The marchers were boisterous but made no attempt to harm either onlookers or property. While many in the noisy crowd were sincerely opposed to the draft, some regarded it as a lark. A number of women were in the line of march. They were the loudest and most vehement in denouncing the draft. No accurate count could be made of the crowd but conservative estimates placed it at around 10,000.

People began filling the lot where the meeting was to be held. Makeshift platforms had been erected. As the crowd poured in, speakers started haranguing it. One after another, skilled rabble rousers whipped up the audience with inflammatory speeches. With each speech, the crowd's temper grew steadily more threatening.

FINALLY John Andrews jumped up and sparked off the mob. He spoke emotionally, dramatically. "Men! Free Americans! Why are we standing here? The time for speeches has passed! The moment for action has arrived! Free Americans! Stop the draft! On to Marshal Jenkins' office! Smash the draft!"

Ross Lane, clad in workingman's clothes, leaped up alongside of Andrews. "On to the Marshal's office!" he cried. It was taken up and repeated by thousands who chanted the words like a war cry. Men began moving off downtown, shouting and beckoning to others. An eddying movement passed through the crowd, then a mighty surge as the mob pressed forward together.

The great crowd funneled down into 46th Street to Jenkins' office. A few police tried to turn it back but the oncoming mass simply rode over the officers. As the mob poured into Third Avenue and blocked all traffic, Ross Lane gave his men a command. They shinnied up the telegraph poles and slashed the wires.

No vehicle moved along Third Avenue. The streetcars were halted in a line that stretched north to the terminus at 130th Street and south along the avenue to Cooper Union, and down the Bowery to Park Row.

Captain Porter conferred with Marshal Jenkins inside the building. No word from higher authority had come to suspend the draft and Jenkins refused to do so without orders. "Far as I'm concerned, it's on. I'll delay until ten-thirty and not a minute later," he told the police officer.

"Very well, Marshal. I'd better send for reinforcements. I'd telegraph the Central Office from the 19th Precinct but those devils have cut the wires. One of your clerks can get through to headquarters in civilian clothes but none of my men would stand a chance."

Jenkins beckoned to a young clerk who listened gravely to Porter's instructions. He slipped out the back way and mingled with the mob for several blocks, then hurried to Mulberry Street.

At 10:30 Jenkins signaled a clerk to raise the window blinds, an indication the office was ready for business. As the shades went up, an angry yell came from the mob.

"They're starting the draft!" men cried.

Hundreds dashed for the building. The windows crashed in and the doors were battered down as a shouting horde rushed into the office.

A whisky bottle whizzed by Jenkins' head and crashed against the wall. A man struck a policeman; the officer cracked the man's skull with a blow from his locust stick.

Captain Porter shouted, "Clear the room! Clear the room!" He led a charge, his stick thudding on heads and shoulders. In seconds, there was a tangled scramble. Some of the police, close on Porter's heels, slugged their way into the street, only to be swallowed by the mob.

"Out the rear door!" Marshal Jenkins shouted. He snatched up a portfolio containing the names of the drafted men and all the enrollment lists. With his clerks following, the Marshal dashed through the back entrance. The few policemen left in the room also fled. Now the rioters were in full possession of the detested place.

Men gleefully splintered the desks and chairs. Every window was broken. More people pressed inside. A man pulled a liquid-filled jar from his pocket. Shouting a warning, he hurled it against the wall. The jar exploded with a small bang. A noxious sulphur odor arose and flames danced in the flowing liquid.

"THAT'S Greek fire! Let's get the hell out of here," someone yelled.

"My God, we'll be burned alive!" a woman shrieked. She turned to run, stumbled, and was knocked down by the mad rush for the door. Heedlessly, the crowd trampled her to death. The rioters fought to reach the exit. The flickering flames caught hold and spread rapidly. Soon, the whole room was engulfed in fire.

Outside, individual policemen were surrounded by kicking, punching men. Cap-

The mob tore into the draft office, wrecking furniture and breaking every window.

tain Porter, bleeding from innumerable scratches, his uniform ripped, led a dozen officers who had managed to keep together in a group. They fought effectively. Locust sticks took a toll. More rioters joined the fray. Porter's club was wrenched from his hand. In desperation, he drew his pistol and fired from the hip into the crowd. The other policemen started shooting, too. Suddenly, a path was cleared for them. They fled toward Lexington Avenue and the rioters pursued them across the lots. The police fired at their tormentors, who fell back and contented themselves with hurling rocks at the escaping policemen.

Three men sprawled dead from police bullets and a woman lay dying with a stomach wound. The sight of the dead men and the agonized woman infuriated the mob. The rioters dashed about screaming with inarticulate rage. They overturned and burned streetcars and sacked every store in the neighborhood.

Even before Captain Porter's messenger reached Police Headquarters, word of the outbreak had been flashed there over the telegraph. Lane's men had done their sabotage well enough, but no one could have forseen that James Crowley, Police Telegraphic Bureau Chief, would be riding to work in civilian clothes on a Third Avenue car which was stopped by the mob. He had seen the wires cut. He left the car, and with the mob boiling about him, calmly started splicing the severed lines together. He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of drunken men.

"What are you doin' with them wires?" a hulking giant demanded.

"Just getting them out of the way, lads," Crowley said, smiling cheerfully. "We'll show the bastards they can't step on us, won't we?"

He reconnected most of the lines linking the precincts with Mulberry Street. He had almost finished this work when he was recognized by one of the rioters who raised a hue and cry.

Crowley fled toward the nearest station house, the 19th Precinct on East 59th Street. Luckily, not one of those who had pursued him was sober enough to remember what had started the whole affair. An unscathed liquor store offered them fresh loot and they were soon fighting each other for it. Crowley's repairs were left intact.

A SHORT while earlier, Police Superintendent John Kennedy had decided to observe the situation at the draft offices in person. Detectives had been sending in reports all morning about disorders along the water front and worker's demonstrations against the draft. Still Kennedy refused to admit the threat of real trouble. He did, however, take a precautionary step and sent a telegram alerting all precincts:

From Central Office: 9:00 A.M.
To all stations in New York and Brooklyn: Recall your reserves. Platoon and hold them at the station houses subject to further orders.

John A. Kennedy, Superintendent

After sending this wire, Kennedy had climbed into his surrey and gone off on his inspection tour unarmed except for a light cane. It was typical of him not to notify anyone in the building that he was leaving or to disclose his intentions.

Running wild, rioters overturned streetcars, sacked stores, cut telegraph wires.

Several hours later, he was carried back to headquarters, half-dead after an encounter with the mob.

Shortly after Kennedy had left, Crowley's telegram came over the wires and caused widespread consternation. A few minutes later, Captain Porter's disheveled messenger rushed into the building. He blurted out his story to the first officer he met, and since Kennedy could not be located, the man was rushed upstairs to see Commissioner Acton.

Acton recalled that a platoon of Invalid Corps troops had been assigned to special duty with the police and were still in their bivouac at the Park Barracks near City Hall. Rather than move police details with Kennedy absent, Acton decided to order the soldiers uptown as reinforcements for Porter's detail. Soon the veteran platoon was on the march up Park Row and into Third Avenue, carrying loaded Springfields with fixed bayonets at right shoulder shift and forty rounds of ball ammunition in their cartridge boxes.

In the meantime the mob was calling for John Andrews. He listened to their clamor for a few minutes. Then, boosted by willing hands, Andrews climbed atop a butcher's wooden shanty.

"Fellow free men and fellow citizens!" Andrews began, "for free men we still are. You have done nobly. You have struck a blow that will live forever in the annals of liberty. I've said you've done nobly, fellow citizens. But I tell you what I want you to do now, what you must do! You must organize, boys! And for the work ahead, we need weapons—plenty of them! Arms, friends, we need arms! A gun for every man!"

This evoked an outburst that made the previous demonstration seem like whispers. Men threw their hats in the air, yelled and whistled between their fingers. Andrews stood waving and nodding. At last when enough quiet was restored for him to continue, he said, "If you can't find anyone with enough heart to lead you, by God, I'll lead you myself!" He lifted his arms over his head. "Now, lads—there's the Arsenal on Seventh Avenue filled with guns! Come on—follow me—on to the Arsenal!"

"To the Arsenal!" they repeated, over and over until it became a screaming chant. The mob pressed back and forth with the lurching movements of a monstrous beast, its thousand arms waving in frenzied gestures.

THE Lieutenant was young, barely twenty-two years old. He marched with a limp from a Minié ball that had pierced his right foot as he led his platoon in a futile charge up Marye's Heights. Behind him came forty Invalid Corps veterans. The officer—Lieutenant Abel Reade—had been ordered up from the Park Barracks to reinforce the police stationed at 677 Third Avenue. He had accepted the order with a soldier's stoicism.

Since reveille, whispers had been flying about the officers' mess, the guardroom, and the bivouac that trouble was in the making. Real trouble over the draft.

Young Lieutenant Reade paid no attention to the agitated talk. He was a stolid man and had been in the field since the first days of the war. His men spoke of him as a "decent shoulder strap"—high praise from enlisted men.

The march up Third Avenue went without incident until the column reached 14th Street. When the Lieutenant noticed the smoke from the mob-set fires he was con-

vinced the platoon was heading into trouble. He raised his sword and in a drill field voice bellowed, "Platoon Front! Two ranks! On the double!"

The veterans trotted into the new formation—two lines extending across the roadway from curb to curb instead of the long, thin column of twos in which they had been marching.

As they pressed on, spectators grew overtly hostile. Cries of "Dirty bayonets! Lincoln's butchers! Nigger lovers!" were heard. At the corner of 39th Street, a man jumped out into the roadway and threw a punch at the soldier closest to him. The soldier nimbly dodged the blow and came up with an adroit butt stroke. The musket stock shattered the attacker's jaw.

A FAT, coarse-faced man, his shirt unbuttoned, exposing curly black bristles of chest hair, jumped in front of the Lieutenant. He was backed up by a score of men. He lunged at the officer, grabbing for the sword.

"Give me that pig sticker, you lousy nigger lover!" he cried.

Without a flicker of expression the Lieutenant slashed a backhanded stroke with his sword.

A barrage of bricks, bottles and stones showered about the soldiers. Most of the missiles flew over the ranks and landed among the great throng that closed in behind the platoon. The Lieutenant required no field manual to tell him that he was in a tight spot. "Charge, bayonets! Charge!" he yelled.

The veterans dropped their muskets to the charge position. A battle cry ripped from forty throats and they rushed after the Lieutenant in a pell-mell attack. The sight of the bayonets and the cold-eyed soldiers checked the mob's will.

At the corner of 42nd Street another hail of missiles crashed into the soldiers. Several men were hit. A stone tore the Lieutenant's cheek. He ignored the blood streaming from the gash. He lost none of his composure even when he realized that their position was hopeless.

The Lieutenant faced about and looked into the eyes of his soldiers.

"Rear rank, about face!" he ordered. He gave the command as if this were a parade ground in a training camp instead of a riot-torn street.

"Rear rank, shoulder arms! Front rank, shoulder arms!" he shouted.

The forty muskets were in firing position. "Both ranks—Fire!" he cried.

An incredulous, dismayed silence followed the shooting. A man screamed horribly. A woman shrieked. Complete chaos ensued. Bodies lay scattered in the street, some motionless, some still writhing; and bright red blood spurted.

"Get the bastards before they can reload!" someone shouted.

Rioters swarmed over the two ranks. The Lieutenant flayed with his sword until it snapped at the hilt. He pulled his revolver from the holster but before he could shoot, a paralyzing blow sent him to his knees. A boot caved in his ribs. He was a soldier and prepared to die—but not here, not on a familiar street in his own city only a half mile from his home.

He pleaded for mercy until they battered him into silence.

AS THIS upheaval convulsed the 21st Ward, no sign of it was visible anywhere else in the city.

On this hot, fateful day, there was no reason for Mayor Opdyke to vary his routine. By 10:15 he was working at his desk in the oak-paneled office on the ground floor of City Hall. Suddenly, the door of his office was flung open with great force. The startled Mayor looked up to see Detective Sergeant Young, pale and agitated, in the doorway.

"What's the matter with you, Young? Have you lost your mind, barging in here this way?" the Mayor asked testily.

"Mr. Mayor, a terrible riot has broken out in the 21st Ward at Jenkins' office. The mob nearly beat Superintendent Kennedy to death," Young blurted.

"What's being done, Young?" the shocked Mayor asked.

"Well, sir, Commissioner Acton is in charge and he's contacted General Brown. Some regulars are coming in from Fort Hamilton and from Governor's Island—but they're only a handful. All police reserves have been recalled."

Opdyke rose slowly; his face was that of a stricken man. "I'll go with you, Sergeant."

A few minutes later, people in the vicinity of City Hall turned to look curiously at their Mayor clinging to the hand straps of a careening buggy that raced up Center Street, the driver standing on the footboard whipping up the horse. There had been rumors all morning about some disturbance in the upper part of the city. These uneasy reports flared anew when word of the Mayor's hasty departure spread around. Men hurried about their business with worried faces. Gradually, traffic on Broadway slackened until, almost magically, there was none at all and the city fell silent.

THE doors of Police Headquarters were guarded by uniformed policemen and armed civilian clerks. The basement had turned into a humming base of operations. Sweating, shirt-sleeved telegraphers worked their keys with flying fingers as they dispatched hastily dictated messages. Mayor Opdyke nervously paced the floor, chewing on an unlit cigar. Commissioner Acton and his chief clerk, Seth Hawley, sat at a long table with a gaunt white-haired Brigadier General, Harvey Brown, a veteran regular.

Mulberry Street was a scene of boiling activity. A battery of artillery drawn by slavering horses tore around a corner, the gunners clinging to the rocking caisson. A squad of regulars, followed by a wagon loaded with ammunition, marched down the cobbled street. From another direction came a company of marines bent under full packs, slogging to a halt at the steps of the building. Detachments of police hurried in and out of the place. Mounted couriers galloped up, leaped from their horses at full tilt. Troops erected crude barricades and the neighborhood took on the appearance of a street in a beseiged city.

Men from Captain Porter's detail and Invalid Corps soldiers who had borne the mob's assaults straggled into Headquarters. Most survivors needed medical care.

The lobby of the building soon looked like a front line dressing station. Doctors with bloody hands and splotched white coats went from casualty to casualty swabbing, bandaging, stitching.

Terrified Negroes flocked to Headquarters for refuge as they fled from brutal gangs which roved the streets to beat any colored person—man, woman or child, young or old. Acton was determined to protect the Negroes from such cruelty and despatched a telegram:

> To All Precincts:
> Receive every colored person. Refuse no one.
>
> Acton.

But even more pressing than the safety of the Negroes, from Acton's point of view, were the reports of wholesale looting and the wanton burning of private homes. The Mayor had become increasingly upset with each fresh notice of destruction. When Thomas Lowery, of Young's Detective Bureau, turned up with the alarming word that a mob was marching on Marston's Gun Factory at 21st Street and Second Avenue, Opdyke grew very agitated.

The weapons stored in the armory above the workshop were a vital target for the rioters. The arms must be kept from the mob. A message was rushed to the 18th Precinct on East 22nd Street, ordering that a force be sent to defend Marston's.

The policemen were armed with carbines in addition to their revolvers and sticks. They took up vantage points in the factory and waited. The mob soon came. It numbered almost ten thousand screaming, gesturing men and women. At first, they seemed to have no plan of attack and merely threw rocks at the windows or fired pistols and muskets indiscriminately.

But after the fight had been underway for a little time, a group of forty to fifty men armed with muskets formed military lines and, at the command of a man in workingman's clothing, fired at the defenders in carefully aimed volleys. Ross Lane and his detachment had arrived.

The attacks continued for almost two hours. At last, around 4:00 P.M., it became obvious that the small force of police could no longer hold out. They fled through a back exit and managed to escape before they were seen by the mob. In a body, they ran through the yard, scaled a fence, cut through a stoneyard and went at top speed toward the station house.

The mob soon had cause to regret its victory, which proved to be short-lived and tragic. No sooner had the last man of the police squad left the building than the rioters beat down the doors and charged inside. Men and women surged up the stairs to the armory storeroom on the third floor where most of the weapons were kept. In minutes, excited people were swarming all over, grabbing guns and stuffing their pockets with ammunition.

Coincidentally, almost a hundred po-

licemen, who had been gathered from several precincts, were marching down toward Police Headquarters when they came upon this scene. The mob was so intent on the proceedings within the building that none noticed what was going on a block away.

Before the mob was even aware of their presence, the officers were flailing away with their sticks. Wrathful police cleared a path to the doors of the building, pitilessly clubbing all who came within range of the punishing sticks. Rioters rushed out to aid their friends only to fall beneath the clubs. Some were killed on the spot.

Suddenly anguished screaming was heard from those still inside the rickety old frame structure. Somehow, the only staircase in the building had been set ablaze.

Scores of rioters on the upper floors were hopelessly trapped. Many leaped from windows, cracking their skulls on the pavement. The shrieking and screaming was hellish as only a few managed to escape before the ancient flooring collapsed, plunging everyone into the maelstrom of fire. To add to the horror, cases of small-arms ammunition were set off, the explosions sending showers of sparks and bullets whistling in every direction. The spectacle was so ghastly and the smell of burning flesh so strong that even the policemen sickened and tried desperately to save those they could. . . .

LATE in the afternoon, Inspector Dan Carpenter was given the chance he had been wanting all day. A detective reported that a huge mob was coming straight down Broadway to attack Police Headquarters. The ultimate aim of this throng was the financial district where it could loot the banks and even the subtreasury.

Commissioner Acton understood that this mob must be defeated or else anarchy would sweep New York and spread into its environs.

Telegrams had been dispatched to the Governors of New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts asking them to rush whatever troops were on hand into New York City. A wire had gone out to New York's Governor Horatio Seymour, who was vacationing on the Jersey shore, notifying him of the uprising and urging him to return immediately. The Mayor had also sent a pressing message to Secretary of War Edward Stanton, in Washington, describing the disorders and appealing to the government for aid in quelling them.

The prime question was how to deal with the mob on Broadway. Acton could hold Carpenter and his men at Headquarters to stave off the attack or else send the force to meet the rioters in the streets. He decided on the latter course. He felt the sight of a powerful police detail marching in the open would be a show of strength.

A thinly strung line of troops and leathernecks deployed in the street. They made breastworks by turning carts on their sides and knelt behind them with loaded muskets. A battery of light artillery moved into firing position. Under the crisp commands of Drill Officer John Copeland, the policemen formed into a column of fours. Carpenter addressed them briefly from the steps of the building.

"Men! We are going to meet and put down a mob! We will take no prisoners! We must strike quick and strike hard!"

The policemen cheered. Carpenter gave a sign to Copeland who bawled, "By the right flank! Company front! March!" The men stepped out smartly and Carpenter trotted to his position in the front rank, several yards ahead. The marines and soldiers raised their caps and saluted the police with a lusty shout.

From Union Square to Bond Street, the mob controlled Broadway. The motley crowd progressed slowly downtown, and ahead of it, like refugees from a flood, came little groups of Negroes trying to escape. The voices of the rioters blended into a roar heard for blocks around.

As he led his men along at a good pace, Inspector Carpenter heard the mob. His men heard it, too, long before they could even glimpse it. Fingers gripped locust sticks more tightly.

The police and the mob drew closer to each other. A few times, Carpenter was forced to halt his men and make way for wagonloads of refugees. Streams of pitiful Negroes stumbled downtown, most of them waiters from Broadway restaurants which the rioters had raided. Upward spiraling smoke marked where stores and buildings had been set afire by the mob.

The main body of the mob met the police head-on between Bond and Amity Streets. When he saw the solid phalanx of rioters, Carpenter stared in momentary incredulity. The mob was made up of thousands and stretched back up Broadway. A bearded, one-eyed man who was carrying a bludgeon stood in the fore of this awesome throng. Behind him came scores of men armed with lead pipes, pick handles and iron bars. Women mingled in the huge crowd and dotted throughout were placards lettered "NO DRAFT." Nothing like this mob had ever been seen in New York City before.

WHEN the rioters viewed the police force, a hush fell on the noisy demonstrators. Although the mob outnumbered the Metropolitans thirty or forty to one, none dared make the first move against the hard-faced and determined policemen.

Carpenter sensed this was the right moment to attack. He pointed with his locust stick and cried, "Up, Guards! At them!" He rushed at the bearded man who led the mob and killed him with a blow of his club. The police ranks charged into the mass and the battle was on. An unearthly cry came from the rioters. Bricks and other missiles rained on the police but miraculously not a single officer was struck. The cruel locust sticks rose and fell almost in unison as though someone was giving the tempo for the attack.

The resistance of the mob was surprisingly feeble once it came to grips with the police. Men dropped to their knees and begged for mercy—but none was given them. The deadly sticks sent hundreds to the pavement with crushed skulls. In minutes, the mighty mob dissolved into screaming segments running in every direction. Women as well as men pitched senseless to the cobblestones. Some died there in the gutter.

Soon, the mob was in full flight. The triumphant police gave pursuit and beat anyone who could not run fast enough.

When Carpenter had satisfied himself that this particular mob had been rendered harmless he ordered his men back into line. The police marched down Broadway, back to Headquarters again, in serried ranks.

THE mob poured into the Negro district, and one part of it headed for Clarkson Street. Despite all the disorders the Negro neighborhoods had not yet borne the full brunt of the mob's fury.

Like other streets in the 8th Ward, Clarkson Street was an area of dilapidated shacks and wooden tenements. Whole families occupied cellars in this overpopulated section, and after heavy rains, these basement apartments became flooded, and stinking, stagnant water lingered continually.

There was never real quiet on Clarkson Street. It was always noisy—shouts, curses, music, laughter. On this hot night hundreds of children scampered about playing among refuse piles in which fat gray rats burrowed.

The quiet, gentle-eyed, soft-spoken Negro walking leisurely down Clarkson Street was a longshoreman named William Jones. It was an odd coincidence that the first man drafted on Saturday had borne the same name.

He strolled by the loungers, nodding and exchanging greetings. He paused to chat with a few men and the talk was about the trouble in the city. Some showed fear, some blustered, and some pretended indifference, each meeting fear in his own way. William listened and prayed inwardly that there would be no violence on Clarkson Street. He tried to make himself believe that the mob wasn't coming because it had not yet been there.

He walked to the bakery at the bottom of the street and bought a loaf of bread. Outside the small bakeshop he sniffed the loaf, and the aroma reminded him of long ago in the little cabin on the upstate farm, and his mother baking bread and the wonderful smells that came from the brick oven and the taste of the bread, freshly baked.

Suddenly he looked around, startled. He heard a strange sound. Snap. Snap.

Briefly there was silence . . . then a confusion of yelling and screaming. This uproar came from far down Clarkson Street, hidden in a darkness spotted with pale lamplight from the windows of the shacks and the feeble glow of widely scattered street lamps.

William stared into the dark, trembling with apprehension. He heard the snapping sound again and this time he recognized it. Revolver shots.

The yells grew louder and as William watched, a streak of orange-hued fire shot up into the night. William gasped. Fire was dreaded on Clarkson Street. The rotten, dried out wooden shacks and tenements were highly inflammable. He started to run, slipping a bit in the soft earth of the mud flats. He reached the walk

on the street near the bakery. Rows of shacks were ablaze and the flames caught on from one building to another.

Before he could move, a band of white men rushed at him. They struck him with clubs, and the loaf of bread fell to the ground where it was trampled into pulp. Feebly, William tried to fight back, but they struck him down again and stomped on him with heavy boots. They threw a rope around him and dragged his body in the gutter. They hanged him to a tree at the entrance of St. John's Cemetery and gibbering women came to slash at his corpse with knives. They splashed kerosene on his clothes and set him afire.

They stood fascinated and watched William's body shrivel as it burned.

THE Mayor sat huddled in a chair against a basement wall of Police Headquarters, a dead cigar clenched between his teeth. His face was ashen; in the space of a few hours he had lost his air of patrician arrogance. Anyone seeing him for the first time would have mistaken him for a sagging and aging clerk rather than the mayor of the nation's largest city.

The reports were unfavorable. The mob was everywhere, like a hydra. It controlled the streets. No one was safe. Reports poured in with details of robberies, muggings, lootings and murder:

Joseph Reed, seven years old, Negro, beaten to death with pistol butts by a band of white men.

Joseph Jackson, nineteen, Negro, an illiterate cowherd, he had been gathering provender for his herd stockaded at the foot of East 34th Street. A band of roughs threw him into the river and stoned him to death as he struggled in the water.

Everywhere, the mob. And everywhere darkness except for a few bright spots such as Carpenter's victory on Broadway and the rout of the mob at the State Armory.

Ross Lane studied a map of the city. His pale face was haggard and dirty stubble showed on his chin. His clothes were soiled and the finger which moved about on the map was dirty. Disappointment rankled in him. Others might be gloating, but as far as he was concerned the uprising was a complete failure. Not a single important objective had been taken. The Copperheads had not swarmed into action; only a drunken rabble had joined the battle. No army officers coming over with their troops. No dedicated revolutionaries. Not one dependable man except his own people.

Suddenly a shudder went through Lane. He felt that soon he would be dead. Tomorrow, Ross Lane, Captain C.S.A., would die on a hostile street of an alien city far from the gentle greensward of Virginia.

He shook off the icy dread, and tapped the map with his forefinger. The men gathered closer around him. "We must do it here. We've got to capture the Union Steam Works and the weapons stored within the place. We failed at the armory—but we must not fail here," he said.

The men nodded. Tomorrow.

Suddenly the looters began to scream. The gunshop's only staircase was on fire.

TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1863

The violence that had been born in the city and spread to the outskirts reversed its pattern on Tuesday morning. The city was quiet. No cars rolled along the street railways. The big streetcars stood forlornly in the depots and the horses stamped impatiently in their stalls. Silence hung over the city—brooding and alien.

But if the city was in the grip of paralysis, the evil that had churned it into upheaval the day before flared afresh in the suburbs. In the rustic villages of Yorkville and Harlem, crowds swirled about looting shops, burning houses and overturning vehicles. The Mott Haven trestle bridge was destroyed. Wagons carrying produce from Westchester County farms and heading toward the New York City markets were ambushed by ragged bands of men and boys. Homes were plundered. Rioters beat householders, and the quiet, isolated reaches of the city became places of utter terror.

And then, as a plague feeds on itself, the pestilence turned back on the metropolis. But before it was spent in Yorkville, a mob had burned the police station and used flaming pieces of the building as firebrands to set other blazes.

CHIEF Clerk Seth Hawley was an efficient man and did not get rattled in any emergency. Despite the confusion in Police Headquarters—the movement of troops and police, the influx of frightened Negroes, the injured being treated by hard-working doctors, the endless messages deluging the wires—Hawley fulfilled his duties with precise calm.

During the night, he had been assigned to assemble a fleet of lorries to transport a striking force quickly into a trouble zone. Hawley had carried out

that mission and now thirty lorries, each drawn by a team, were parked in a long line on the Mott Street side of the building. Policemen drivers held the reins and either a soldier or an armed special deputy was perched beside each one.

The lorry drivers did not have to wait long for their passengers. No sooner had the first attempt been made to storm the Union Steam Works than word flashed in from the 18th Precinct. As soon as the message was received, a detachment of police, headed by Carpenter, scrambled aboard the lorries, and the caravan started for the Steam Works.

At the same time, troops from Company H, 12th U.S. Infantry, and from the 11th New York Volunteers were assembled. They were sent out to follow up behind the police.

A BATTERING ram was needed to break down the iron door of the Steam Works. Lane sent his men out to find one, and they located a thick crossbeam which had been left over from the construction of stables nearby and forgotten in the weeds of a back yard.

A dozen husky men lifted the beam and started pounding it rhythmically against the door. The metal portal clanged sonorously like a great gong. Paint chipped off from the blows and the pitted, rust-corroded surface of the metal was exposed. The sweating men rushed forward again and again to crash the beam against the door.

A big crowd gathered to watch their efforts. Every time the beam struck the door, a wild cheer arose. Rioters pitched in to help. One hulking man had a sledge hammer which he swung in drunken anger, his thick muscles rippling under his torn shirt. A blow from the sledge dented the iron and the door began to buckle under the continuous pounding of the ram.

New enthusiasm filled the mob. The example set by these men sparked the rioters. Men and women staggered under the weight of paving blocks which they hurled at the door. Some beat against it with bare fists. A mass frenzy flashed through the crowd. The rioters struggled to get at the door; it shuddered under the onslaught. All at once, the massive hinges were ripped free, and with an exultant cry they wrenched the door loose. The building was open—the crates of guns and the stores of ammunition were theirs.

They rushed into the place. Lane tried to bring some semblance of order but he and his men were shoved aside and scattered by the onpressing mob. Chaos took over. Lane was knocked from his feet and barely managed to escape being trampled.

He saw John Andrews waving his arms and shouting, and made his way to him.

"Stand fast, you stupid bastards," Lane cried, trying to steady the people. "Get the guns out of the building!"

Nobody paid the slightest attention to him. Andrews stood beside him, his fine jacket torn, blood trickling from his nose and drying in his red beard. Lane shouted to him, "Do something. Speak to them. They'll listen to you!"

"They're out of their heads! I can't do anything!" Andrews said.

Fury gripped Lane. His eyes blazed. He grabbed Andrews by the lapels and drew him close. "Where are all your promises? Where are the men? How can we win with this lousy scum?" he shouted into Andrews' face.

"I don't know. I don't know. I'm in it, too. Oh, God, what's going to happen? What will become of us?" Andrews whimpered.

Lane pushed him away in disgust. He looked about contemptuously. The rioters were making carnival. Men leaned far out of the upper story windows waving and calling to friends in the street. Those below shouted back. Second Avenue swarmed with thousands capering, yelling and gesturing.

On Third Avenue, the leading lorry rolled to a stop at 21st Street and the policemen jumped out. The lorries halted one behind the other. Big Dan Carpenter bellowed at his men, urging them to fall in, quickly. The police obeyed and stood in perfect alignment. They could see and hear the mob on Second Avenue.

"Your orders are to clear the street, to make no arrests. Don't spare your clubs. Use firearms if necessary. And die like true Americans if you must!" Dan Carpenter shouted.

The policemen charged into Second Avenue. They slashed furiously with their sticks. Soon, the rioters were in flight. Many of them fled into houses and climbed to the roofs to shoot at the police. The officers rushed into the houses, kicked down the doors and went up onto the rooftops. There, they tackled the snipers, hurling some into the street and killing others on the spot with macelike blows from the locust sticks.

The mob could not take the furious attack. Carpenter led his men slowly northward, past the Union Steam Works. He detached a force to drive the rioters from the building, which they did in short order. As the police advanced toward 33rd Street, the regulars came up. They went in with fixed bayonets alongside the policemen. The avenue looked like a hard-fought battlefield.

Dead and dying rioters were strewn on the sidewalks and in the gutters from 21st to 33rd Streets. A band of them had fortified themselves in Riley's Porter House on the southeast corner of 32nd Street. From behind barricaded windows and the roof, they kept up a fire at the police and soldiers. A charge by a platoon of regulars forced an entry to the place through an unguarded door.

Once inside, the soldiers used musket butts and bayonets to drive the rioters into the street where they were caught and clubbed by Carpenter's men. The mob sullenly fled five or six blocks north and stood in uncertain ugliness.

Suddenly, a body of a hundred men armed with muskets detached itself from the mob and to the surprise of the watching police and soldiers marched in precise formation across the front of the throng. The men spread out into a firing line and opened up with sharp volleys that forced policemen and soldiers to scamper for cover.

Encouraged by this, the mob swept forward. Bricks and rocks pelted the outnumbered police and soldiers. They began to give ground, and the steady firing took its toll. A soldier fell, to be carried off by his comrades. A policeman was hit. Rioters crept back to the rooftops and opened fire from the rear.

The mob had found its courage. Men who were armed with revolvers or muskets dashed forward to join Lane. John Andrews stood on the firing line urging the mob to attack the police and soldiers. Lane knew the rioters who had taken the Union Steam Works had been driven from it. But he felt that a strong concerted rush could recapture the building.

Jones' trampled body was hanged to a tree near the gate of St. John's Cemetery.

No one gave the rioters a signal or command. They simply pushed forward, cheering. A distance of four or five blocks separated them from the police and the regulars. The soldiers stood with bayonets bristling, prepared for the shock of the attack.

At that crucial moment, Colonel Henry F. O'Brien appeared with the 11th New York Volunteers. O'Brien was not a wise military man. But he did not have to size up the situation. He saw an avalanche of enraged humanity sweeping down on the tiny force that barred its way. Windows and rooftops were filled with hostile armed people. Unless quick action was taken, a catastrophe was in the making.

The Colonel drew his sword. "Into line!" he yelled at his troops. The soldiers swiftly formed a firing line, and moved into position beside Carpenter's and Franklin's men. The van of the mob was closing in only a block or so away.

"Fire! Damn it! Fire!" O'Brien shouted. A volley ripped from his front rank, then another from the second row. The regulars opened up and the mob stopped short. The great mob wavered and shuddered but did not break; only its forward movement was halted for the moment.

THE clatter of horses and the grinding racket of iron wheels announced the arrival of two field pieces.

The cannoneers were ready in minutes as another exchange of musketry between soldiers and the mob growled into life. A group of rioters made a sortie at the guns but were driven back. That unsuccessful attack aroused the mob. A dark-haired young woman jumped in front of the rioters. "If you're men, then you'll go to glory!" she cried. "Are you free men or dogs?"

"Ah, shut up, Moll! Those bloody bluecoats would kill us all!" a man bellowed angrily.

"No man lives forever," the girl cried. "Ain't it better to die at home than fighting this dirty war? My John is dead. I'm asking you to avenge him!"

They whispered to each other about her —Moll Shannon, whose bridegroom had been killed at Chancellorsville only three months after their marriage. Poor Moll, they said. She was a pretty one with raven black hair and the pointed breasts and the red lips that hungered for a man. The lass is right, they whispered, one to the other. At them!

"We're with you, Moll!" they shouted.

Once more they went forward, pushing Lane and his men with them, sweeping John Andrews up in the onrush.

The guns belched orange flame and the grapeshot marked a path of death. Moll Shannon fell, her lustrous black hair sopping up the blood that formed a quick pool under her torn body. Dozens fell. The mob turned into a jumbled and howling mass. A man tore his shirt off and dipped it in Moll Shannon's blood.

"Revenge! Revenge for Moll!" he cried.

Men rallied to him as he charged on, waving the shirt like a flag. The onslaught reached the first line of regulars and the attackers were caught on the bayonet points. The man with the shirt was skewered by a sword thrust.

It was a wild, formless battle. Men rolled in the gutter grappling. A blow from a locust stick sent Lane reeling toward a low spiked iron picket fence which ran across the front of a brownstone. He lost his balance and fell onto a spike and hung there, horribly impaled under the chin by the pointed picket.

The melee lasted only a bit longer. The rioters soon fled.

JOHN Andrews had been running for what seemed to him an eternity. His lungs ached and a searing stitch slashed through his chest. But he did not stop. He ran on, past blurred faces and voices which called to him. He pushed through the mob and some tried to stop his flight, but Andrews tore loose from the clutching hands.

Andrews ran for a long time, up one block and down another, until he reached a house on a peaceful street that was untouched by riot and violence. Close by stood the stately, elegant mansions of Fifth Avenue. The mob seemed part of another world, here, on East 11th Street. Andrews leaned against the wrought-iron gate and stared at the house. The shutters were closed against the hot sun and inside, Andrews knew, would be a cool, shadowed sanctuary.

Even after a few minutes, his hands still trembled although he had regained some composure. He had seen all he wanted of mobs and violence and destruction. No one would find him here and when all this quieted down he could leave the city—maybe go out West. In spite of the war, a smart operator could do well out there with a saloon or a gambling hall.

He smiled to himself as he opened the gate and walked up the short path to the front door. He yanked the bell handle and heard it ring inside the quiet house. This was a peaceful world.

The door opened and a tall brown-skinned woman stood there. She looked at him nervously and said, "John, what's happened? You're a sight."

He stepped across the threshold and she closed the door. "I'm in trouble," he said.

"Come upstairs," she said. Her voice was soft, tinged with the touch of the bayou and swamp, and the smokiness of nighttime cabin fires was in her skin. He followed her contentedly, his feet sinking into the soft nap of the stair carpeting.

Josephine West was mistress of the most exclusive bawdyhouse in New York. Many of the city's prominent men were her customers, and her quadroon girls, asleep in their rooms on the top floor, were both expensive and beautiful. She had been Andrews' mistress for some years now, a secret both kept well.

She led him to a luxurious bedroom on the second floor. "I'll heat water for you, John," she said.

Downstairs, she found paper and pen and wrote a brief note:

Sergeant Young:
He is here. Come quickly.
Josephine West

She folded the paper carefully, put it in an envelope and gave it to her messenger.

Josephine sat down in a kitchen chair. For a little while she stared at the wall, stony-faced. Then she wept softly. When she had learned from the morning papers that John Andrews was a leader of the mob, she had contacted Sergeant Young, knowing that Andrews would come to her eventually. And because she was a Negro woman and knew the fear and the degradation of her people, she was prepared to betray the man she loved.

THE telegraph wires at Police Headquarters were swamped with appeals for help. The pace of the rioting stepped up.

The Governor and the Mayor made direct appeals to the people to return to their homes, but these served only to further enrage the mob.

Troubles piled up on the city's defenders. Roaming groups of rioters went about the city cutting telegraph wires. No sooner did a line go dead than Crowley sent out heavily armed repair crews to locate and mend the damage. The repairmen were worn out and tried to snatch a little sleep between calls.

Clashes flared and died. Troops and police fought the rioters wherever mobs formed. Snipers exchanged shots across roof-tops. The sound of gunfire was constant all over the city.

Commissioner Acton sipped coffee from a thick white mug. The brew was hot and it burned in his throat as he drank. He needed that coffee, for sleep was gnawing at him, dragging down his arms and legs. His eyes were burning and pain beat in his temples. But he was swept with a sense of excitement that overcame both his weariness and his repugnance for violence. He felt a unity with the policemen who marched away to face either death or injury without hesitation.

General Brown stepped over to Acton. "Commissioner, there's real work for us," the General said. "This is a trouble spot." The area he indicated on the wall map was in the neighborhood of Ninth Avenue between 40th and 45th Streets.

"The rebels have put up barricades here," the General said. "And they're well manned with riflemen. We've got to get them out of there. I've ordered Major Watkins to move three artillery batteries into position. Captain Wesson is available with a force of my regulars. Can you let me have some police?"

Acton pursed his lips. "I think so. I'd say we can give you almost three hundred men."

"Excellent."

The General nodded to Acton and signaled to his aides. The officers joined him and they hurried up the stairs. Acton dictated the necessary orders to the telegrapher.

THE barricades along Ninth Avenue were made of carts lashed together with rope. Barrels, old furniture, anything else handy was also used. The rioters had pushed abandoned cars of the Ninth Avenue Street Railroad across the road-

way to block it. Telegraph poles were cut down and laid crosswise to close off the side streets.

The mob held riotous control of the neighborhood. Armed men patrolled the avenue between 40th and 45th Streets in boisterous groups. The day was hot and the mob had congregated many hours earlier.

Manning the barricades had become an irksome business without even a drop of whisky to wash the dust from a man's throat. Those rioters who were posted on the barricades grumbled about their lot—hell, who wanted to be cooked alive in the afternoon sun?

A burly rough known as "The Duster" leaned on his musket, spat disgustedly and said, "Hell, we ought to be shagging niggers instead of hanging around here and frying our brains out. What the hell good are we doing anyway? Ain't nobody coming to chase us out."

"Right, Duster, right," said a man who was sitting in a small patch of shadow cast by a shoulder high barricade.

"What we need is a drink," another chimed in.

"And where will you be getting it? There ain't a grogshop with anything left for blocks," The Duster growled.

A WOMAN on the curbstone cried out, "If you wasn't a bunch of thickheaded jackasses you'd know well enough where there's all the liquor you'll be wanting for the taking."

"And where might that be, Bridget?" The Duster asked, scowling at the skinny woman who smiled and simpered at a group of her cronies who clustered around.

"Why you blackhearted ape, at Johnny Flanagan's saloon, the dirty nigger-loving Republican," she said.

"That's right, Duster. That's right. Flanagan's saloon at the Weehawken Ferryhouse. She's right. And he deserves it, too. The Republican bastard! Let's show him, Duster, hey?" a man exclaimed.

"Let's go, then," The Duster cried. He lifted his musket and started a march downtown toward 42nd Street. The mob streamed on to the ferryhouse where the Weehawken boat docked, and to Flanagan's saloon.

They smashed into the saloon, driving out the bartenders and customers. Infuriated because Flanagan was not there, they began to destroy the place. Somehow a fire started. They pillaged the saloon in a race against the flames. Men and women and little boys ran out into the street, arms laden with bottles of whisky. They drank and they jigged and hopped about in drunken glee.

The fire took hold and bright, flaming fingers curled out through the shattered windows to reach up and catch the edges of the roof. Twisting strands of fire licked along the roof and wove together into lambent blazes. And, all the while, the mob kept up an incessant din. Everyone was reeling drunk. Men shot pistols and muskets into the air. A drunken woman, suddenly berserk with whisky, leaped into the river screaming, "I have sinned! I have sinned!" She struggled briefly and sank, only to bob to the surface again floating slowly downstream on her face, her long hair spread out like strands of black seaweed.

The men who had rioted against an onerous law no longer could remember why they were out in the streets. The Draft had been forgotten and now only lawless depravity held the mob together. They stumbled back to the barricade and waited in a drunken stupor.

BY 6:00 P.M., after many delays, the attack against the mob's barrier was ready to be mounted. Picked policemen were issued fire axes to hack through the barricades. They were to lead the assault backed by infantry and artillery. Fat, sweaty Major Watkins rushed his guns to the front when the column came into Ninth Avenue near 40th Street. The guns were shotted in full sight of the men crouching behind the barricades. A thin volley puffed out from the flimsy breastwork. Bullets splattered around the cannoneers. Watkins muttered a curse, spat tobacco juice and scowled blackly down the avenue.

"All right, boys. Let 'em have a sniff of grape. Number one gun, fire!" he said.

The snub-nosed cannon bounced with the report and cannoneers clung to the wheel spokes. The shell smashed into the barricades sending pieces of debris into the air. Men ran out from behind their wrecked fort. The second gun fired and grape whizzed up the avenue again.

Ragged volleys rained down from the roofs. The infantry deployed as skirmishers and opened up on the rooftop snipers and on riflemen shooting from the windows of houses. Window frames were splintered by bullets and panes of glass shattered. The ax-wielding police hacked a way through the first line of barricades. They were followed by squads of soldiers. Resistance was quickly overcome by bayonets, musket butts and locust sticks. Many of the rioters were so drunk they could put up only feeble resistance, but others fought desperately.

Chimneys were toppled into the street, the bricks bouncing on the pavement. The fieldpieces were hand-hauled up to the row of barricades that had been captured, and began to shell the next line behind which the rioters had fled for refuge.

As barricades continued to be captured, patrols of regulars fanned out into the alleys and back passages and flushed out the isolated pockets of resistance. Ninth Avenue was a battlefield for almost two hours. Hand-to-hand fights raged. There were ugly clashes, the rioters relying on knives, clubs, fists or any weapon available against locust sticks, musket butts, and bayonets.

An end came to the fighting abruptly.

The rioters fled singly and in groups. Hundreds ran to the riverbank to hide in the tall marsh grass or take refuge in squatters' shacks along the shore. Others concealed themselves in the attics and coalbins of houses on the side streets. Most ran aimlessly, hoping only to escape the cannon and the slashing bayonets.

There was no pursuit, the authorities satisfied to have broken up the mob concentration and the barricades. The soldiers went into marching formation and headed back for Mulberry Street. At midnight, a telegram was handed to Mayor Opdyke at Headquarters. He read it at a glance and a smile lit up his tired face. Opdyke showed the message to Acton. The commissioner read:

Washington, July 14th, 1863
To the Hon. George Opdyke,
Mayor, New York City
Sir:
Five regiments are under orders to return to New York. The retreat of Lee now becomes a rout, with his army broken and much heavier loss of killed and wounded than was supposed. This will relieve a large force for the restoration of order in New York.

Edwin M. Stanton
Secretary of War

Acton leaned against the table. His eyes were burning with weariness. "Thank God," he whispered fervently.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1863

A telegram notified Police Headquarters that a mob of six or seven thousand were out lynching Negroes in the vicinity of Eighth Avenue and 32nd Street. A strong force of cavalry under Colonel Thaddeus Mott was ordered out to break up the mob.

Cavalry bugles sounded and in a few minutes the troop was riding hell-for-leather with two pieces of artillery bumping along in the rear of the column. At precisely 9:00 A.M. Colonel Mott's command arrived at Eighth Avenue and 32nd Street. The big mob was in a wild mood. It had concentrated around a lamppost from which the mutilated bodies of three Negroes dangled. As the cavalry came into view, bugles blaring, red guidons fluttering, the mob spread out defiantly. The horsemen formed into attack formation. Sabers flashed from scabbards. Mott ordered the artillerymen to set up their pieces and this was promptly done. The mob, a bit awed by this display of military efficiency, dropped back a little.

Colonel Mott rose up in his stirrups and pointed his saber at the mob which had begun to advance. "Disperse, or I'll open fire with the cannon," he cried.

THE answer came in catcalls followed by a hail of rocks and indiscriminate firing from the mob. The cavalrymen kept a tight rein on their restive horses and eyed the oncoming horde. A bullet almost whipped Mott's hat from his head. He spurred his mount to the artillery officer and cried, "Open fire!"

The guns spat flame one after the other. Grapeshot ripped into the oncoming mass and the mob shuddered like a wounded beast. Yet, it did not break up in spite of the wailing cries of the wounded and the grisly slug-riddled dead staring sightlessly in the misty glare of the summer sun.

Again the guns fired and the pellets swooshed by like gentle whispers. This time the mob was stricken and even the cries of the wounded were drowned by screams of terror as the rioters fled. The street was filled from one curbstone to the other with frantic, panic-stricken people trying to escape the guns. A cloud of

black gunpowder smoke moved in lazy eddies over the heads of the struggling mass.

Colonel Mott's saber twinkled in a downward flash of steel. A bugler sounded the urgent blare of the charge, and yelling troopers waving heavy sabers dug spurs into the flanks of eager horses whose flaring nostrils had sniffed the familiar odor of gunpowder. The rows of horsemen drove into the mob behind the guidons and pennons fluttering bright crimson—brighter even than the blood which stained the cobblestones as the riders slashed and hacked through the mob.

It was over in minutes. The bugler blew retreat. The troopers re-formed in disciplined ranks, young faces florid under the peaks of jaunty cavalry kepis. Colonel Mott, his eyes shadowed by the broad brim of his gold-braided slouch hat, looked up the avenue. Only the dead and wounded remained where the mob had been. The three lynched Negroes swayed slowly to and fro. A cavalry sergeant cut the ropes and the bodies dropped to the ground. Having no facilities to care for the wounded, Mott wasted no time on them despite the chorus of agonized groans. His men rode slowly after him back to Police Headquarters.

Meanwhile trains loaded with troops were chugging toward New York through the green, rain-drenched farmlands of Pennsylvania. The soldiers sat in the cars gripping muskets tightly and thinking about the tumultuous situation in New York City.

The young soldiers who had seen their first battle at Gettysburg were tense and worried, fearful for the safety of their families and friends. The veterans, hardened and cynical after two years of war, amused themselves by teasing the recruits, spreading alarming rumors and making up wild stories about the riot.

The men fretted and argued, played cards and dice, slept, sang and cursed the miles that seemed to stretch ahead interminably.

A dozen husky men pounded the beam against the iron door of the Steam Works.

THE weary men of the police force and the exhausted soldiers still had work to do. No matter how hard they smashed one mob, another appeared, and Wednesday was marked by a succession of bloody fights. Commissioner Acton, drawn and gaunt, with dark circles under his eyes, stood on the steps of Headquarters and watched a police detail marching out to break up a mob that was forming for another attack on the Negro quarter. He waved at the men and shouted, "Go on, boys! Go on! Give it to them, now! Quail on toast for every man of you as soon as the mob is put down! Quail on toast, boys!"

Fatigued as they were, the policemen laughed and managed to raise a hoarse cheer. Their fighting spirit was not dampened.

By some grapevine, rumors skipped through the city and reached the drinking dives in Five Points, the saloons in Mackerelville, and even skipped up the Island to Yorkville, to Harlem and Manhattanville, that five regiments were en route from Gettysburg and with them were coming troops of cavalry and batteries of artillery.

The rioters stared gloomily into their whisky glasses. Let the damn bastards come home. There was still time to get a few more niggers before the troops got into the city. There was still time left for arson and robbery—and murder.

The enraged, frustrated rioters took out their feeling in acts of wanton terror. They fired a row of wooden shacks on Second Avenue at 28th Street. Poverty-stricken whites and impoverished Negroes lived in these miserable hovels. This senseless and savage deed was not enough to glut the temper of that mob. It turned into East 27th Street and attacked a Negro tenement building. The few Negroes guarding it put up a fight but were soon overwhelmed. The rioters charged into the place and ran along the hallways, kicking in the doors of apartments.

In one dwelling they came on a young woman lying in bed with her six-day-old baby. Her husband tried to stop them but was killed in cold blood. The bloodlust was raging in the rioters. Wildly glaring men grabbed the screaming woman and flung her through the window into the courtyard below. A man hurled the baby after the mother with the nonchalance he would show in tossing away a cigar butt.

The rioters were preparing to leave when a frightened group was discovered hiding in the cellar. Instead of storming the basement the whites decided to have some fun. The main water pipe was cut and gallons of water cascaded into the basement. The water soon rose waist deep in the cellar. Women wept and shrieked and clutched their children. The rioters ringed the building and massed in the backyard which had an exit from the basement.

At last, the trapped Negroes could no longer remain where they were. They preferred the risks of a dash out into the darkness to drowning in the cellar. They made a concerted rush for the back door and stumbled out into the weed-choked yard, dripping wet and half mad with fear.

The yard was surrounded by a sagging, rotting picket fence. Several of the women managed to escape, for the few men fought with frenzied courage to give them time. The fight soon ended with the Negroes either killed or knocked unconscious.

Shortly before 10:00 P.M. two bits of information came to Police Headquarters which gladdened every man there. A breathless messenger flung himself from

his foam-flecked horse and ran panting up the steps. He shouted out his news in an excited voice.

"The 74th Regiment's coming in from Jersey City!" he yelled. "It's come up from Gettysburg!"

He rushed downstairs into the basement and repeated his tidings. The first of the regiments had returned from Pennsylvania. The men were being loaded onto ferryboats at the Jersey City terminus of the Canal Street ferry and would be arriving in a short time.

Once more, jubilation broke out in the building. A new spirit gripped everyone.

FIVE hundred men of the 74th Regiment, New York State Militia, marched down the gangplanks of the ferryboats that had carried them from Jersey City. Equipment jangled and rattled. Noncoms shouted, their voices rising above the music of a military band tootling a welcome. The soldiers shuffled and shifted, forming into companies after what seemed a welter of impossible confusion.

After a while the bugle sounded attention. The staccato notes faded across the moon-dappled river. The colonel swung onto his horse. He waved his hand sharply downward. A sergeant major bellowed, "Fooowad Haaach!"

The color guard paced out and the regiment followed, stepping smartly to the drum's beat while the band on the pier played "Rally Round The Flag." The 74th marched off to make a tour of the downtown riot areas.

They marched for more than an hour through side streets and along debris-strewn avenues. Crowds watched them silently. Once in a while they heard shouted curses. To those who had paraded through occupied enemy cities the reception was a familiar one; the same rebellious crowds eyeing them with the undisguised hatred they had seen in the South. By the time the tour was completed not a man doubted the grimness of the city's ordeal.

The spirits of the men lifted as the rounds went on. They understood the purpose of this march. The sight of the disciplined regiment marching in unbroken cadence behind the shot-torn flags was a shattering one for the rioters.

Still, fear slithered through the city like a monstrous snake. In many parts of the sprawling metropolis, looters broke into houses. Arsonists set fires. Murderers struck death blows. But the violence had been blunted. A half hour after the 74th landed, the 65th Regiment, New York State Militia, a Buffalo outfit four hundred strong, came in and was also marched through the stricken areas.

Yet peace had not fully returned. The rioters were trying to gather new strength and prepare new mischief. A disquietude and a heavy, unnatural silence enveloped the city. As the hours ticked away the tension mounted.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1863

It was an auspicious start for a day which saw some semblance of normality returning to the city. A streetcar started downtown on Sixth Avenue from the 59th Street depot. Armed soldiers rode the car. It went the length of its run without incident, picking up a few passengers en route. Another car was sent on schedule, then another. The Eighth Avenue line began running again. Omnibuses were rolling, although the public vehicles carried few paying customers. Soon service was nearly normal. Big cavalry patrols with drawn sabers guarded the lines.

Police Headquarters still presented its busy picture. With the arrival of troops, a council-of-war was held by Acton, Opdyke, Brown and Seymour. General Brown, elated by the growing strength of his command, had a plan for employing the troops to best advantage. Using the tip of his sword to trace out his ideas on a map of the city, the General showed how he would divide New York into four key districts with headquarters in Harlem, West 22nd Street, East 29th Street and at City Hall. Each area was to be a mobilization point for a large body of police and troops while continuous patrols would prevent mobs from forming.

JOHN HUGHES, Archbishop of the New York Diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, was a weary, careworn man. Bed-ridden by rheumatism, he had suffered far worse than mere physical agonies since the outbreak of the riot. His pain was intense. Spasmodic twinges sent needles of torment through his legs. But the knowledge that many of his parishioners were involved in the uprising brought him anguish that was even more painful.

Archbishop Hughes took no active part in the efforts to dissuade the rioters from continuing their wild and foolish pattern. He remained in his home on the northwest corner of 36th Street and Madison Avenue where many people came and urged him to add his voice to the protests against the riot and to use his influence with the rioters.

The Archbishop was reluctant to act,

Both cannon blasted grapeshot at the Ninth Avenue barricades. Then the infantry charged with fixed bayonets.

as he felt this was a matter for the State and not the Church. But as the disorders continued, Hughes realized he would have to intervene. On Thursday, all the newspapers carried a pastoral letter from the prelate.

In addition to this, Hughes had the town placarded with a poster which announced that he would address a meeting at 2:00 P.M. on Friday from the balcony of his home. He explained that he would do so while seated, since rheumatism prevented him from standing. He also promised that anyone attending the meeting would not be molested by police or the military.

The publication of the Archbishop's letter did not have the immediate effect for which the prelate had hoped. The reactions of the rioters were mixed. The bitterest called Hughes a traitor and complained he had no right to interfere. Others defended him and fights erupted between the factions. The violence the prelate abhorred broke out anew. His peacemaking attempt had aroused fresh antagonisms.

THE day started at Police Headquarters with an attitude of confidence. General Brown's plan had been put into effect and the morning was spent sending troops and their equipment to various parts of the city. Patrols went out in all districts and, apparently, the situation was in hand. For many minutes, the telegraph keys in Police Headquarters were silent and not a single report of trouble came over the wires.

But the peaceful hiatus did not last long. Omnibuses and streetcars trying to negotiate Second Avenue were stoned by a crowd of several hundred near 30th Street. Passengers and drivers were forced to flee. The abandoned vehicles were immediately set on fire and once more yowling mobs danced around the bonfires. Second Avenue swarmed with rioters who were out for all the trouble they could find.

A patrol of dismounted cavalrymen of about platoon strength and armed with repeating carbines came into contact with the mob. There was a short fight and in a matter of minutes the soldiers were in complete retreat.

About twenty-five of them took refuge in Jackson's Foundry on East 28th Street. The sturdy brick building, with its ponderous doors and small round windows, was an ideal fortress for the embattled soldiers.

The young captain who had been in command of the patrol found a horse and rode at full gallop to Police Headquarters. He reported to General Brown and told him what had happened. Brown fixed the pale officer with a baleful glare.

"Damn it, man! You belong with your troops! Any damn fool private could have brought the message! Now get the hell back to your command!" Brown roared.

Brown glanced over at Acton. "Don't know what ails these kids. They just don't make soldiers any more," he said. "I'll send Captain Putnam and a company of regulars. This is a job that needs real soldiers."

Telegraph keys clacked away. Outside, the muffled voices of sergeants could be heard shouting orders, which were followed by the tread of marching men. Captain Putnam's punitive force had started out and the cycle of violence was beginning again.

THE siege of Jackson's Foundry was turning out to be more fun than a circus. Wagons loaded with blazing hay were sent caroming toward the squat building from the corner of Second Avenue and East 28th Street. The street sloped sharply enough to roll the vehicles downhill. A vagrant wind picked up the blazing pieces and dropped them on surrounding housetops. Soon, several shacks in East 28th Street caught fire.

The foundry was unharmed. Only one wagon managed to reach the building. It crashed into a wall, bounced off, toppled over on its side and burned merily.

"They'll be coming now, lads," said one of the troopers warily.

A soldier idly spat a full stream of tobacco juice against the wall and watched it trickle down. "Let 'em come. We've got to do something to earn the sixteen dollars the guv'mint pays us every month."

The mob attacked the foundry three times. Each was a mad, surging rush aimed at overwhelming the defenders. The carbines cracked away briskly with good effect. Four dead men were crumpled in the gateway

The mob's temper was aroused. Those rioters who had weapons sniped away at the windows. Bullets zipped and ricocheted off the foundry's walls. One rioter, bolder and luckier than the rest, ran a zigzag course through the gateway, hurtling over the bodies of his mates. He tossed a bottle of Greek fire through a lower window and got away under a hail of carbine bullets. The Greek fire smashed on the stone floor and the noxious liquid soaked a pile of cotton waste material as it burst into flame.

At this most critical moment, Captain Putnam arrived. His regulars swung into action. An aimed volley and a bayonet charge drove the rioters away from the building. Four pieces of artillery accompanied Putnam. He put two of the guns to work at once shelling the rioters concentrated on Second Avenue.

THE rioters fled. Surveying the situation, Captain Putnam saw that all resistance had been broken. Since there was no further need for his troops, he detached twenty men and a sergeant to patrol the area. The rest of the troops returned to Headquarters.

All through the day and even after darkness fell there were no further alarms. Strong patrols roved the streets and there were dozens of minor clashes as incipient mobs were broken up as they formed. But the fight at Jackson's Foundry was the last of any importance.

FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1863

Soldiers grouped about field kitchens for their morning coffee, chatting and laughing with the bubbling humor of youth.

The ferries from Brooklyn and Jersey poked cautious noses into the slips. A few hardy passengers ventured timorously down the ramps as if expecting disaster to strike at any moment. The city seemed normal. Carts and drays were moving along the docks. Gangs of longshoremen, many of whom bore the marks of battle, appeared at the shape-up.

Sheepish factory workers stood at the locked gates waiting for the foremen to open shop. They avoided each other's eyes and did not speak much as though a shame they barely understood had clamped a thick hand over their lips.

The shops on Broadway opened. Storekeepers ruefully eyed the wreckage of their establishments.

The pulse of the city grew steadily stronger. Work crews were busy with hammers and saws and lumber at the burned buildings.

The tempo picked up as the day grew older and the rumble of wheels in the busy streets drowned out the menacing growls of the still mutinous and disgruntled thousands who had lost their fight and succeeded only in feeding, for a brief time, the fires of treason.

Police Headquarters was still crowded and the streets around were filled with military movements; there was no longer strain and anxiety apparent there. General Brown still kept mounted pickets on duty and had sentries manning guard posts, but everyone knew the rioters had been beaten and the riots quashed.

The basement of Police Headquarters that had been the nerve center of the city's defense was almost deserted. A single key clacked away, making a tiny noise in the huge room. The telegrapher yawned and lethargically took down the routine message coming off the wire.

LONG before 2:00 P.M. a crowd started collecting under the balcony of the brick house on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and 36th Street, the residence of Archbishop Hughes. The people came in solemn, plodding columns and stood placidly on the corner. As the numbers increased, the crowd spread across the roadway and into the empty lots on the block. They had come to hear their Archbishop and were dressed in the clothes they wore to church; the men in rusty black suits shiny from wear and the women in clean unstylish dresses. Even the raggedy children had been scrubbed and wore presentable clothes.

At precisely 2:00 P.M. Archbishop Hughes appeared on the balcony. He spoke long and eloquently, with many humorous and earnest appeals to national pride and religious feeling. His address was full of good counsel and a sort of fatherly indignation. In closing, he said:

"You have suffered already. No government can save itself unless it protects its citizens. If military force is turned on you again, the innocent are likely to be shot down and the guilty escape. Would it not be better to retire quietly?"

With the aid of two priests, he rose and blessed the gathering and went back into the house. Something like a sigh went up from the crowd. The people walked slowly away. . . . ♦♦♦

Wonderful things happen to you when

YOU CAN PLAY!

NEW FRIENDS

MORE POPULARITY

PARTY INVITATIONS

SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS

RELAXATION

EARN EXTRA MONEY

WHY NOT JOIN THE THOUSANDS OF DELIGHTED PEOPLE WHO HAVE LEARNED TO PLAY THEIR FAVORITE INSTRUMENT AT HOME THIS FAMOUS WAY?

ARE you the somewhat shy or retiring type, who too often stays at home—just a little bit bored, a little bit lonesome? Then why not discover the many exciting things that can happen to you when you play a musical instrument?

Imagine yourself being a sought-after guest . . . making many new friends . . . entertaining at parties . . . hearing compliments on your wonderful new talent . . . attaining new poise and self-confidence . . . perhaps even making extra money! And best of all, experiencing the deep-down satisfaction of the heart that comes from actually creating music whenever you please.

These rich rewards are waiting for you . . . *even if you don't know a single note of music now.* Now, with this famous home-study method, you can actually play your favorite instrument in a much shorter time than you have ever imagined!

NO "SPECIAL TALENT" NEEDED

No previous training needed—no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing method will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Earliest lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc. Clear, simple directions and large, show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong! Soon you'll be playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions *by note!* You'll amaze yourself, your family and friends, by playing well-loved musical works that many students studying with private teachers still wouldn't attempt.

NO BORING SCALES OR EXERCISES

Over 900,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, ANYONE can learn to play piano, violin, accordion, guitar or any other instrument. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. *You become your own music teacher* . . . and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as *you* wish. No dreary scales and exercises. No inconvenient lesson periods. Just plenty of fun for you and all your family, because they can learn right along with you, if they wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always!

Popular Lawrence Welk, famous TV star, says: "I got my start with a U. S. School of Music Course. How easy it is to play this 'teach yourself" way!"

FREE BOOK

Why not let this U. S. School of Music method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Let us show you why our way to learn music is so EASY—and so much FUN! See for yourself why our method has been so successful for 60 years. Just clip and mail the coupon below for our illustrated FREE book. You'll be under no obligation and no salesman will visit you. Simply check the instrument you want to learn to play, clip coupon and MAIL TODAY. Our 36-page book will be sent to you at once. **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 93, Port Washington, N. Y.** (Special reduced prices on instruments.)

900,000 HAVE STUDIED WITH US—EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD!

Yes, over 900,000 people—in all walks of life, and of all ages, have turned to this famous home-study method. Many of them never dreamed that they would ever play. Why don't *you* join them—and experience all the wonderful pleasures that music can bring into your life? Send now for the free booklet which shows how easy and fascinating this method is—and what it can do for you.

THOUSANDS NOW PLAY WHO NEVER THOUGHT THEY COULD!

"Lifelong dream is being fulfilled"

"The lessons are interesting; easy as falling off a log. I've always wanted to play and now a lifelong dream is being fulfilled."—Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah.

Course Opened the Door to Popularity

"I was able to play many pieces of popular current tunes in the first 3 weeks. I play for various social functions and dances, etc. Your course has opened the door to popularity and a wider circle of friends."—Peter H. Kozrya, Manitoba, Canada.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Studio 93, Port Washington, N. Y.

I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How You Can Learn Music at Home." NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

☐ Piano	☐ Pipe, Hammond, Reed Organ	☐ Piccolo
☐ Guitar		☐ Modern Elementary Harmony
☐ Steel Guitar	☐ Tenor Banjo	
☐ Violin	☐ Ukulele	☐ Mandolin
☐ Piano Accordion	☐ Clarinet	☐ Practical Finger Control
☐ Saxophone	☐ Trombone	
☐ Trumpet, Cornet	☐ Flute	

Do you have the instrument?.....

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print Carefully)

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Insert Zone Number, if any)

NOTE: If you are under 18 years of age check here for booklet "A" ☐

HOTELS CALL FOR TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN!

Did you ever sit in a beautiful hotel lobby and say to yourself, "It certainly must be a joy to be a hotel executive here!"

Did you ever watch (perhaps envy a bit) the hotel manager as he went about his thrilling duties?

Did you ever notice the importance—and prestige—of the hotel manager and wonder, "What would I have to do to enjoy a position like his?"

In short—did you ever consider what it could mean to you in happiness as well as good pay, if you could qualify for one of the glamorous, excitingly different executive positions in a luxurious hotel, fashionable resort, smart town or country club, motel, apartment house project, or humanity-serving institution, school or hospital?

You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Certified To "Make Good"

Lewis Training qualifies you quickly at home in leisure time or through resident classes in Washington for these well-paid, ever-increasing opportunities, in the fascinating hotel, motel, and institutional field. Thousands of Lewis graduates from 20 to past 50 are "making good" as managers, assistant managers, stewards, executive housekeepers, hostesses, and in 55 other types of important positions.

A happy ever-growing future awaits you in this business where previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped because you are over 40.

FREE BOOK GIVES FASCINATING FACTS—

Our FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity," explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position. It tells how you are registered FREE in the Lewis National Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when you are placed in a position! MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL OF NHSC

COURSE APPROVED FOR ALL VETERAN TRAINING

Lewis Hotel Training School

Room DC-125-52, Washington 7, D. C.

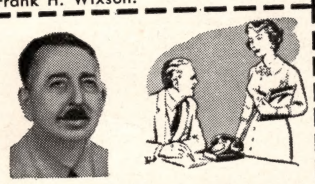
Which of these SUCCESS STORIES will come true for YOU?

Can You Succeed As a Hotel Executive?

"Ever since graduating from the Lewis School, the know-how I acquired served me well in the hotel field. Now as Owner-Manager of this beautiful Inn, I am enjoying the fruits of many successful years as a hotel man. I heartily recommend Lewis Training to anyone anxious to get ahead in the hotel field."—Frank H. Wixson.

"How I Stepped into a BIG PAY HOTEL JOB"

"After receiving my Lewis diploma, I gave up my office job and accepted a position obtained for me by the Lewis Placement Service. At the end of the season, I was appointed Manager of another hotel. Later, I came to this hotel. Each change meant an increase in salary."—Don E. Ulmer.



Can A Man My Age Become A Hotel Executive?"

"I inquired about the advantages of Lewis Training for a man my age and, later, enrolled. After graduation, I held several good positions in hotels but then came the greatest offer of my life. The position I now hold pays me an excellent salary plus a suite of rooms and meals for my family."—E. A. Kaler, Sr.

"Hotels Call For Trained Men & Women"

"My first position after graduating from the Lewis School was with a fine hotel. After a short time, I was offered my present position as Hostess and Social Director of an 'Officers' Candidate Club.' I want to thank the Lewis Hotel Training School for making this possible."—Ruth Mather.

Some of the WELL-PAID Positions Open to Both MEN and WOMEN

- ☐ Manager
- ☐ Ass't Manager
- ☐ Hostess
- ☐ Steward
- ☐ Executive Housekeeper
- ☐ Auditor
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Office Manager
- ☐ Social Director
- ☐ Sports Director
- ☐ Apt. Hotel Manager
- ☐ Banquet Manager
- ☐ Maitre d'Hotel
- ☐ Personnel Director
- ☐ Publicity Director
- ☐ Club Manager
- ☐ Restaurant or Coffee Shop Manager

And more than 55 other well-paid positions

M. C. Lewis, Pres.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL **42nd SUCCESSFUL YEAR**
Rm DC-125-52, Washington 7, D.C.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, details as to how to qualify for the hotel and institutional field. I am particularly interested in the positions I have checked.

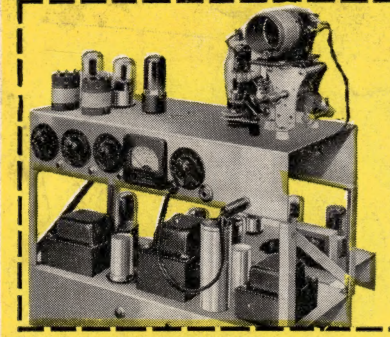
☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

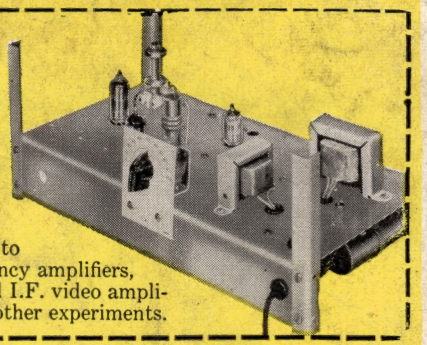
☐ Check here if eligible for Veteran Training.



YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

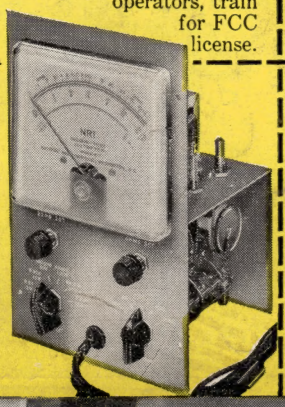
YOU BUILD Signal Generator



N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.

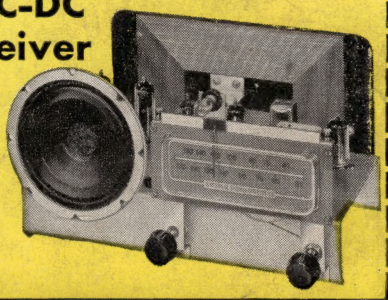
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.



YOU BUILD AC-DC Superhet Receiver

N.R.I. servicing training supplies all parts, everything is yours to keep. Nothing takes the place of practical experience. You get actual servicing experience by practicing with this modern receiver; you learn-by-doing.



Learn RADIO TELEVISION

by Practicing at Home

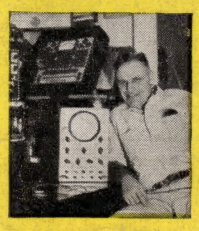
WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.

Paid for Instruments

"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.



Has Own TV Business

"We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing, and get TV repairs. During my Army service, NRI training helped get me a top rated job." W. M. WEIDNER, Fairfax, South Dakota.

NEED FOR TECHNICIANS INCREASING

Fast Growing Field Offers Good Pay, Bright Future

Today's OPPORTUNITY field is Radio-Television. Over 125 million home Radios plus 30 million sets in cars and 40,000,000 Television sets mean big money for trained Radio-TV Technicians. More than 4,000 Radio and TV Broadcasting stations offer interesting and important positions for technicians, operators. Color television, portable TV sets, Hi-Fi, other developments assure future growth.

It's the trained man who gets ahead. The fellow who uses his spare time to develop knowledge and skill gets the better job, drives a better car, lives in a better home, is respected for what he knows and can do. So plan now to get into Radio-TV.

Keep your job while training with N.R.I. You learn at home in your spare time. N.R.I. is oldest and largest home study Radio-TV School. Our methods have proved successful for more than 40 years, provide practical experience.

Soon after enrolling, many N.R.I. students start to earn $10, $15 a week extra in spare time fixing sets. Many open their own full time Radio-TV shops after getting N.R.I. Diploma. Find out more. Mail Coupon. Cost is low, terms easy; includes all equipment. Address: **National Radio Institute, Dept. 8CG1, Washington D. C.**

Send for LESSON and CATALOG FREE

VETERANS
Available under G.I. Bills

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Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog, FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL